June 5, 1978

# THE NEW YORKER

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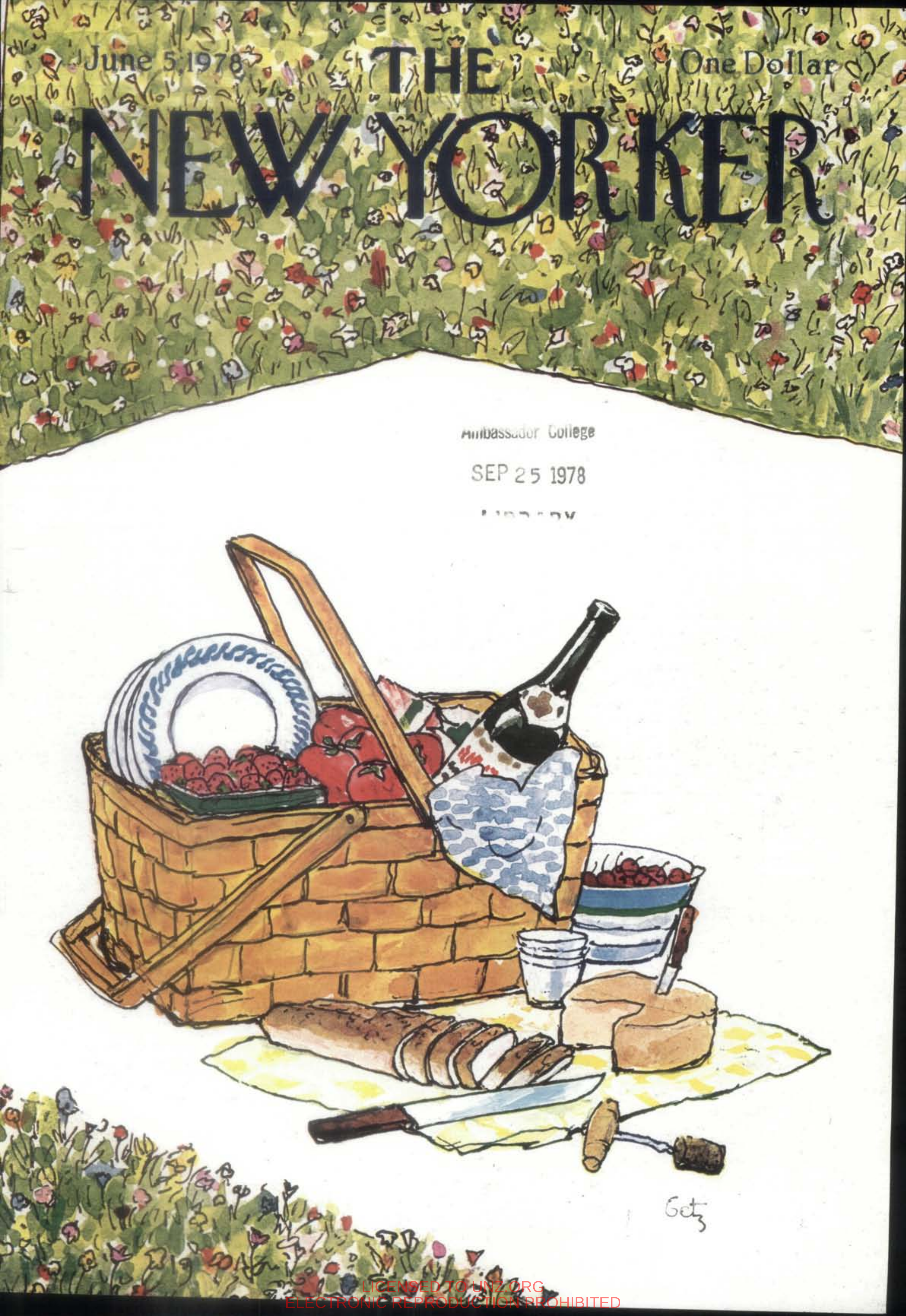

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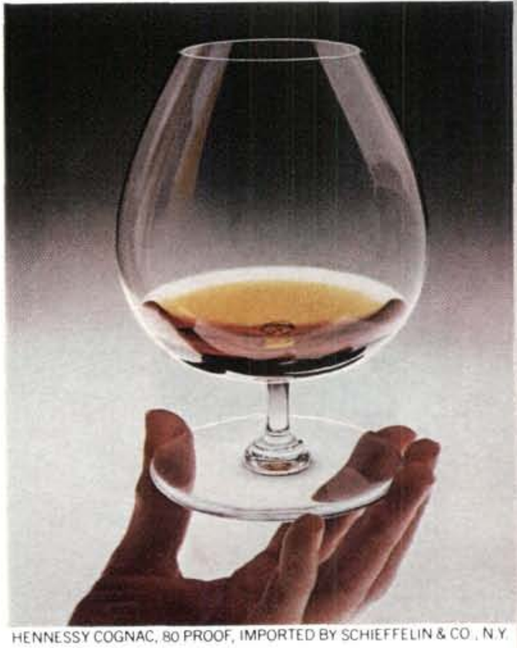

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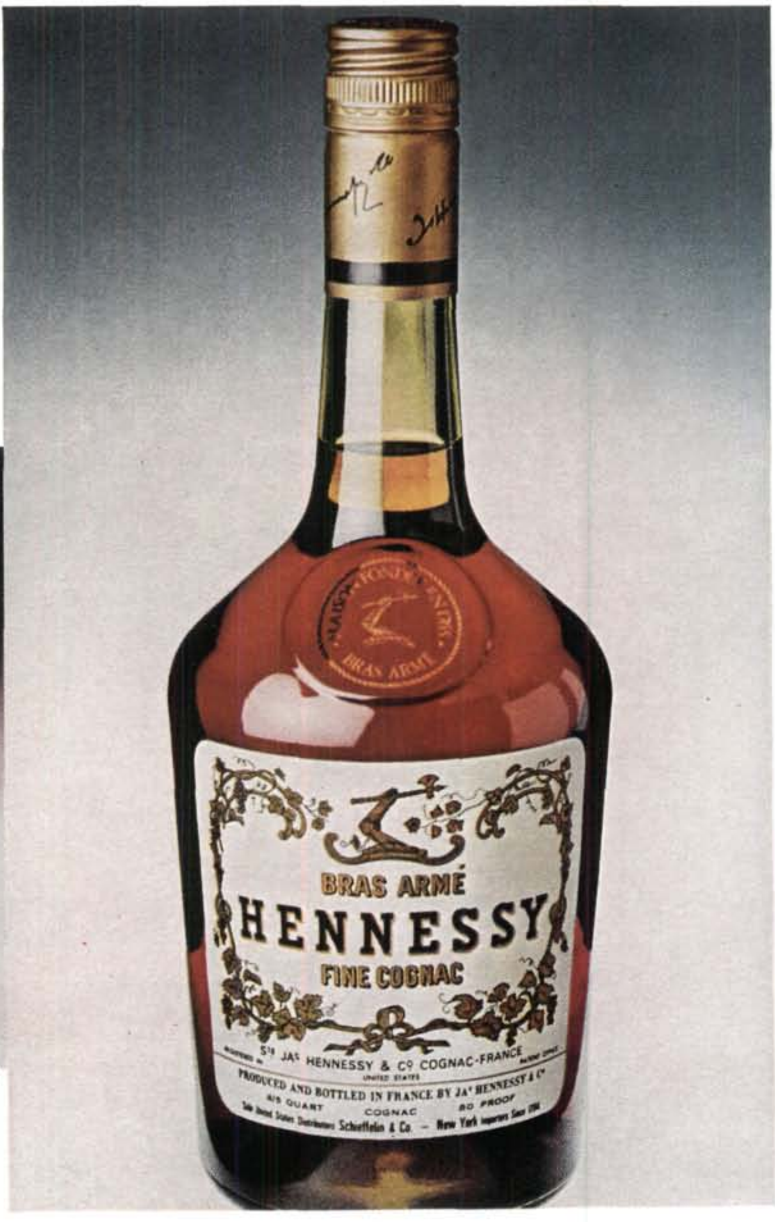
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**The Act**—Liza Minnelli in a vehicle that, though designed to accommodate her youthful talents, creaks like a one-hoss shay. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/77.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Ain't Misbehavin'**—A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (5/22/78) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas**—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch, and about the political and sexual mores of our Superstate. Tommy Tune, as bright and inventive as ever, was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the melodic score and agreeable lyrics; and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the entertaining libretto. The company, under the direction of Mr. Masterson and Mr. Tune, is as proficient as it is high-spirited. With Henderson Forsythe, Delores Hall, Jay Garner, Susan Mansur, and Carlin Glynn. (5/1/78) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Biko Inquest**—The script of this documentary is an edited version of the transcript of the trial that followed the death in prison of the black South African leader Stephen Biko. Whatever dramatic tension there is is supplied by the fine actors assembled, notably the distinguished Fritz Weaver as the lawyer for the Biko family. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 6 and 9:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

**Catsplay**—István Orkény's comedy—about the trials and eventual triumph of a spunky, feisty widow in Budapest whose lover is snatched away from her—makes an entertaining evening, under Lynne Meadow's capable direction. Helen Burns plays the elderly heroine with great zest, and she is well supported by Katherine Squire and Robert Gerringer, among others. (4/24/78) (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Chapter Two**—A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. The four-person cast is admirable. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Cold Storage**—Two men are dying of cancer in a New York hospital. In spite of the subject matter, the play is often humorous as well as enthralling, thanks in part to the fact that it was written by Ronald Ribman and in part to the performances given by Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. (1/16/78) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Da**—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. Richard Seer, Lester Rawlins, and Sylvia O'Brien are among the other good actors in this excellent production under Melvin Bernhardt's direction. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Dancin'**—Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Deathtrap**—A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, Victor Garber, Marian Winters, and Richard Woods. Directed by Robert Moore. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Dracula**—Frank Langella and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (10/31/77) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Family Business**—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. The results are depressing, but there are hints throughout that the script, by Dick Goldberg, is worthy of a livelier performance. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The 5th of July**—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 and talk your ear off, to no discernible purpose. There are a few lively scenes here, but not enough. Lanford Wilson wrote the play, and Marshall W. Mason directed the competent performance. Very good settings by John Lee Beatty. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Gin Game**—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a new comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. Starting Tuesday, June 6, E. G. Marshall will replace Mr. Cronyn. (10/17/77) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Hello, Dolly!**—Carol Channing once more on Broadway, in the show she starred in back in 1964. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Hooters**—A couple of very young men with nothing but sex in view spend a weekend at Cape Cod, where they pick up a couple of young women with similar aspirations. Ted Tally's delightful comedy about initiations of various kinds grows funnier and more sympathetic as it goes along, and it is very well acted by Michael Kaufman, Victor Bevine, Erika Petersen, and Christine Lahti, under Gary Pearle's direction. The play will run only through June 4, at this Off Off Broadway theatre, but it is sure to reappear somewhere else. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 564-1235. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3.)

**A Life in the Theatre**—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With José Ferrer and James McDonnell as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (10/31/77) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Mahalia**—A musical based on the life of Mahalia Jackson, with Esther Marrow in the title role. Don Evans adapted the book from the biography by Laurraine Goreau, entitled "Just Mahalia, Baby." The music is by John Lewis. Opens Wednesday, May 31, and will run through Sunday, June 11. (Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Free.)

**Man-Wo-Man**—A pair of one-acters—subject as above. In the first, "Michael," an ironic and funny "dramatic fragment" by Ed Bullins, a worldly composer and arranger on a visit to a black college is wooed and won by an innocent-seeming student. In the second, the kaleidoscopic "Passion Without Reason," by Neil Harris, a black man and woman assume any number of male and female roles. Both plays are effective, as directed by Pat Golden and Ernestine M. Johnston, respectively, and as acted by Harold Stuart, Theresa Cecelia Marsh, Mr. Harris, and Elaine Jackson. (5/22/78) (New Heritage Repertory Theatre, 43 E. 125th St. 876-3272. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, June 11.)

**Molière in Spite of Himself**—A play adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. (3/20/78) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30.)

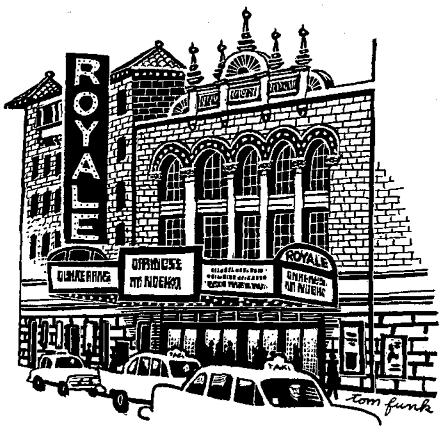
**On the Twentieth Century**—A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum, Imogene Coca, and Judy Kaye are its stars. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Passion of Dracula**—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (10/10/77) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**P.S. Your Cat is Dead!**—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Rib Cage**—A play by Larry Ketron. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, June 11.)

**Runaways**—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties, but their proficiency at singing, dancing, and acting is unlimited. As for Miss Swados—composer, lyricist, librettist, director, and performer (on the guitar)—she is a model of proficiency, and then some. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; special matinée Wednesday, May 31.)



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**The Show-Off**—Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles in a revival of George Kelly's comedy. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**Strawberry Fields**—A play by Stephen Poliakoff. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 18.)

**Timbuktu!**—Eartha Kitt, Melba Moore, Gilbert Price, and Ira Hawkins in a silly reworking of the musical "Kismet." (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Tribute**—Jack Lemmon heads the cast of a play by Bernard Slade. Arthur Storch directed. Previews Wednesday, May 31. Opens officially on Thursday, June 1. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Waiting for Godot**—Samuel Beckett's drama, presented by the BAM Theatre Company, with Milo O'Shea, Austin Pendleton, Sam Waterston, and Michael Egan. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; on Wednesday, May 31, at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 18.)

**Working**—A stunning production of a curious musical comedy based on the book of taped interviews of working people that was compiled a few years ago by Studs Terkel. The cast is exemplary, but the show fails through monotony. (5/29/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,520 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, June 1, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham are the cast. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

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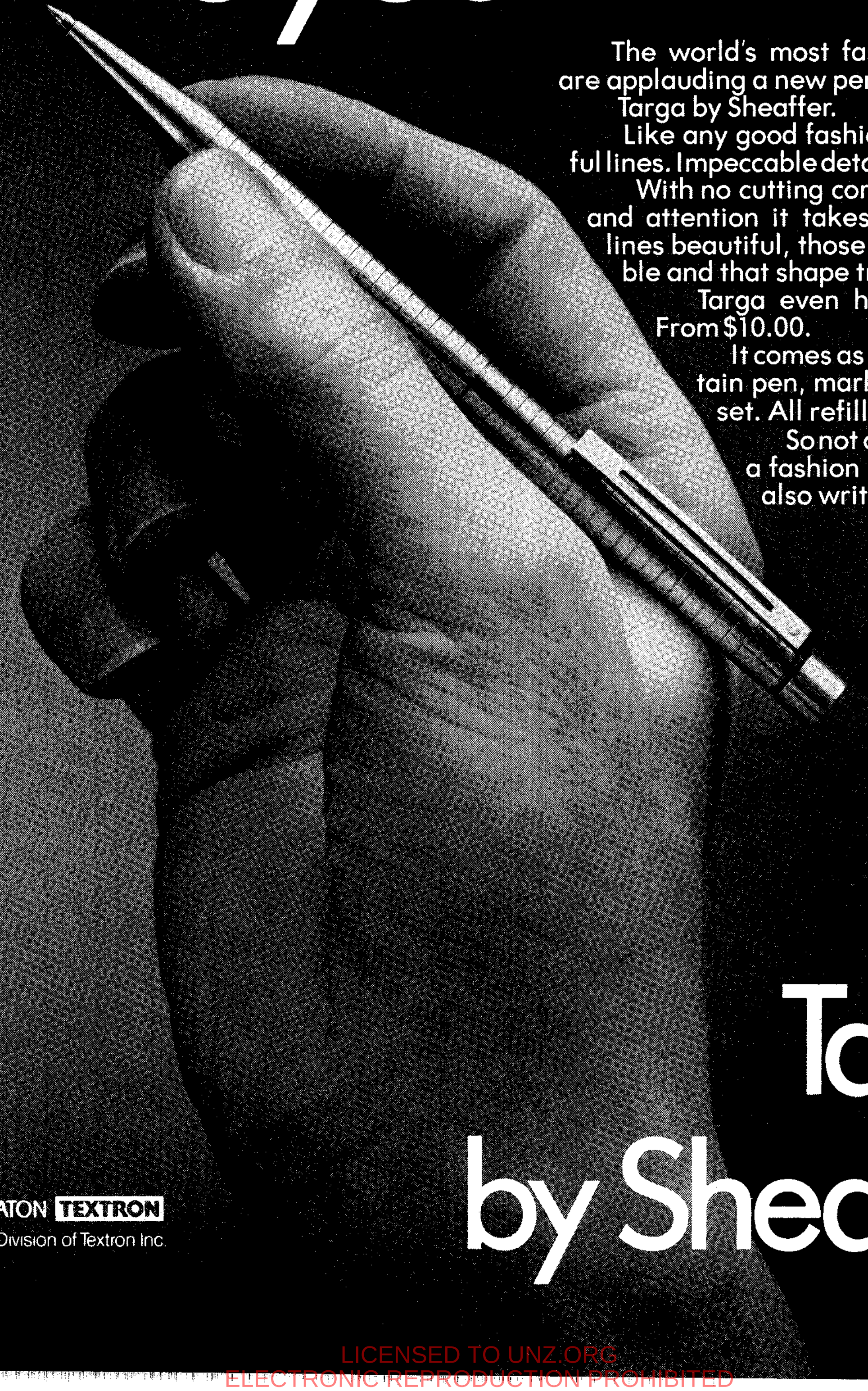

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doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

**Circus**—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting their hundred-and-eighth edition. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 31, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday, June 3, at 10:30, 3, and 8; and final performances Sunday, June 4, at 1 and 5:30.)

## DANCE

**New York City Ballet**—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 31, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Thursday, June 1, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Episodes," and "An Evening's Waltzes."... ¶ Friday, June 2, at 8: "Serenade," "Agon," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, June 3, at 2: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday, June 3, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Chansons Madécasses," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Sunday, June 4, at 1: "Irish Fantasy," "Ivesiana," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Sunday, June 4, at 7: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Duo Concertant," "Pas de Deux," and "Union Jack."... ¶ Tuesday, June 6, at 8: "Square Dance," "Ivesiana," and "The Concert."... ¶ Wednesday, June 7, and Friday, June 9, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Thursday, June 8, at 8, and Saturday, June 10, at 2: An unnamed ballet (première), "Divertimento No. 15," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Saturday, June 10, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 2.)

**American Ballet Theatre**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 31-June 1: "Gemini," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."... ¶ Friday evening, June 2: "La Sylphide" and "Voluntaries."... ¶ Saturday matinée, June 3: "La Sylphide" and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Saturday evening, June 3, and Monday evening, June 5: "Sphinx" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Tuesday evening, June 6: "Gemini," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Firebird."... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 7-8, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 10: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding."... ¶ Friday evening, June 9: "Gemini," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Firebird." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**Paul Taylor Dance Company**—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, May 31; Sunday, June 4; Wednesday, June 7; and Friday, June 9: "Aureole," "3 Epitaphs," "Runes," and "Esplanade."... ¶ Thursday, June 1; Saturday, June 3; and Sunday, June 11: "Cloven Kingdom," "Images," and "Airs."... ¶ Friday, June 2; Tuesday, June 6; Thursday, June 8; and Saturday, June 10: "Polaris," "Aphrodisiamania," and "Dust." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8.)

**DanceAfrica Festival**—Traditional African dances, as well as adaptations of them, performed by five companies. **DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS, AND SINGERS** and **INTERNATIONAL AFRIKAN AMERICAN BALLET**: Wednesday, May 31, and Friday, June 2, at 8.... **CHUCK DAVIS DANCE COMPANY** and **CHARLES MOORE AND DANCES & DRUMS OF AFRICA**: Thursday, June 1, at 8.... **ARTHUR HALL AFRO-AMERICAN DANCE ENSEMBLE**: Saturday, June 3, at 8.... ¶ Sunday, June 4, at 2: All five companies will present their works. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

**José Limón Dance Company**—A one-week engagement—"Choreographic Offering," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Missa Brevis." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 678-6900. Sunday, June 4, at 6, plus Monday through Wednesday, June 5-7; Thursday, June 8—a benefit performance—and Friday and Saturday, June 9-10, all at 8.)

**Manuel Alum Dance Company**—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, June 8, and Saturday, June 10, at 8, and Sunday, June 11, at 2.)

## NIGHT LIFE

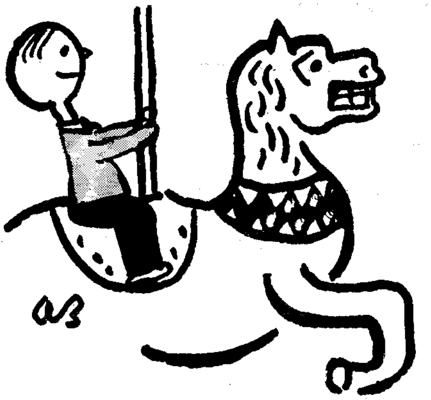
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Ali's Alley**, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A musician-owned night-club loft on a stretch of Greene Street that hasn't changed much since the neighborhood—the desolate and gray Factory District—turned into SoHo. Alto saxophonist Monty Waters, a mainstream soloist who has spent most of the past few years playing in the area's avant-garde jazz lofts, leads a trio through Saturday, June 3. On Tuesday, June 6, **DON PULLEN**, Charles Mingus's pianist for several years, will bring in a quartet. On Mondays, trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniel directs Energy, an occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always accessible fourteen-or-so-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

**Ballroom**, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—**MARTHA SCHLAMME**, a longtime interpreter of Kurt Weill and a totally convincing cabaret performer, is reciting poetry, singing contemporary tunes, and not neglecting—to the relief of many of her admirers—to include a couple of Brecht-Weill songs. She's here through Saturday, June 3. On Tuesday, June 6, singer Novella Nelson will take over. Shows at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

**Beefsteak Charlie's**, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge, with good musicians performing in a picture-window music corner. Janet Lawson, a young vocalist smitten with the bebop era, works with a quintet through Saturday, June 3. Wednesday through Saturday, June 7-10, **ROLAND HANNA**, a fiery, percussive pianist, will perform with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Except for a few artfully got-up punk-rock groupies, the patrons here resemble the clean-cut, Pepsi generation that makes up the studio audiences on "Saturday Night Live." Rock singer Henry Gross is present on Wednesday, May 31. Thursday through Sunday, June 1-4, are jazz nights—flutist **YUSEF LATEEF** and his group will alternate with the widely respected mainstream trumpeter-composer **WOODY SHAW** and his quintet. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6-7, singer Marlena Shaw will perform opposite pianist Gap Mangione; on Thursday, June 8, the comedy team of Proctor and Bergman will trade sets with George Gerdes, a folksinger-humorist; and Friday and Saturday, June 9-10, will belong to English pop-rock guitarist John Miles. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.



**Bradley's**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A lot of people like to hang out here, checking everyone at the bar in the overhead mirrors or listening in on the literary gossip. A lot of other people think of Bradley's as piano-bass heaven: **FRED HERSCH** and **SAM JONES**, through Saturday, June 3; **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **EDDIE GOMEZ**, beginning Monday, June 5; and **JIMMY ROWLES**, Sundays. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

**Café Pierre**, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BERNIE LEIGHTON** is an expert cocktail pianist of the old school and a dazzling, high-velocity jazz pianist who works in the single-note vineyards of Art Tatum and Nat Cole. **JIM MITCHELL** is on guitar and **RON MARKOWITZ** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

**Carlyle Hotel**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his aides, **BEVERLY PEER** and **GENE GAMMAGE**, on bass and drums, respectively, have moved back into their old homestead, the Café Carlyle. They go on Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** is playing from a set list that includes tunes by Evelyn Danzig, Alberta Nichols, Ann Ronell, Kay Swift, Carole King, and Carol Sager. Weeknights, starting at nine-forty-five.

**Carnegie Tavern**, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Beginning Monday, June 5, Edith Wilson, who was a star blues singer on Okeh records in the early twenties (she's eighty-five today), will perform with Larkins. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dinner.

**CBGB & OMFUG**, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Punk-rock bands on the bandstand; punk-rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rearguard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome flannel shirt or two. Monday is showcase night. The music usually begins after nine-thirty.

**Cookery**, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—*The legendary blues singer* **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Dining.

**Crawdaddy**, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Pianist **RED RICHARDS** guides a traditional trio through the dinner hour and beyond. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

**David K's**, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, holds forth Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

**Eddie Condon's**, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins weeknights after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. On Tuesday, June 6, trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, June 4, guitarist **CHRIS FLORY**, *a young musician influenced by the swing*

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**TWA**

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

era, will lead a quintet. From eight-thirty. Dinner.

**Gregory's**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, guitarist **JOE PUMA**, and bassist Tibor Tomka play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three, and on Sundays from seven to three. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist **AL GAFA**, and bassist **MORRIS EDWARDS**. Tuesdays from ten are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, bassist Gene Taylor, and pianist Bill Triglia. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

**Hopper's**, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Canadian Hagood Hardy is leading a trio here Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

**Jimmy Ryan's**, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Lone Star Café**, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A taste of Austin, Texas: slick young lawyer types, cosmic cowboys, and pecan pie (but where are the chicken-fried steaks?). **RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT**, who likes to deliver sleepy, alpha-wavelike monologues and to sing tunes by Louis Jordan, Woody Guthrie, and the Grateful Dead, is onstage through Thursday, June 1; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6-7, will be devoted to the Amazing Rhythm Aces, a Memphis sextet that plays country, rock, blues, and gospel music. Weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

**Les Mareyeurs**, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE**, a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and his own capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. Beginning Thursday, June 1, he'll be here Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

**Michael's Pub**, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—George Melly is an English television and movie critic who puts himself on the line: he's also a singer of traditional jazz and music-hall numbers—"My Canary Has Circles Under His Eyes" and "Dr. Jazz," for instance—and he has moved in with a backup band led by trumpeter John Chilton. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's**, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Music from ten to two. Dinner.

**Other End**, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea. Folksinger Jim Dawson will be here Thursday through Saturday, June 1-3; on Tuesday, June 6, folk and blues guitarist Stefan Grossman, a disciple of the late Rev. Gary Davis, will perform with another guitarist, John Renborn; and Thursday through Saturday, June 8-10, folkie Geoff Muldaur, who is also a Tin Pan Alley eclectic, will work with guitarist Amos Garrett. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

**Rainbow Room**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is in charge of a bouncy dance septet that is firmly rooted in the thirties (except for the Fender bass) and forties—even when it attempts the Watusi—and this is just fine here in Art Deco-land. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

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**Reno Sweeney**, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Holly Woodlawn, a torch-singing female impersonator, appears at nine and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Dinner.

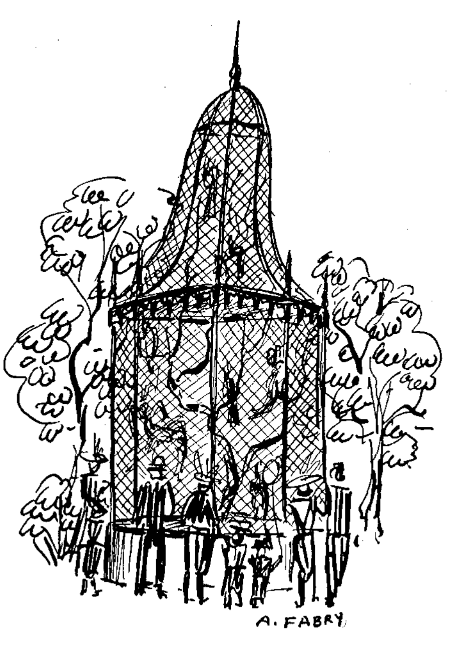
**Sibi**, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—This jazz spot, like a poor relation, has been relegated to an out-of-the-way but elegant second-story room above the night club Ibis and its Vegas-style floor show. **BOBBY COLE**, a pianist with a sure, subtle touch and a vocalist with a hoarse, raspy voice, has settled in with what seems at first like a fifties lounge repertoire—"Cry Me a River," "When Your Lover Has Gone," and "From This Moment On"—until he drops in "Wild Horses" by the Rolling Stones. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

**Sweet Basil**, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Saxophonist Robin Kenyatta leads a quintet through Saturday, June 3; Sunday and Monday, June 4-5, will be turned over to Brazilian pianist Dom Salvadore and his quartet; and on Tuesday, June 6, drummer and night-club proprietor (Ali's Alley, see above) **RASHIED ALI** will arrive with a quintet for a five-night visit. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

**Trax**, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands. Sometimes an established performer will drop by. Folkie Kate Taylor will sing on Thursday and Friday, June 1-2. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dinner.

**Village Gate**, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the sprawling, concert-sized, rough-hewn downstairs room, trumpeter **CHET BAKER** and alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** will lead their respective combos on Friday and Saturday, June 2-3. Shows at ten. Meanwhile, in the Top of the Gate, upstairs, Bob January leads a fifteen-piece band on Sundays from seven to eleven, and jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** works with a trio on Thursdays from nine to midnight. Dinner in this large L-shaped room, which has been outfitted to look like a dark Victorian dining room.

**Village Vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—Composer, arranger, and jazz theorist **GEORGE RUSSELL** has returned with his big band, which features outstanding young soloists such as **TERUMASA HINO**, **STANTON DAVIS**, **LOU SOLOFF**, and **WARREN SMITH**. They'll be playing Russell's recent "Vertical Form #VI for Jazz Orchestra," excerpts from "Electronic Sonata for Souls Loved by Nature," and "Cubana-Be, Cubana-Bop," which was written in 1947 for Dizzy Gillespie. Through Sunday, June 4. On Tuesday, June 6, tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** will bring in a quartet. Mondays have been reclaimed by the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band. Music from ten.



**West Boondock**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Armen Donelian has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

**West End Café**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and aging swing musicians who can still swing. Tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** leads a quartet on Wednesday, May 31; Sunday through Thursday, June 4-8, clarinettist Art Miller will head up a quintet; and on Friday and Saturday, June 9-10, saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** will take a quintet through some Ellingtonia. Music from nine. Student food at student prices.

**W.P.A.**, 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Striking black-and-white murals, painted in the heroic style of the twenties and thirties, portraying workers of the world—farmers, stevedores, chorus girls (they're workers, too). Tuesdays through Saturdays, **HAROLD DANKO**, the keyboard caretaker with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis outfit on Mondays, is on hand with a bassist. Music from nine to one. Closed Mondays. No music Sundays.

## DISCOTHÈQUES

**Ipanema**, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays; recorded disco music Thursdays through Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music on Sundays. Music from nine most nights; from six on Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

**New York, New York**, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning, colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

**Régine's**, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

**Studio 54**, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Paul Knopf**—Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Wednesday, May 31, at 8. Admission by contribution.

**Betty Rhodes**—With David Sayh. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, June 2, at 8.)

**Norman Connors & the Starship Orchestra, the Pharoah Sanders Group,** and **Phyllis Hyman**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, June 2, at 8.

**The Kinks** and **Charlie**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, June 2, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

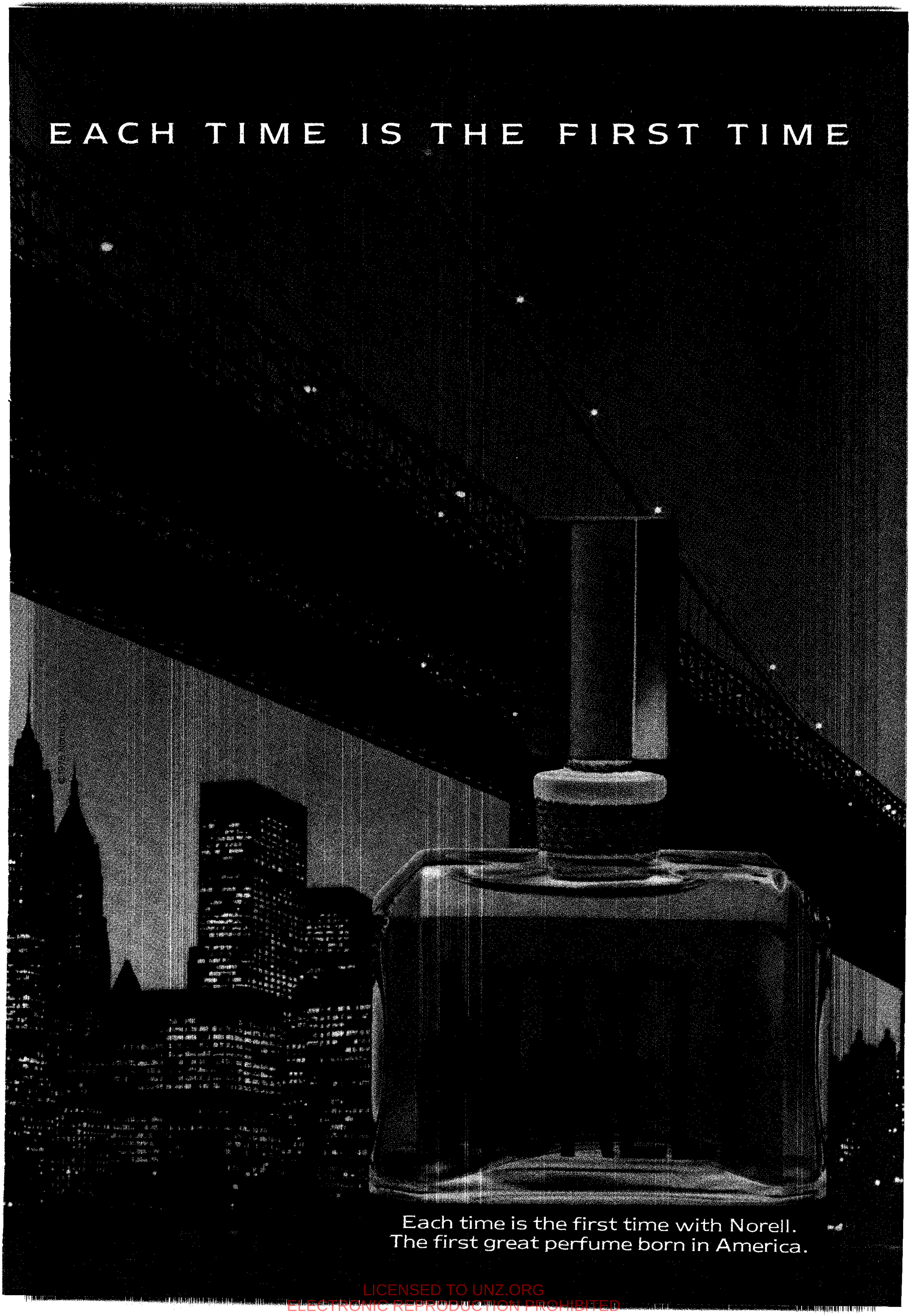
**Ken McIntyre Quintet** and **Charles Sullivan's Quartet**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, June 2, at 10:30.

**Melanie** and **Randy and Michael Brecker**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, June 3, at 8.

**Lonnie Liston Smith** and **Bobbi Humphrey**—Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, June 3, at 8.

**Leon Thomas & Full Circle** and **the Howard Johnson Quartet**—Public Theatre. Saturday, June 3, at 10:30.

**Ella Fitzgerald**—With the Tommy Flanagan Trio and Roy Eldridge, in a concert post-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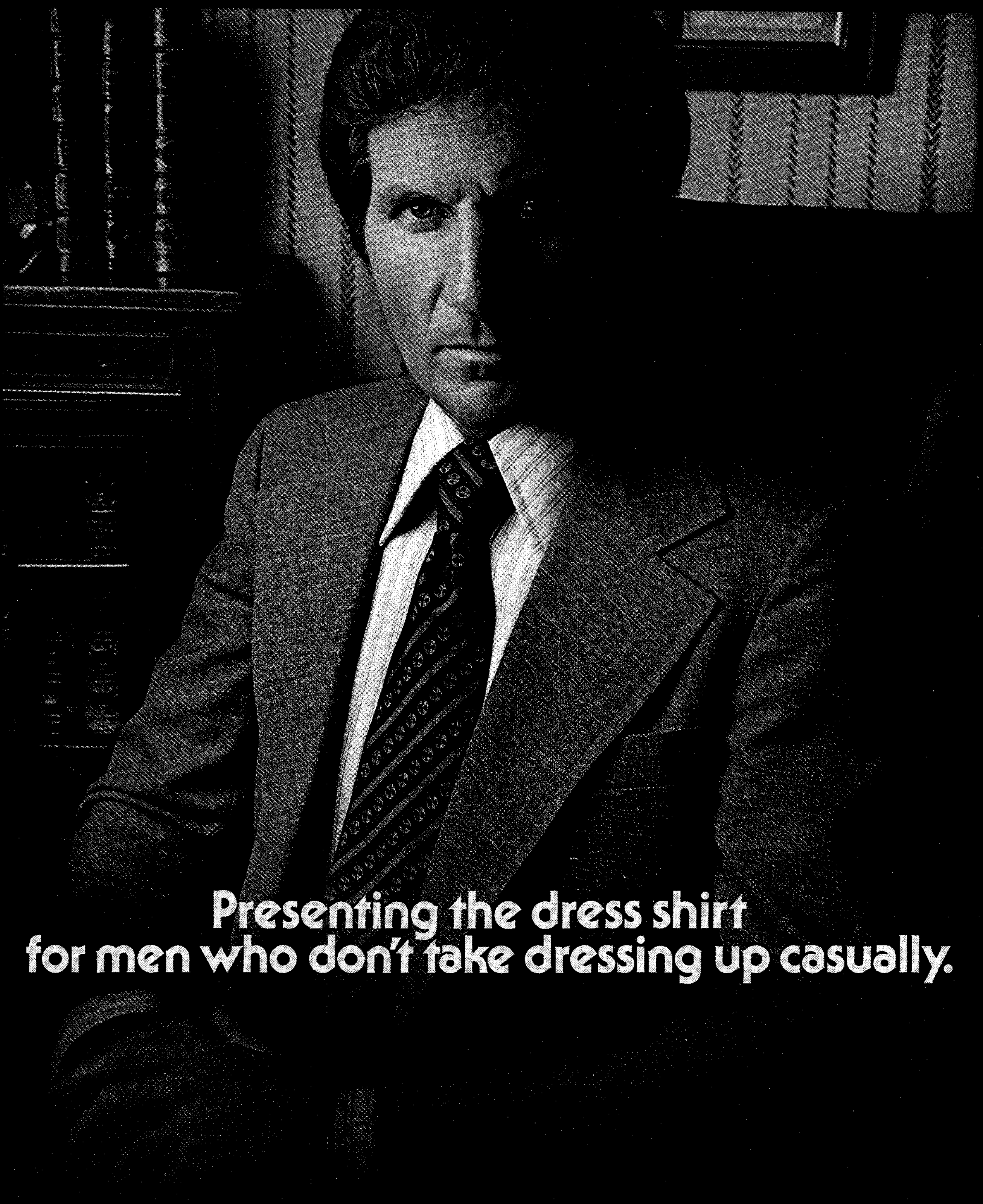
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

poned from March 19. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, June 4, at 8.)

**STUDIO ORCHESTRA**—Harvey Estrin conducting a program of concert-jazz music of the fifties, highlighting arrangements of the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra, with Marilyne Mason. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Sunday, June 4, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

**JAMES JABBO WARE**—City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Monday, June 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.

**EDDIE PALMIERI, CHEO FELICIANO**, and **TIPICA '73**—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, June 7, at 8.

**PARLIAMENT / FUNKADELIC, THE BAR-KAYS**, and **PETER BROWN**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, June 8, at 8.

**TAHUANTINSUYO**—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, June 9, at 8.

**NANCY WILSON** and **STANLEY TURRENTINE**—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, June 9, at 8:30.

**ANTHONY DAVIS QUARTET** and **THE CHICO FREEMAN QUARTET**—Public Theatre. Friday, June 9, at 10:30.

**AIR** and **MARION BROWN**—Public Theatre. Saturday, June 10, at 10:30.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**VINCENZO AGNETTI**—Manifestos by an Italian Conceptualist, and photographic compositions that illustrate, or at least touch upon, his major points. Through June 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

**CAROL ANTHONY**—Beach scenes on Block Island and portraits of hamburgers, done in Craypas, enamel, and pastels. Also, a new set of her life-size sculptured caricatures made of linen-mâché. Through Saturday, June 10. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

**ELIZABETH BART**—Oil paintings in which elegantly colored abstract forms are fitted together in a manner that might be called nonobjective except that the artist so patently aims to charm the beholder, which she does. Through June 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**R. O. BLECHMAN / EDWARD SOREL**—Small, lively watercolors, plus several works that were used as covers for this magazine. / Trenchant, funny, and expertly drawn political cartoons and satirical posters. Through June 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**CLARENCE CARTER**—Cornfields shimmering in the heat, bleak country houses, run-down factories, all done in watercolors between 1927 and 1949 by a contemporary of Burchfield and Hopper. Through June 17. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS**—Grotesqueries in wash, watercolors, and a spidery ink line by a Mexican-born artist whose favorite subjects seem to be Parisian opium dens, houses of vice, and various other scenes of depravity. Through Friday, June 9. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**MARTHA MAYER ERLEBACHER**—Oil paintings celebrating the female figure, together with several first-rate still-lifes and some liturgical paintings. Through Friday, June 9. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

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**BOB FOWLER**—Collages in which pieces of painted steel and aluminum are bolted together into compositions that have much of the quality of paintings. Through Saturday, June 10. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**GEORGE GROSZ** (1893-1959)—Joe Louis pounding a punching bag is one of the gentler subjects in this exhibit, which ranges from the artist's well-known horrors-of-war drawings to scenes of wicked prewar Berlin. Through Saturday, June 10. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**SUZI MALIN**—Jet-set figures, mostly, depicted in various forms by this versatile young English artist. Elton John, David Hockney, and Henry Geldzahler, for instance, are presented in a triptych painted with tempera on gold leaf, and British punk stars are seen in clever collages. Through June 17. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

**ZERO MOSTEL** (1915-77)—Fifty drawings and paintings, many of them fairly objective studies of his own unique countenance, and a few of them abstractions in which we see the faces of audiences as they appeared to him. Through Friday, June 2. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**PICASSO** (1881-1973)—A circus scene, done partly in gouache and partly in an ink wash, showing a demure nude riding bareback around the ring, is one of the highlights in this variety show of his oils and works on paper. Through Saturday, June 3. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

**THE SERGE LIFAR COLLECTION**—Designs for ballet sets and costumes, and related drawings, by some of the biggest names in twentieth-century art—Picasso, Braque, Matisse, Modigliani, Léger, Rouault—and works by the regular Diaghilev stable, which included Bakst, Gontcharova, Larionov, Pedro Pruna, and so on. A benefit exhibition, on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum. Through Friday, June 2. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: One of Franz Kline's black-and-white thunderclaps, ten feet tall, and a purple Jules Olitski panel nearly fourteen feet long dominate the big back room of this gallery, and the relative newcomers, like David Parrish and his motorcycles and Richard Estes and his diners, are in the front room, along with a menacing leather-jacketed life-size figure by Duane Hanson. Through Friday, June 9. (Open Mondays.) . . . **BLUM-HELMAN**, 13 E. 75th St.: Drawings by Ellsworth Kelly, Richard Diebenkorn, and Roy Lichtenstein. Through June 20. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: One of Francis Bacon's popes, a couple of small Magrittes, a big red Rothko, and four Dubuffets are among the highlights in this show of twentieth-century artists. Through Wednesday, June 7. . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: Sculptures—several pieces by de Kooning, Michael Heizer, and Tony Smith, and a single work each by Bourgeois, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, Lichtenstein, and Henry Moore. Through Saturday, June 3. . . **HUTTON**, 33 E. 74th St.: Early-twentieth-century paintings by Russian and German artists, among them Alexandra Exter, Emil Nolde, and Max Pechstein. Through Friday, June 2. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Food and drink of every sort and class are the subjects of this selection of drawings by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 14. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century English paintings and drawings, heavy on the Pre-Raphaelites. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.)

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**NEMESIO ANTUNEZ**—Paintings incorporating architectural forms that seem to have been inspired by science fiction. Through Tuesday, June 6. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

**LEONARD BASKIN**—Mythic figures in wood or bronze, plus drawings of wild-eyed sibyls and prophets and of human figures with the heads of crows, all of them recent works. Through Friday, June 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**SEYMOUR BOARDMAN / RHODA GREENES**—Two-dimensional rectangular forms outlined in color on white canvas or blocked in with a pencil on pebbly-surfaced paper. / Small abstract sculptures, classical in tone, carved of Carrara marble. Through June 20. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

**SCOTT BURTON**—Four tables, one a rustic wooden table translated into bronze, another a thick slab of Italian granite perched on glittery, enamelled legs. Through Saturday, June 3. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

**LUIS CAMNITZER / BARBRO OSTLIHN**—Drawings that comment on such subjects as geometry, astronomy, Greenwich time. / Paintings involving grid patterns (they resemble caning) into which simple forms—an arch, a square, an arrow—have been worked. Through Saturday, June 3. (Multiples-Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

**SUSAN CRILE**—Large abstract charcoal or pastel drawings, some based on figurative elements; the largest is twenty feet long and a little over five feet high. Through June 17. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**JIM DINE**—New works, most of them studies of sparkling arrays of glassware—bottles, stem glasses, jars, pitchers—occasionally interspersed with red peppers, squashes, sliced oranges. Through Friday, June 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**JEAN DUBUFFET**—Paintings done in the forties and fifties, many of them caked with mud and gravel and some of them quite droll. Through Saturday, June 3. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

**SAMIA HALABY**—Diagonal stripes in unusual combinations of colors. Through June 15. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**LILA KATZEN**—Metal sculptures in a range of sizes: indoors at the Cortella, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 17), and outdoors at Fordham University's Lincoln Center campus (through Sept. 1).

**POLLY KRAFT / ELGA HEINZEN**—Watercolors of beets, ears of corn, leeks, and friends of the artist. / Mixed-media renditions of hawser-size, convoluted rope. Through Saturday, June 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

**LI-LAN / PETER ARCHER**—Painstaking representations of sheets of paper, greatly enlarged—a page from a legal-size yellow pad or from a ruled notebook or from a composer's tablet of manuscript paper. / Realistically painted views of the artist's studio, room by room. Through

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Saturday, June 3. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Bernhard Lüthi / Joel Perlman**—Large diptychs in which each panel offers a half-erased smudge of pastel on a dark background. / Vertical painted-steel constructions that suggest gateways. Through June 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Milne Ramsey** (1846-1915)—Period still-lifes on canvas and small pastoral oil sketches on wooden panels. Through Friday, June 2. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

**Bridget Riley**—New works by this Optical artist done in rippling acrylics and gouache. Through Friday, June 2. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

**Bruce Robbins / Katherine Sokolnikoff**—Thirty-one small-scale seesaws set on prismatic fulcrums, strewn around the gallery floor. / Small porcelain sculptures of landscapes, some of them real and some imaginary. Through Saturday, June 3. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

**H. C. Westermann**—A laminated-plywood object, and watercolors that include a series of poster studies for his current retrospective at the Whitney Museum. This show through June 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **alonzo**, 30 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists Don David and Jan McCartin are among the artists exhibiting works whose general topic is animals. Through June 16. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **dintenfass**, 50 W. 57th St.: Seventy-odd works of art relating to sports, including some baseball scenes by Guy Pène du Bois, several collages devoted to Jack Johnson by Raymond Saunders, and a small, masterly oil portrait of a tennis ball by Wayne Thiebaud. Through Friday, June 2. . . . **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: Forty-three drawings by Beatrice Wood are the centerpiece of a show that also includes works, including photographs, by her associates Sheeler, Man Ray, John Covert. Through June 16. . . . **getler-pall**, 50 W. 57th St.: Rosenquist, Ruscha, and other experimenters from the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio in a show running concurrently with one at the Brooklyn Museum. Through June 30. . . . **heidenberg**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics by Karel Appel, Henry Moore, Saul Steinberg, and others. Through June 17. . . . **marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: Two shows here. "Masters of Modern Sculpture" includes pieces by Rodin, Lipchitz, and David Smith; "John Marin, New York Drawings" has forty-one works. Through June 17. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: A show of still-life and flower painting includes a bouquet of coleus, anemones, and jasmine by Julien Binford; an arrangement of tropical flowers by Charles Coiner; and a greenhouse interior by Maurice Freedman. Through June 23. . . . **parsons-dreyfuss**, 24 W. 57th St.: A group show entitled The Line includes small compositions sewn into paper with silk thread by Ellen Tuchman (a tiny sample is left unframed, so visitors can enjoy its tactile qualities); collages of handsomely colored Swiss cotton by Marischa Burckhardt; and a procession of pins that crawls from the baseboard up one wall and part way across the ceiling by Sibyl Weil. Through June 17.

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**Ed Baynard**—Precise, larger-than-life watercolors of irises, foxgloves, nicotianas, orchids, lilies, and so on. Through Thursday, June 8. (Milliken, third floor, 141 Prince St.)

**Joseph Cornell** (1903-72)—Collages. Through Saturday, June 3. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**Paul Feeley** (1910-66)—Abstract paintings executed between 1957 and 1962. Through Wednesday, June 7. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

**Dan Flavin**—Drawings and prints made by the artist between 1972 and 1975, some of them blueprints for his light sculptures, others landscapes and still-lifes. An installation consisting of two columns of fluorescent rings of light—fourteen cool-colored ones on one side, and thirteen warm-colored ones on the other—complete the exhibit. Through June 24. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

**David Novros**—Massive color-field paintings. Through Saturday, June 3. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

**Angelo Savelli**—Two shows in adjacent galleries: Three huge white constructions, one eighteen feet tall, on the gallery's first floor, and, in the basement, a vast, dazzling, snowy environment, studded with eighty-four frosted tree stumps. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ White-on-white paintings. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.) Both shows through Saturday, June 10.

**Alan Shields**—Large canvas wall hangings painted in gypsy colors, along with constructions employing handmade paper or wire grids clotted with paint. Through Saturday, June 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

**Drawings for Animated Films**—A survey of this genre which includes drawings and cels from films done by studio artists (from Disney, Warner Brothers, Hubley) as well as by independent artists. Of special note are the very first Mickey Mouse and ten pen-and-ink drawings from Winsor McCay's 1914 "Gertie the Dinosaur." Through Saturday, June 10. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

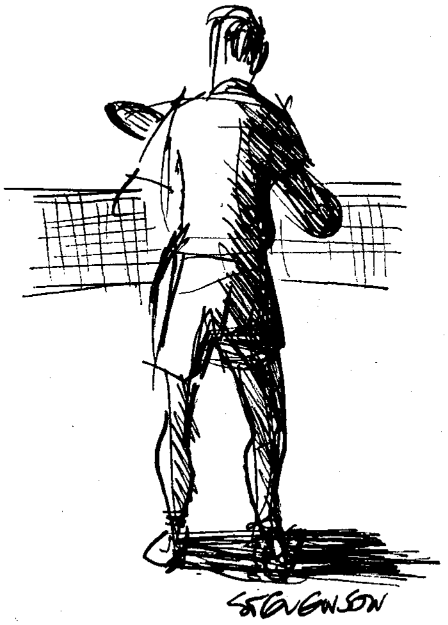
**Group Shows**—At **55 mercer street gallery**: An exhibition of contemporary masks by seventeen artists includes a larger-than-lifesize (and lifelike) lobster costume, by Ralph Lee; forty-two casts of her own visage, in varying moods, by Theodora Skipitares; and several knitted masks—a dog, Medusa, a fire-breathing monster—by Nicki Edson. Through Saturday, June 3. . . . **o.k. harris**, 383 West Broadway: Sculptures by Deborah Butterfield and Paul von Ringelheim; paintings by Leonard Dufresne and John Kacere. Through June 17.

## OTHER GALLERIES

**George Sugarman**—A single large sculpture constructed from six prefabricated welded-steel units and coated with yellow enamel. (City Hall Park.)

**Krzysztof Wodiczko / Roberta Allen**—Distorted slide projections that explore the art in propaganda and, conversely, the propaganda in art. / A deliberately confusing arrangement of directional arrows intended for an empty swimming pool. Through Saturday, June 10. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

**New Work / New York**—A group show of local artists who haven't been seen much—Susan Dallas, Lynne Elton, Steve Keister, David Middaugh, Fred Smith, and Jeff Way. Through July 8. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)



**Group Show**—Cartoons by former Pratt Institute students: Edward Koren, Lee Lorenz, Robert Weber, John Fischetti, David Levine, Thomas Flannery, J.C. Suarès, and Gene Basset. Through June 14. (Pratt Manhattan Center, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Bruce Barnbaum**—Nature scenes; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, June 10. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Jerry Dantzic**—Color prints of mesas, buttes, bridges, each about six feet across and made with a Victorian rotating view camera, in a show now current at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Harry P. Fischer**—In 1901, this photographer opened a studio in Marietta, Ohio, and for close to fifty years he recorded events big and small that took place there—Theodore Roosevelt addressing a crowd at City Park, three men posing with their trophies after a deer hunt, a lone bride holding a bouquet. Through June 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

**Clarence John Laughlin**—This Louisiana photographer is showing pictures of deserted ante-bellum mansions on the banks of the Mississippi, as well as a set of prints depicting Victorian architecture in Chicago, Milwaukee, and cities in the Southwest. Through June 17. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

**Phillip Leonian / Lynn Lennon**—Pictures of people walking, by a photographer who has been obsessively watching walkers for the last ten years. / Self-portraits. Through June 24. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Linda McCartney**—Fourteen silk-screen prints mostly of rock-music personalities (including her husband, Paul), plus ten landscapes and still-lifes in black-and-white. Through Saturday, June 3. (Bayard, 456 West Broadway.)

**Stephen Shore**—The Yankees in spring training by a photographer whose last previous assignment was to document Monet's gardens at Giverny for the Metropolitan Museum. Through June 24. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Jean-Pierre Sudre**—Still-lifes; first one-man show in New York. Through Friday, June 9. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**Edmund Teske / Anton Bruehl**—Sepia-toned solarizations and multiple images. / Portraits (of Peter Lorre, Marlene Dietrich, Edward G. Robinson); a series on Mexico in the thirties; and color prints made for advertisements. Through June 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Alfred Stieglitz and His Circle**—Two exhibits: On display at the Metropolitan Museum, a hundred and seventy-five prints by Stieglitz's contemporaries Strand, Steichen, Käsebier, and de Meyer, and about forty-five others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ Works by photographers and painters who exhibited at Stieglitz's last gallery, An American Place, between 1929 and 1946. Stieglitz himself is represented in this show by thirty-five silver prints (including his cloud studies and pictures made at Lake George). Through Saturday, June 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of eighty-one paintings that Claude Monet did of his surroundings at Giverny. Through July 9. . . . ¶ "The Arts Under Napoleon" is an exhibit that outlines the influence of Napoleon on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30. . . . ¶ Fifteenth-century Italian drawings, many of them shown in sixteenth-century frames, from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through June 18. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. Through Aug. 27. . . . **photography**: Prints made by colleagues of Alfred Stieglitz and collected by him. Through July 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45;

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Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American and European drawings (School of Paris to Abstract Expressionism) recently acquired by the museum from the Joan and Lester Avnet Collection. Through July 4. . . . ¶ A survey of Mexican art. Through June 29. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Color landscapes by Jerry Dantzic. Through July 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: jazz, new musical compositions, and so forth.

**Guggenheim Museum,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the oil paintings of Attilio Salemme. Through July 4. . . . ¶ Works in a variety of mediums by thirteen young American artists. Through June 16. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A Saul Steinberg retrospective of watercolors, drawings, collages, and other works. Through July 9. . . . ¶ The retrospective of H. C. Westermann contains his familiar sculptures combining disparate materials, and also drawings, watercolors, and letters. Through July 16. A complementary show is at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—A show of prints by Jim Dine, Lee Friedlander, Adja Yunkers, and others, made under the auspices of the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio. Through July 16. A complementary show is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a new gallery on the third floor, contains, for instance, prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters,** Broadway at 155th St.—A show of works by newly elected members and by recipients of this year's awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Donald Barthelme, John Malcolm Brinnin, Jacob Druckman, Renata Adler, Peter Taylor, and John Peck. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Marisol, Robert Rauschenberg, Clyfford Still, and others. Through June 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**Asia House,** 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, commissioned from Indian artists primarily by British and other European colonists, that portray the landscape and customs of India between 1760 and 1880. Through Sunday, June 4. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Grolier Club,** 47 E. 60th St.—New York in literature is the theme of an exhibit that brings together books and manuscripts by such authors as Washington Irving, Henry James, Edith Wharton, Edmund Wilson, Ralph Ellison, and Ruth McKenney. Through Saturday, June 3. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

**Japan House,** 333 E. 47th St.—A display of Japanese genre folding screens on loan from the Suntory Museum of Art. Panoramic views of public festivities cover many of the screens; one simple pair is devoted solely to kimonos carefully placed on racks. Through July 9. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—A show of seventy works (paintings, manuscripts, album leaves), medieval in aspect and all produced by an unknown artist called the Spanish Forger, who might have lived as recently as 1900. . . . ¶ A drawing of four demons by Luca Signorelli and a large study for the Delacroix altarpiece "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" are two of the drawings in the exhibit "Devils, Demons, and Fantastic Creatures." . . . ¶ Books and manuscripts dating from 1400 to 1950 (first editions include "Treasure Island," "Cecilia," and "Charles Grandison") from the collection of Miss Tessie Jones. (Open daily, except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All shows through July 29.

**Museum of American Folk Art,** 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, quilts, weathervanes, furniture, and other articles either recently acquired or from the permanent collection. Through June 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts,** 29 W. 53rd St.—An encyclopedic accounting of footwear (chopines, high-button shoes, Indian moccasins, Japanese clogs, sneakers). Through June 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A retrospective of the oils and drawings of Beauford Delaney, a Tennessee-born artist who worked in Paris between 1953 and 1971. Through July 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the first two in a series of five concerts of repertory favorites, these with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, June 8, and Saturday, June 10, at 8.)

**Canticum Novum Singers**—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, June 3, at 8:30.)

### RECITALS

**Canadian Brass**—A brass quintet. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, May 31, at 7; Thursday and Friday, June 1-2, at 8; Saturday, June 3, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, June 4, at 3.)

**Amiram Rigai**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 31, at 8.)

**Roman Romanov**—Baritone, in a program of Russian Gypsy songs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, June 3, at 2:30.)

**St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble**—The final concert of the season. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, June 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

**Beethoven Society**—The Cleveland Quartet in the last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, June 4, at 3. For information about tickets, call 682-3900, Ext. 463.)

**Robert Noehren**—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, June 5, at 7:30.)

**Maria Luisa Rangel**—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, June 10, at 8.)

**Thruston Johnson**—Violin, in a program called "Springtime in Old Vienna." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, June 10, at 8:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**Philip Glass**—A program of his works, including music from "Einstein on the Beach," performed by Mr. Glass on the electric organ, with his ensemble, and the Gregg Smith Singers. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, June 1, at 8.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**Baseball**—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, May 31, at 8:05. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday and Saturday, June 2-3, at 8:05, and Sunday, June 4, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Monday through Wednesday, June 5-7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Friday, June 9, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 10, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, May 31, at 8, and Thursday, June 1, at 2.

**Crew**—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 1-3.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 10, starting at 11; varsity race at 1.)

**Marathon Race (F.)**—L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with more than a thousand women participating, will start at eleven on Saturday, June 3, at Central Park West at 64th Street, and finish at West 67th Street, near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

**Racing**—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Wednesday, May 31, and Tuesday, June 6, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Hempstead Handicap, Saturday, June 3; the Edgemere Handicap, Sunday, June 4; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 10. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays, and Wednesdays—except May 31—through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

**Soccer**—**CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Thirteen elimination matches for the World Cup soccer championship, televised from Argentina. West Germany vs. Poland, Thursday, June 1, at 2, in the Arena. . . . ¶ France vs. Italy, Friday, June 2, at 12:45, in the Arena. . . . ¶ Hungary vs. Argentina, Friday, June 2, at 6:15, in the Arena. . . . ¶ Spain vs. Austria, Saturday, June 3, at 12:45, in Felt Forum. . . . ¶ Peru vs. Scotland, Saturday, June 3, at 3:45, in Felt Forum. . . . ¶ Italy vs. Hungary, Tuesday, June 6, at 12:45, in the Arena. . . . ¶ Mexico vs. West Germany, Tuesday, June 6, at 3:45, in Felt Forum. . . . ¶ Argentina vs. France, Tuesday, June 6, at 6:15, in the Arena. . . . ¶ Brazil vs. Spain, Wednesday, June 7, at 12:45, in the Arena. . . . ¶ Peru vs. the Netherlands, Wednesday, June 7, at 3:45, in the Arena. . . . ¶ France vs. Hungary, Saturday, June 10, at 12:45, in Felt Forum. . . . ¶ Mexico vs. Poland, Saturday, June 10, at 3:45, in Felt Forum. . . . ¶ Italy vs. Argentina, Saturday, June 10, at 6:15, in the Arena. . . . **GIANTS STADIUM,** the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Vancouver. (Sunday, June 4, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

**Pro Tennis**—World Team Tennis: Apples vs. Anaheim. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Monday, June 5, at 7:30.)

**Trotting**—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 8. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

## ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

**Poetry Readings**—Léopold Sédar Senghor, President of Senegal, reading from his own works, in French, with English translations read by William Jay Smith. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, June 5, at 8.)

**The Great Outdoors**—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 3-4, and Saturday and Sunday, June 10-11, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to

4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 11 Monday through Thursday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

**Auctions**—At **sotheby parke bernet**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 31, at 10:15 and 2; European ceramics, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 31, at 8: A benefit auction of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by such artists as Renoir, Louise Nevelson, and Ansel Adams, plus a selection of African and Chinese art; from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 1, at 2: Renaissance and later works of art and tapestries; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 2-3, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 7, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master paintings by Lucas Cranach, Tintoretto, Marten Ryckaert, and others; from the Corcoran Gallery, in Washington, and from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 1. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 8, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, June 9, at 10:15: Russian works of art, from many collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, June 2. . . . **christie's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 31, at 10:30: English and Continental furniture, objects of art, tapestries, and rugs; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 1, at 10:30: Jewels, from several owners.

## COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

**Automobile Racing**—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa., June 25.

**Baseball**—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, June 11 (day). Montreal, June 20-22 (night). Pittsburgh, June 23 (n) and June 24-25 (d). Philadelphia, July 3 (n) and July 4 (twi-night doubleheader). Chicago, July 6-7 (n), July 8 (at 4:05), and July 9 (d). . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, June 12-13 (night). Seattle, June 14-15 (n). California, June 16-17 (n) and June 18 (day). Boston, June 26-27 (n). Detroit, June 30 (n), July 1 (d), and July 2 (day doubleheader).

**Crew**—Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. June 29-July 2.)

**Racing**—At **ascot**, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting: June 20-23. . . . **woodbine**, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 24.

**Soccer**—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos games on June 11, 18, 21, and 28, and July 2.

**Tennis**—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 26-July 8.) . . . ¶ W.C.T. Invitational at Forest Hills. (West Side Tennis Club. July 10-16.)

**Trotting**—**historic track**, Goshen: July 3-7. . . . **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: July 10-Aug. 23.

**Yachting**—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 16.

**Music**—The Metropolitan Opera will present concert performances in Central Park on June 13 ("Il Trovatore") and June 20 ("Rigoletto"). . . . ¶ New York Philharmonic concerts of repertory favorites, at Avery Fisher Hall (TR 4-2424), June 13, 17, and 19. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra Schubert Fest, at Carnegie Hall (CI 7-7459), June 13-17. . . . ¶ Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N.Y., June 17-Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Guggenheim Outdoor Concerts by the Goldman Band, in Damrosch Park, June 21-July 30. . . . ¶ Newport Jazz Festival (Carnegie Hall, Avery Fisher Hall, Loeb Student Center, a Staten Island ferry, Roseland Ballroom, the streets of New York, Saratoga Performing Arts Center, and Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.), June 23-July 2. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., June 30-Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, July 5-Aug. 26.

**Dance**—At the **metropolitan opera house**: Ballet Nacional de Cuba, June 13-24. . . . ¶ Martha Graham Dance Company, June 26-July 1. . . . ¶ Performing Arts Company of the People's Republic of China, July 5-15. . . . **new york state theatre**: Berlin Opera Ballet, July 6-16.

**Other Dates**—Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Thursday, June 15. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Tuesday.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

ALL THIS WEEK

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 31 | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |  |  |

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"House Calls."

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 6: "Saturday Night Fever."
From June 7: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"House Calls."

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Thank God It's Friday."

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"An Unmarried Woman."

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Greek Tycoon."

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"F.I.S.T."

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dear Detective."

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through June 1: "Coming Home."
From June 2: "Capricorn One."

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The End."

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pretty Baby."

**59th St. East,** 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Saturday Night Fever."

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cat and Mouse."

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nunzio."

**Columbia I,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through June 6 (tentative): "We Will All Meet in Paradise."
From June 7: "Servant and Mistress."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"House Calls."

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"If Ever I See You Again."

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 6: "Joseph Andrews."
From June 7: To be announced.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Coming Home."

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 1: "House Calls."
From June 2: "Capricorn One."

**Loews Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Thank God It's Friday."

**Loews Ciné,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Greek Tycoon."

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"F.I.S.T."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"American Graffiti."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through June 1: "Saturday Night Fever."
From June 2: "Capricorn One."

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coming Home."

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "High Anxiety."
Theatre 2: "A Woman of Paris."
Theatre 3: "Annie Hall."
Theatre 4: "American Graffiti."

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 6: "The Goodbye Girl."
From June 7: "The Turning Point."

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Fantasia."

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Waltz."

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"American Graffiti."

**Playboy,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 6: "Annie Hall."
From June 7: To be announced.

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Chess Players."

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"An Unmarried Woman."

**Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

**Cinema Studio,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Pirosmani."

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Turning Point."

**Loews 83rd Triplex,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "American Graffiti."
Theatre 2: "Coming Home."
Theatre 3: Through June 1: "High Anxiety."
From June 2: "Capricorn One."

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Come Back, Africa."

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 6: "Annie Hall" and "Where's Poppa?"
From June 7 (tentative): "That Obscure Object of Desire" and another feature, to be announced.

### REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 31: "Nazarin" (1958), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal; and "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (1954), directed by Luis Buñuel, with Don O'Herlihy and James Fernandez.
June 1: "Fata Morgana" (1971) and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.
June 2-3: "Repulsion" (†); and "What?" (1973), directed by Roman Polanski, with Marcello Mastroianni.
June 4-8: A program of films from the Middle East. For information about film titles and time schedules, our best advice is to phone the theatre.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 31: "Kings of the Road" (1976), in German, directed by Wim Wenders, with Rudiger Vogler and Hanns Zischler.
June 1: "Salt of the Earth" (1953), directed by Herbert Biberman, with Will Geer; and "Blow for Blow" (1972), in French.
June 2: "It's Love I'm After" (†) and "The Man Who Came to Dinner." (†)
June 3: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.
June 4: "The Awful Truth" (1937), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "True Confession" (1937), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, Fred MacMurray, and Una Merkel.
June 5: "The Childhood of Maxim Gorky" (†); and "Sons and Mothers" (1967), in Russian, directed by Mark Donskoi.
June 6: "Toni" (†); and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969), in French, directed by Mr. Renoir.
June 7: "Closely Watched Trains" (†); and "Capricious Summer" (1968), a Czech film, directed by Jiři Menzel.
June 8: "The Spiders, Parts I and II" (1919-20), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956), directed by Fritz Lang, with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 1: "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (1964), in French, directed by Jacques Demy, with Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo; and "A Man and a Woman" (1966), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
June 2-3: "Handle with Care" (†) and "The King of Marvin Gardens." (†)
June 4-5: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (†) and "Night of the Living Dead." (†)
June 6: "Score" (1974) and "Both Ways" (1974), both X-rated.
June 7-8: "The Pawnbroker" (1965), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Rod Steiger, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brock Peters, and Jaime Sanchez; and "Ship of Fools." (†)

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; opens at six, Mondays through Fridays.)
May 31: "The Graduate" (1967), directed by Mike Nichols, with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross; and "Don't Drink the Water" (1969), directed by Howard Morris, with Jackie Gleason and Estelle Parsons.
June 1-2: "The Conjugal Bed" (1963), in Italian, directed by Marco Ferreri, with Ugo Tognazzi and Marina Vlady; and "Casanova '70" (1965), in Italian, directed by Mario Monicelli, with Marcello Mastroianni and Virna Lisi.
June 3-4: "The 10th Victim" (†) and "Cartouche." (†)
June 5-6: "And Now My Love" (1975), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Marthe Keller and André Dussollier; and "Happy New Year" (1973), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian.
June 7-8: "A Touch of Class" (1973), directed by Melvin Frank, with George Segal and Glenda Jackson; and "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow." (†)

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 3: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.
June 4-5: "The Men" (†) and "Burn!" (†)
June 6-7: "From Here to Eternity" (†) and "On the Waterfront." (†)
From June 8: "Giant." (†)

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through June 1: "Out of the Past" (1947), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Jane Greer, Robert Mitchum, Kirk Douglas, and Rhonda Fleming; and "Nightmare Alley" (1947), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Tyrone Power, Coleen Gray, Joan Blondell, Ian Keith, and Helen Walker.
June 2-3: "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla

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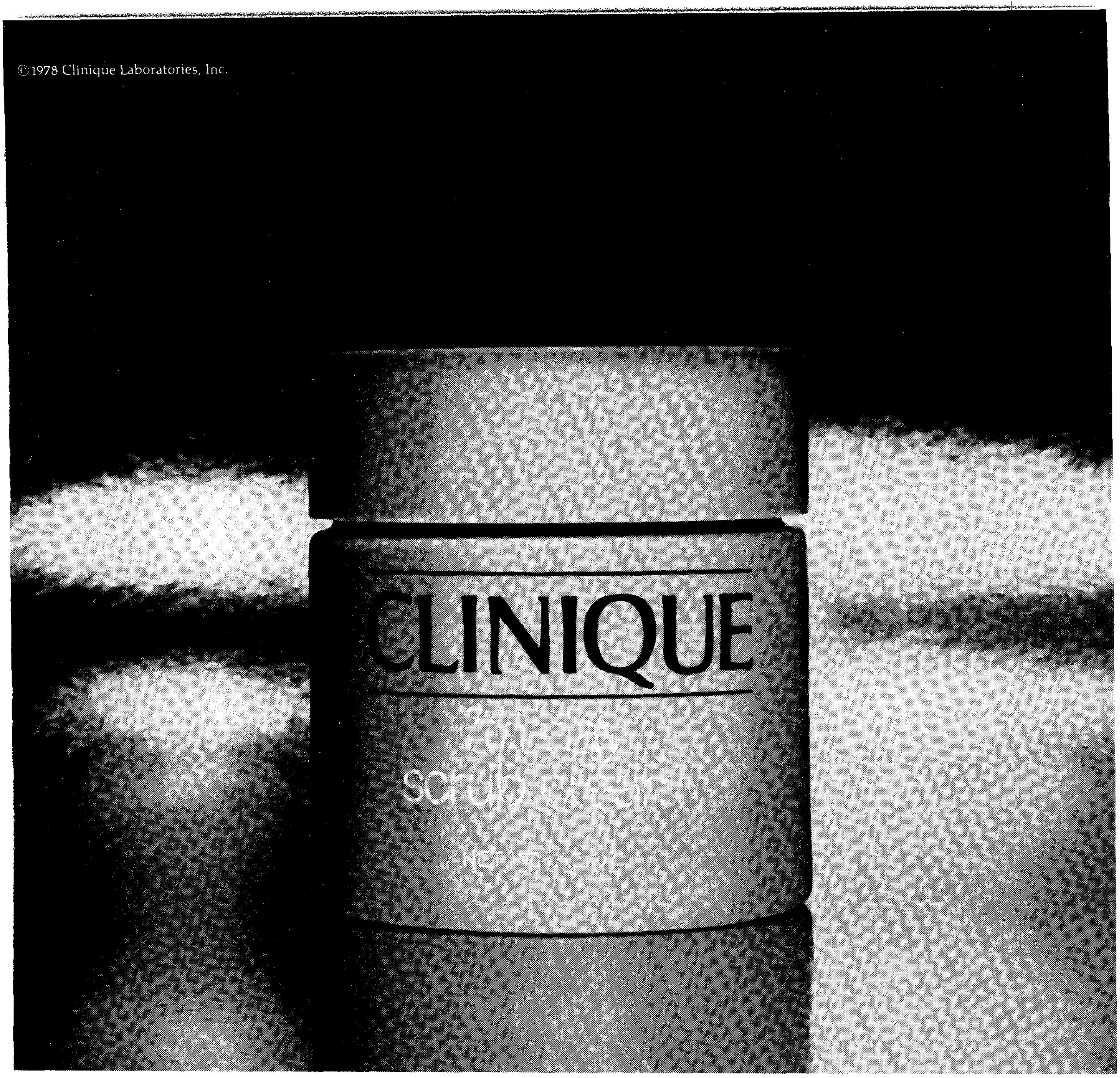

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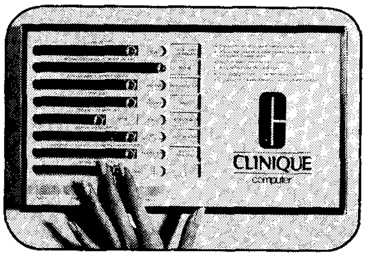

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June 4-5: "Hollywood on Trial" (1976), a documentary on Hollywood blacklisting in the fifties, directed by David Helpern, Jr.; and "The Front" (1976), directed by Martin Ritt, with Woody Allen.

June 6: "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly; and "Shoe-Shine" (1946), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.

June 7-8: "Ugetsu" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo; and "Street of Shame" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Machiko Kyo.

**THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 31: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, and Evelyn Keyes; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

June 1: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" (1944), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Andy Devine, and Fortunio Bonanova; and "Arabian Nights" (1942), directed by John Rawlins, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Turhan Bey, and Sabu.

June 2-3: "All About Eve" (†); and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

June 4: "Private Lives" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny; and "Marie Antoinette." (†)

June 5: "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Frank Morgan, and Joseph Schildkraut; and "So Ends Our Night." (†)

June 6: "Charlie Chan in Panama" (1940), directed by Norman Foster, with Sidney Toler, Jean Rogers, Kane Richmond, and Lionel Atwill; and "Charlie Chan's Murder Cruise" (1940), directed by Eugene Forde, with Sidney Toler, Robert Lowery, Sen Yung, Marjorie Weaver, and Lionel Atwill.

June 7: "Call Her Savage" (†); and "Wings" (1927), a silent film, directed by William A. Wellman, with Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers.

June 8: "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique." (†)

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM**, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 1 at 2:30: "Once Upon a Hunt" (1972), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Francis Mankiewicz, with Guy L'Ecuyer and Marcel Sabourin; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 1 at 6: "J. A. Martin, Photographe" (1977), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Jean Beaudin (who will be present), with Monique Mercure and Marcel Sabourin; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 1 at 8:30: "The Vultures" (1975), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Jean-Claude Labrecque (who will be present), with Gilbert Sicotte and Monique Mercure; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 2 at 2:30: "J. A. Martin, Photographe.". . . ¶ June 2 at 6: "China Strikes Back" (1937); and "The Four Hundred Million" (1939), directed by Joris Ivens and John Ferno. . . . ¶ June 3 at noon: "Joey" (1975), directed by Luis San Andreas, with Carla Pinza and Jean-Paul DelGardo. . . . ¶ June 3 at 2:30: "Once Upon a Hunt.". . . ¶ June 3 at 5: "Ti-Cul Tougas" (1976), a Québécois film, in French, directed by Jean-Guy Noël (who will be present), with Micheline Lanctot and Suzanne Garceau; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 4 at noon: "Joey.". . . ¶ June 4 at 2:30: "The Vultures.". . . ¶ June 4 at 5: "The Rainbow" (1941), in Russian, directed by Mark Donskoi; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 5 at noon: "The True Glory" (1945), produced by the U.S. Office of War Information and the British Ministry of Information, edited by Carol Reed and Garson Kanin. . . . ¶ June 5 at 2:30: "Ti-Cul Tougas.". . . ¶ June 5 at 6: "San Bernardo" (1971), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Leon Hirszman, with Aothon Bastos; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 6 at noon: "The True Glory.". . . ¶ June 6 at 2:30: "The Arizona Express" (1924), a silent film, directed by Thomas Buckingham, with Pauline Starke, Evelyn Brent, and David Butler. . . . ¶ June 6 at 6: "15 Nov." (1977), a Québécois film, directed by Ronald Brault and Hugues Mignault, an English language documentary on the 1976 provincial elections. . . . ¶ June 8 at 2:30: "Bar Salon" (1973), a Québécois film, in French, directed by André Forcier, with Guy L'Ecuyer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 8 at 6: "Once Upon a Time in the East" (1974), a Québécois film, in French, directed by André Brassard, with Denise Filatraut; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 8 at 8:30: "The Sun Rises Late" (1977), a Québécois film, in French, directed by André Brassard, with Rita LaFontaine and Denise Filatraut; no English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 4: "Suite California Stops and Passes, Parts I and II" (1978), directed by Robert Nelson. Showings Wednesday through Friday at 3, 5, and 7; and Saturday and Sunday at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting June 6: "You Do the Crime You Do the Time" (1971-77), videotapes by Martine Barrat. Continuous showings Tuesday through Friday from three to 8:45 and Saturday and Sunday from noon to 5:45. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Deren, Hanoun, Brakhage, Alpert, Tzuno, Snow, Mekas, Sharits, and others. Showings May 31 at 8; June 1-2 at 7 and 9; June 3 at 2:30 and 6; June 4 at 8; June 6-7 at 7:30; and June 8 at 7 and 9.

**FILM FORUM**, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"A Geisha" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; English subtitles. (Reviewed in this issue.) Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

**LITTLE THEATRE**, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—"Thieves Like Us" (1974), directed by Robert Altman, with Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, John Schuck, and Bert Remsen. Showings Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 3, 6, 8, and 10; and Sundays at 3, 6, and 8.

# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**ALL ABOUT EVE** (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the trade, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is Thelma Ritter—who else? (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 2-3.)

**AMERICAN GRAFFITI** (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Quad Cinema, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

**ANNIE HALL** (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Playboy, and Olympia; through June 6.)

**BURN!** (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's luxuriant, ecstatic epic about a mid-nineteenth-century slave uprising on a fictitious Spanish-speaking Caribbean island is told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. It is an attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler—to use a popular costume-adventure form to arouse black revolutionary passions. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who instigates the revolt and then cynically crushes it; he personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. As Pontecorvo demonstrated in "The Battle of Algiers," he has a true gift for epic filmmaking: he can keep masses of people in movement so we care about them. And here, in his feeling for crowds and battles, for color and images, and for visual rhythms, he's a sensuous, intoxicating director. When blacks ride white horses that prance to what sounds like syncopated Gregorian chant, the sequence is so shimmering and showy that one knows Pontecorvo and his cinematographer, Marcello Gatti, and his composer, Ennio Morricone, couldn't resist it. This film is deeply flawed—it's politically schematic, and almost every line of dialogue jogs us to fit it into a deterministic theory of history—yet it's large-spirited, and it might have reached a much wider audience if the Spanish government, sensitive about Spaniards being cast as heavies, hadn't applied economic pressure against the producing company, United Artists. Executives at U. A. remembered the huge losses suffered by Columbia when the Spanish government boycotted Columbia pictures because of its displeasure over "Behold a Pale Horse," so parts of this picture were deleted and others reshot, and the Spaniards, who had traditionally dominated the Antilles, were replaced by the Portuguese, who hadn't but aren't a big movie market. After these delays, the picture was given a nervous, half-hearted release. From a script by Pontecorvo, Franco Solinas, and Georgio Arlorio. With Evaristo Marquez as the black leader, and Renato Salvatori as the mulatto puppet. (Regency; June 4-5.)

**CALL HER SAVAGE** (1932)—It was about this time—late in her career—that intellectuals took up the manic, wide-eyed flapper Clara Bow (as they later did with Marilyn Monroe) and perceived the quality of her mixture of truly awesome vitality and childlike vulnerability. It was too late; she was no longer doing what came naturally. And this silly movie treats her sexy vivacity as a *problem;* her mother, it seems, had had an affair with an American Indian, and so poor Clara is split—the demure girl with her hair worn austerely in a snood has fiery, tempestuous fits. Taken from a novel by Tiffany Thayer; directed by John Francis Dillon. With Gilbert Roland, Thelma Todd, Estelle Taylor, Monroe Owsley, and, in a bit, Mischa Auer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 7.)

**CAPRICORN ONE**—With Elliott Gould, James Brolin, Brenda Vaccaro, Sam Waterston, O. J. Simpson, and Hal Holbrook; directed by Peter Hyams. (Trans-Lux East, U.A. East, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting June 2.)

**CARTOUCHE** (1962)—Philippe de Broca's lush comedy extravaganza, full of brocades and brawls and jewels that look like candy. Jean-Paul Belmondo is a good-hearted acrobatic thief (in the Fairbanks-Flynn tradition) operating in eighteenth-century Paris. He hooks up with a gypsy pickpocket named Venus (Claudia Cardinale), overthrows the nasty leader (Marcel Dalio) of the pickpocket gang, turns it into a crime syndicate, and embarks on a series of Robin Hoodish adventures, giving to the poor the fancy baubles of the rich. The film's high spirits and occasional grand gestures almost make up for its insistently antic tone; it begins as a travesty of cape-and-sword romances and then turns into one. De Broca seems overly determined to be carefree and entertaining; his earlier films were much airier. With Odile Versois, Jean Rochefort, Noel Roquevert, and Jess

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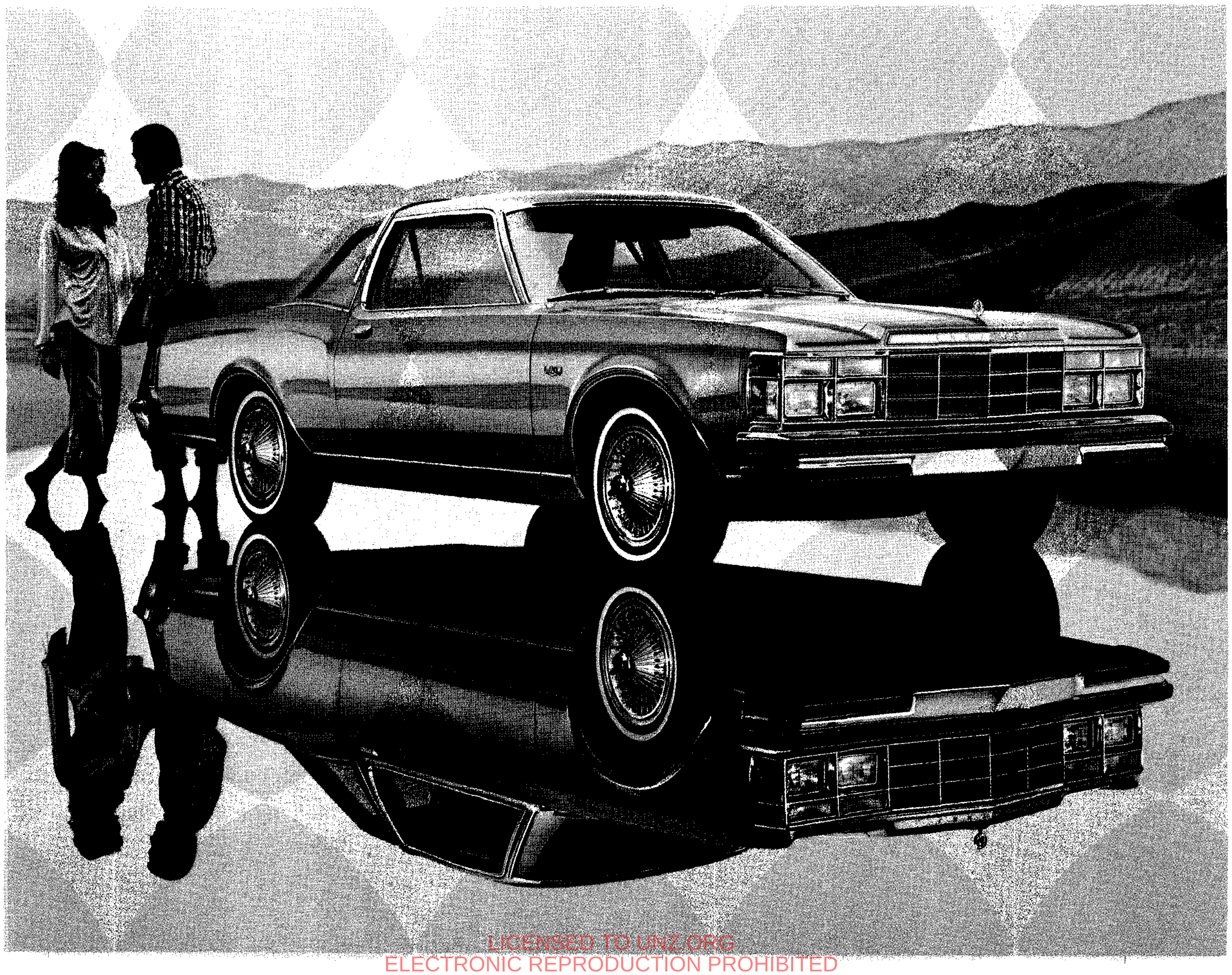

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Hahn. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; June 3-4.)

**Cat and Mouse**—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. His attempts at being keen-eyed are rather slothful, for what he really wants to be is a novelist. The film is spoiled by a moony benevolence. In French. (5/22/78) (Cinema I.)

**The Chess Players**—The great Satyajit Ray making his first picture in Urdu (with some English) after a career of directing in Bengali. The hero is the king of the remaining portion of the princely state of Oudh, in 1856; he is a man given to ruling, but his crown was taken away from him in 1851 for the Great Exhibition and is now about to be taken away from him again by the British, represented by an intelligent-spoken British Resident, played by Richard Attenborough. Alongside this hapless battle goes a leisurely chess game played endlessly between two plump noblemen. They will play anywhere: in their regal rooms, in a mustard field, in a house offered by a little boy who has remained in a lonely town to see the British redcoats take over. The last twenty minutes of this magnificent film, which exactly catches the relationship between Indians and British, are piercing about the ends of things, about managing on less and less. (5/22/78) (Little Carnegie.)

**The Childhood of Maxim Gorky** (1938)—First and most famous part of Mark Donskoi's masterwork about Gorky. He made this part in 1938, and it stands very well on its own, though it gains a lot by being seen with the two other parts, like the films in Satyajit Ray's Apu trilogy. The robustness, the sense of domestic life, the feeling for lives mixing and moving on are intensely Slavic. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 5.)

**Close Encounters of the Third Kind**—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

**Closely Watched Trains** (1966)—A wryly tender Czech film about how a shy, scared young man, who comes from a long line of patsies and fools, succeeds in bed but loses his life. This first film directed by Jiří Menzel is based on the well-known ironic novel by Bohumil Hrabal, who collaborated with Menzel on the scenario. It's set during the Second World War, and most of it takes place at a village railway station; it's fairly simple—the modest sort of film that shows human concern and decency but isn't very stimulating, and that sometimes takes the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film (as this one did). But it also has quirky moments of small-town passion, and a funny sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks. It's a sophisticated, elliptical folk tale. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 7.)

**Come Back, Africa** (1960)—Cinema journalism on what it's like to be black in South Africa. Lionel Rogosin's film centers on a man who has left his farm and is trying to make a living in Johannesburg. Clumsy, but some rarely seen material. (New Yorker.)

**Coming Home**—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through June 1.)

**Dear Detective**—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Sutton.)

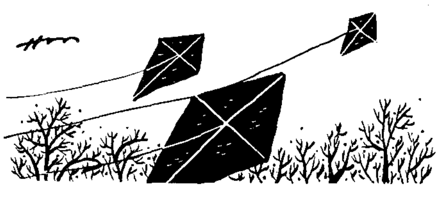
**Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands**—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

**The End**—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Mr. Reynolds. (Baronet.)

**Fantasia** (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and the film—a grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Music Hall.)

**F.I.S.T.**—A long-winded film set between the thirties and the fifties, directed by Norman Jewison, about a fictional union called the Federation of Interstate Truckers, presumably based on the Teamsters. The man who rises to its head, called Johnny Kovak, is played by Sylvester Stallone, a sleepy presence with moments of primitive intensity. Any Hollywood film that takes us into the public domain is welcome, but this one seems unwittingly right-wing. (5/8/78) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

**From Here to Eternity** (1953)—Prewitt, the bugler hero of James Jones' Dreiserian novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor, is a soldier who loves the Army (he's committed to be a thirty-year man), yet he believes that "if a man don't go his own way, he's nothin'." The conflict between his status and his determination to have his rights is the mainspring of the action. Jones' bulky book does such an honest job of storytelling that it triumphs over its pedestrian prose; the movie succeeds by the smooth efficiency of Fred Zinnemann's lean, intelligent direction, and by the superlative casting. Montgomery Clift's bony, irregularly handsome Prewitt is a hardhead, a limited man with a one-track mind, who's intensely appealing; Clift has the control to charm—almost to seduce—an audience without ever stepping outside his inflexible, none-too-smart character. Burt Lancaster has a role that's just about perfectly in his range as Sergeant Warden, the man's man who's also a ladies' man (the lady is Deborah Kerr); Frank Sinatra surprised audiences with a softly modulated, likable performance as Maggio, who loses his life because of his generous high spirits; Ernest Borgnine is the smiling, innocent, murderous Fatso; Donna Reed is the respectable prostitute; Philip Ober is Kerr's officer husband. This was the movie of its year, as "On the Waterfront" was to be the next year, and not just because each swept the Academy Awards, but because these films brought new attitudes to the screen that touched a social nerve; they weren't the same kind of winner as "Ben-Hur." Yet a displacement occurs in the course of this film: Prewitt's fate gets buried in the commotion of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, and Clift's innovative performance was buried in the public praise for Sinatra and Lancaster. It was almost as if Prewitt wasn't there at all—as if the public wanted to forget his troublesome presence. Screenplay by Daniel Taradash. (Regency; June 6-7.)



**Giant** (1956)—George Stevens directed this handsomely designed big, glossy version of the profoundly second-rate Edna Ferber novel about a couple of generations of a Texas cattle-ranching family, and James Dean (in a supporting role) ran away with it. This was the last film in his brief, meteoric career, and he was dead when it was released. His appearance here is particularly startling, because he plays his misfit role in a self-conscious, modern, fifties manner, while the rest of the movie is in the conventional heavy-going style that had always been deemed appropriate for sprawling family sagas. (This one sprawls for three hours and eighteen minutes.) It's an example of commercial film-making straining for prestige, and the performers can't blink an eye without announcing that they're acting—and acting, what's more, to live up to the scale of the production. Yet Stevens' craftsmanship is effective at an unsubtle level, and the movie is often entertaining, with the narrative push that Ferber was so skilled at. Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are the leads; with Carroll Baker, Dennis Hopper, Rod Taylor, Mercedes McCambridge, Judith Evelyn, Sal Mineo, and Jane Withers. (Regency; starting June 8.)

**The Goodbye Girl**—The prolific Neil Simon's tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Guild; through June 6.)

**The Greek Tycoon**—An undisguised story about Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and Aristotle Onassis, played in colossal dark glasses that make the stars—Jacqueline Bisset and Anthony Quinn—seem to represent people whose eyes are blinding headlights about to run everybody down. The worst and most opportunist sort of fictional biography posing as fact. (5/29/78) (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

**Handle with Care**—Underadvertised, this high-spirited small picture has the fully rounded script (by Paul Brickman) and the consistent vision of a classic American comedy. It's about a group of people in a Southwestern town whose CB radios allow them to release their inhibitions; the story deals with the collision of their free-floating ids. As the Samaritan hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up—Paul Le Mat has some of the James Dean-Beau Bridges sensitivity. As a trucker's wife who's as tough as they come, Marcia Rodd has timing comparable to Lily Tomlin's in "The Late Show;" her scenes with Ann Wedgeworth, as a bedraggled passionflower who, it turns out, is married to the same trucker, are the best comic teamwork in recent movies. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—it's a little mild, maybe, but very pleasant. Released in some areas under the title "Citizens Band." (10/24/77) (Cinema Village; June 2-3.)

**High Anxiety**—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs: all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through June 1.)

**House Calls**—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Art, Gramercy, and 68th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through June 1.)

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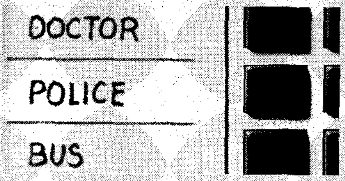

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Shelley Hack, and Jimmy Breslin; directed by Mr. Brooks. (Loews Tower East.)

**Invasion of the Body Snatchers** (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. With Carolyn Jones, and Sam Peckinpah (who worked on the script) in a few bits. Directed by Don Siegel. (Cinema Village; June 4-5.)

**It's Love I'm After** (1937)—A light farce in which Leslie Howard and Bette Davis play a shallow, vanity-ridden matinée idol and his hot-tempered leading lady, and relish every hammy, slapstick minute of it. They are surrounded by the millionaires (George Barbier), valets and butlers (Eric Blore, E. E. Clive), and silly heiresses (Olivia de Havilland) who were at one time as much of a convention in American comedy as the fops of Restoration theatre. Casey Robinson's script is musty and Archie Mayo's direction is sluggish, but the movie is pleasantly bad. With Bonita Granville, Patric Knowles, and Spring Byington. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 2.)

**Joseph Andrews**—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones" fifteen years ago, has directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor, and Michael Hordern plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager. (4/24/78) (72nd Street East; through June 6.)

**The King of Marvin Gardens** (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Cinema Village; June 2-3.)

**The Last Waltz**—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/1/78) (Ziegfeld.)

**Madame Rosa**—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

**The Man Who Came to Dinner** (1942)—The unctuous, sentimental Alexander Woollcott was loved by millions of radio listeners; Woollcott the outrageous master of euphonious insults was loved and hated by a small circle. Two members of this circle, George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, made him the hero and the target of a Broadway hit—a cheerful satire on celebrity—in which a family of adoring fans refuses to recognize the truth about him even when he flays them with acrimony and contempt. This film version has the devastatingly adroit Monte Woolley (a former professor of drama at Yale) in the lead, with Bette Davis as his secretary, Reginald Gardiner impersonating Noël Coward, Jimmy Durante impersonating Harpo Marx, Ann Sheridan, Billie Burke, Richard Travis, George Barbier, and Grant Mitchell. William Keighley directed; the script, by the Epstein brothers, changes only a few lines. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 2.)

**Marie Antoinette** (1938)—A resplendent bore. M-G-M built a grand ballroom that was several feet longer than the original at Versailles, and Adrian designed twelve hundred and fifty gowns, as well as costumes for two poodles. The effort to create a sympathetic interpretation of Marie that would be suitable for Norma Shearer—M-G-M's "first lady" and, as Irving Thalberg's widow, a large stockholder—resulted in a lugubriously noble central character. Since King Louis XVI (Robert Morley) wasn't much of a love interest, Shearer was given Tyrone Power (as a Swedish count) for a bit of romance; meant for leavening, this doomed affair only adds to the soggy weight. W. S. Van Dyke directed; with John Barrymore, Gladys George, Anita Louise, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 4.)

**The Men** (1950)—Marlon Brando made his first screen appearance as the paraplegic Second World War hero, rebelling furiously and helplessly against his condition; paradoxically, Brando gives an overpoweringly physical performance. He's amazingly sensitive and intense—no one before him who smoldered on screen ever gave off so much heat. Fred Zinnemann directed, with sureness and tact, using the paraplegic patients in a California veterans' hospital as part of the cast. With Jack Webb, Teresa Wright, and Everett Sloane. Produced by Stanley Kramer; conventional melodramatic banalities mar the Carl Foreman script, but it's an economical, vivid narrative. (Regency; June 4-5.)

**Night of the Living Dead** (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever made in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living. Duane Jones is the lead; George A. Romero photographed and directed. There's no point pretending that he doesn't have talent. (Cinema Village; June 4-5.)

**Nunzio**—With David Proval, directed by Paul Williams. (Cinema II.)

**On the Waterfront** (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Regency; June 6-7.)

**Panique** (1946)—Julien Duvivier's psychological thriller is a devastatingly effective job of visual storytelling. Michel Simon is the stranger in a Paris suburb who is framed for murder; Viviane Romance and her lover, Paul Bernard, are the ones who trap him. The sordid, intriguingly nasty movie—taken, inevitably, from a Simenon novel—has some pretensions toward being a parable of sadistic injustice; on that level, it can't be taken very seriously. But in terms of how the sequences are planned, and how they build, it's an unusual, near-perfect piece of film craftsmanship. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 8.)

**Pirosmani**—Directed by Georgi Shengelaya. In Russian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

**Pretty Baby**—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Coronet.)

**Repulsion** (1965)—Roman Polanski's British-made, London-set horror film records the deterioration of a murderous, terrified Belgian girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. The script, by Polanski and Gerard Brach, seems completely shaped for the camera; the approach is so objective, so external, that the film doesn't raise questions about this foreign girl's estrangement and loneliness, doesn't offer explanations of her madness. It just stays on her—on her hallucinations and her fantasies of being in danger, and on the actual reprisals she takes against anyone who comes her way. It's clinical Grand Guignol, and the camera fondles the horrors: the high spot is a man being slashed in the face with a straight razor—until he's cut to death. Undeniably skillful and effective, all right—excruciatingly tense and frightening. But is it entertaining? You have to be a hard-core hor-

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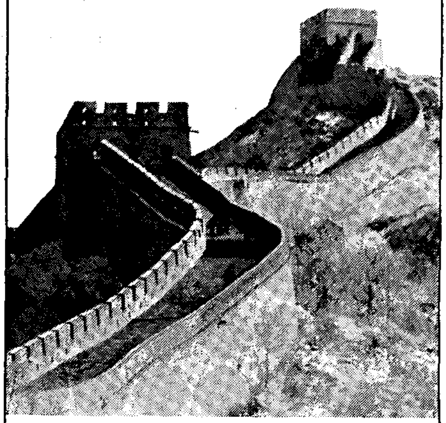

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ror-movie lover to enjoy this one. With Yvonne Furneaux, John Fraser, Ian Hendry, and Polanski in a bit. Music by Chico Hamilton. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 2-3.)

**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler). With Karen Lynn Gorney; directed by John Badham. (12/26/77) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Waverly; through June 1. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through June 6.)

**THE SAVAGE IS LOOSE** (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

**SERVANT AND MISTRESS**—With Victor Lanoux and Andrea Ferreol, directed by Bruno Gantillon. In French. (Columbia I; starting June 7.)

**SHIP OF FOOLS** (1965)—A German ship travelling from Veracruz to Bremerhaven—an ocean-liner "Grand Hotel." Katherine Anne Porter's novel was set in 1931, and though she explained the title as referring to the "simple almost universal image of the ship of this world on its voyage to eternity" (adding, "I am a passenger on that ship"), her vessel was also a microcosm of the pre-Nazi world, and the director, Stanley Kramer, and the scenarist, Abby Mann—who assumed that they knew how the Jews should have behaved in order to prevent the Holocaust—moved the date to 1933 and turned her conception into a pompous cartoon. The fools are those who do not see what is coming, and we're supposed to observe how the passengers' flaws in character will lead to Nazism; Kramer and Mann give us dinner-party snubs as foreshadowings of the gas chambers. The movie is staccato, loud, and crude, and the relationships in the book are deformed. The novel's central sexual entanglement is that of two young artists—Jenny, who is trying to be free, and puritanical David, who wants to own her. In the movie, David (George Segal) is a proletarian artist of great animal vitality who is being kept by neurotic, rich-bitch Jenny (Elizabeth Ashley). She is jealous of his genius, and he sums her up with "You're so full of competition. You're so full of God knows what kind of sickness." One can enjoy the movie by giggling over its florid swoony trash, such as the doomed lovers—the ship's doctor (Oskar Werner) smiling mistily and compassionately giving injections and adoring love to La Condesa (Simone Signoret), who has met him too late. (Doctor: "You're so strange—sometimes you're so bitter, then you're like a child, soft and warm." La Condesa: "I'm just a woman.") The international star cast includes Vivien Leigh as an aging divorcée (this may be her most embarrassing screen performance—she's like a jerky Pinocchio), and Lee Marvin, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, Jose Greco, Charles Korvin, and Lilia Skala. (Cinema Village; June 7-8.)

**SO ENDS OUR NIGHT** (1941)—There are some lovely qualities in this film about anti-Nazi refugees, and Frances Dee, who plays the wife of a disaffected fugitive German officer (Fredric March) is so remarkably beautiful in a key passage that her image stays with one, like that of Garbo at the end of "Queen Christina." March gives the romanticizing picture suggestions of realism and some needed weight. The film, which starts in Vienna before the Anschluss, moves from Prague to Zurich and Paris and Berlin through the skill of the set designer, William Cameron Menzies. With Margaret Sullavan (the part doesn't do her justice, and she falls back on things she's done before) and, opposite her, the soft-eyed, lanky young Glenn Ford (in his first important role), as a sensitive Jewish boy. Also Anna Sten, Erich von Stroheim, Alexander Granach, and Sig Rumann. From Erich Maria Remarque's novel "Flotsam," well adapted by Talbot Jennings. Though the film was not a commercial success, the director, John Cromwell, rightly regards it as one of his best pieces of work. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 5.)

**THE 10TH VICTIM** (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this sometimes witty science-fiction extravaganza about licensed killing in the twenty-first century. Inventive at the start, it gets out of hand. Directed by Elio Petri. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; June 3-4.)

**THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY**—With Donna Summer and Hilary Beane, directed by Robert Klane. (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum.)

**THAT OBSCURE OBJECT OF DESIRE**—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Olympia; starting June 7, tentative.)

**TONI** (1935)—A wonderful early work of French everyday realism by Jean Renoir. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 6.)

**THE TURNING POINT**—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Guild; starting June 7.)

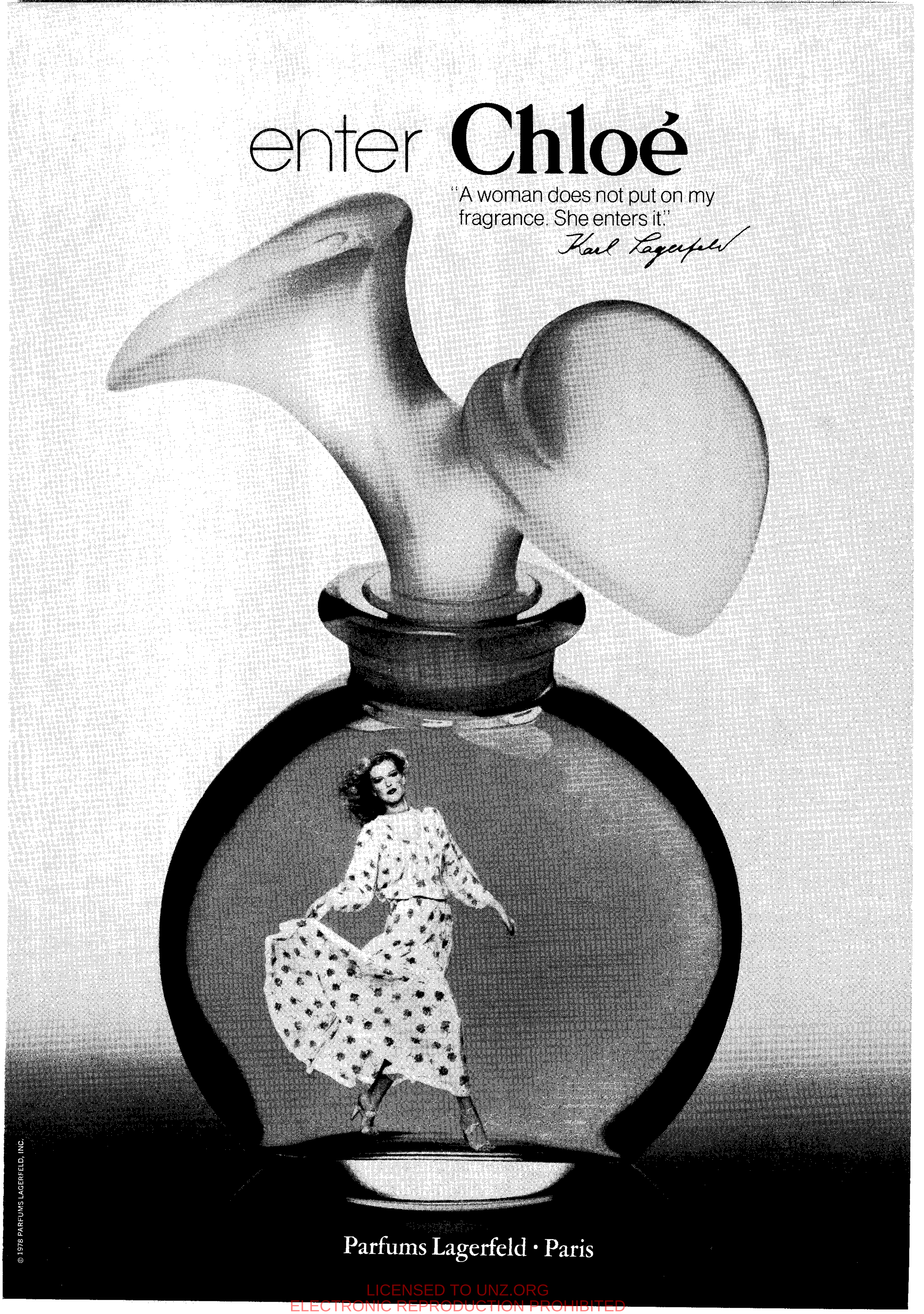
**AN UNMARRIED WOMAN**—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

**WE WILL ALL MEET IN PARADISE**—With Jean Rochefort, Claude Brasseur, Guy Bedos, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Yves Robert. (Columbia I; through June 6, tentative.)

**WHERE'S POPPA?** (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Olympia; through June 6.)

**A WOMAN OF PARIS** (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). The film has a sense of comedy that is debonair, elegant, bitterly close to truth. Chaplin withdrew it from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. (4/17/78) (Quad Cinema.)

**YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (1964)—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; June 7-8.)


enter Chloé
"A woman does not put on my fragrance. She enters it."
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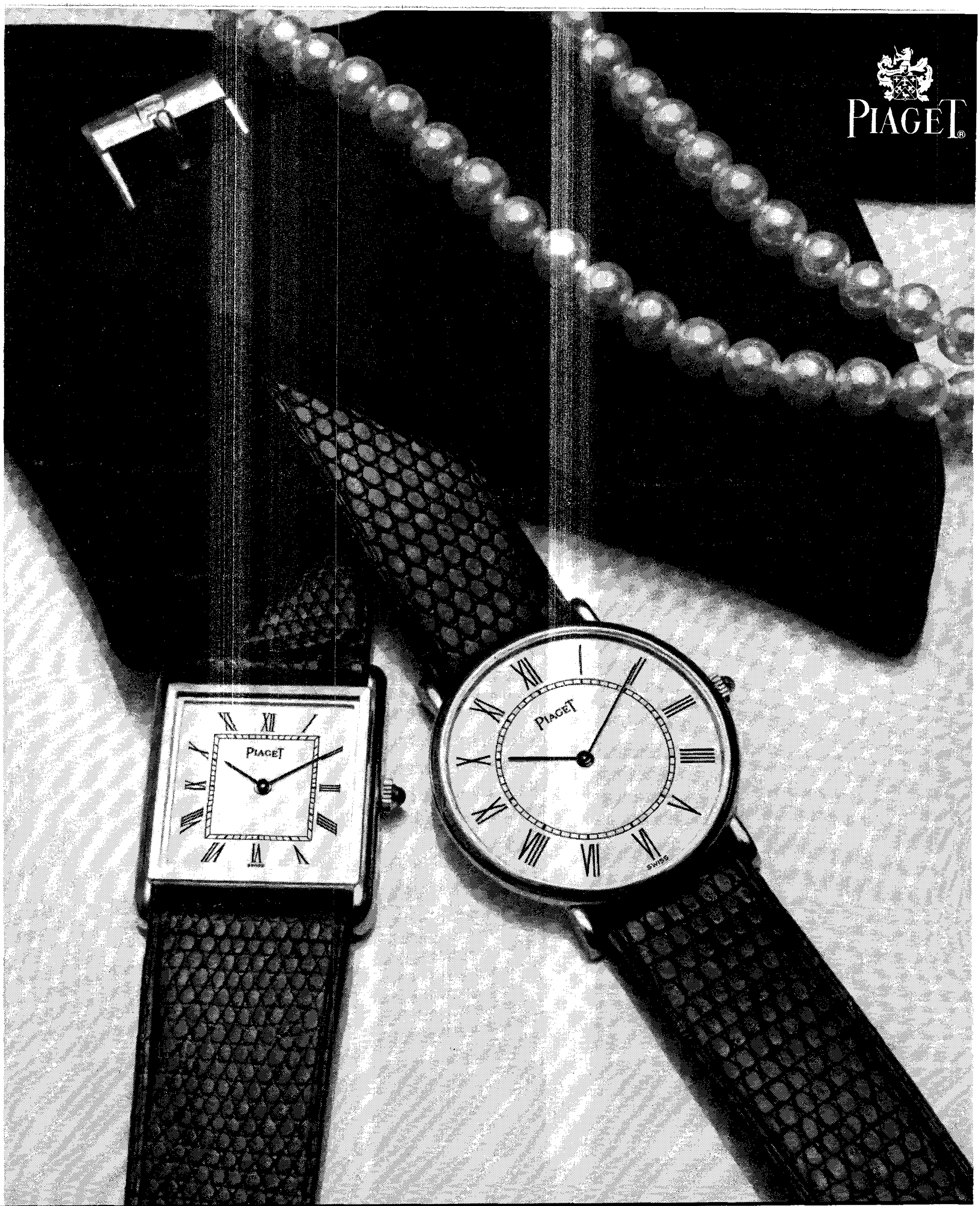

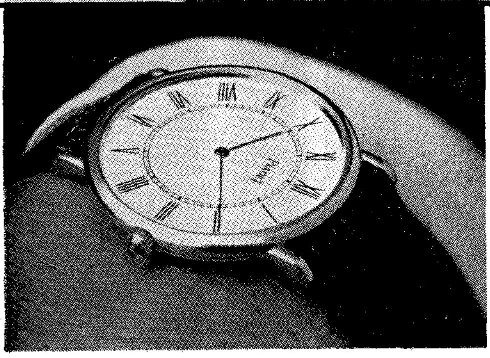

"Darling, you know Patrick won't hold our table past 11," he cajoled, glancing at his round yet deceptively thin Piaget of 18 karat gold. Her Piaget, while not round, matched identically in beauty and precision. Not to mention spunk.

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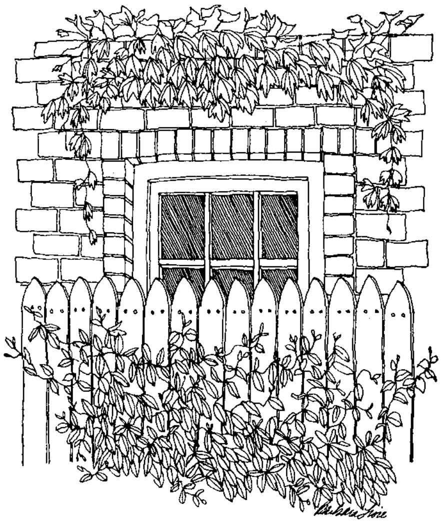
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

SOMETHING that people forget when they talk about banning cars from Manhattan is that many cars do not like being here any more than we like having them. If you have ever noticed, in advertisements for cars there is hardly ever more than one car in the picture. Pontiac Firebirds do not like to sit in traffic jams. Mercury Monarchs do not like to get all dented up. Buick Electras do not like to put in time at the Park-Swift. Ideally, every type of car should have a geographic range, just like a species of plant or animal. New York City, a mostly horrible place to drive—a place tangled with sinews of expressways, a place where the streets get torn up so regularly they should have zippers, where a false turn can mean a dollar-fifty toll, where you can wait watching brake lights for an hour to go through the Lincoln Tunnel and after all that still be only in New Jersey—is no place for a car you care about, or for a car that embodies any of your dreams. For all these reasons, the exhibits of automobiles which this city is so fond of strike us as funny and poignant, a lot of times. We went to one called "Auto Exotica," a show of actual automobiles and pictured automobiles notable for being rare or expensive, which is being held at the Kodak Photo Gallery, at Forty-third and Sixth. Looking out past the white 1906 Pungs-Finch Limited ("Only Speedster Model of the Pungs-Finch Automobile Ever Built," the sign says), with its bright brass and its leather belts around the hood, we saw parked at the Sixth Avenue curb three indigenous, beat-up green vans of different makes and a dirty blue Subaru wagon with its owner sitting in it to shoo away ticketing policemen. A 1906 Pungs-Finch requires a more specialized environment than even the golden trout (that fish which thrives in glacial streams at high altitudes), and now the only place where the Pungs-Finch is really comfortable is in the garage of some antique-car collector, where it can dream all day of being totalled by a drunk madcap turn-of-the-century débutante.

Of course, it is kind of missing the point to say, "So what if you have one of the nine 1931 DuPont 8 Dual Cowl Phaetons ever made, where would you drive it?" (The one in the Kodak exhibit is beautiful, harmonious in all its parts.) The important thing about this exhibit is that it shows that people who design and build and drive cars still remember how great a car can be, and how much of your spirit it can hold, how king-of-the-world it can make you feel. Emission-control devices, seat-belt buzzers, air bags, fifty-five-mile-an-hour speed limits—all those worthy, humane changes that make you feel as if Liv Ullmann were sitting next to you and a Channel 13 telethon were going on in the back seat whenever you drive have not dampened the great hope that has always hovered around cars. The Kodak exhibit has pictures of some of the good new cars, like the Datsun 280Z, and it has pictures of vans with fantasy airbrush paintings on the sides, and it has the actual AA-F Rear-, Piston-Engined Dragster in which Big Daddy Don Garlits set the world record for the quarter mile (5.637 seconds) in 1975. Nowadays, when car lovers talk about convertibles, Cougars, huge Pontiac Safari Wagons, Ford 409s, and other great cars of ten years ago as if they were talking about the vanished golden era of the clipper ships, it might be a good idea to put on a car show where anybody who wanted could hop into, say, a mint-condition 1967 tan Ford Fairlane with a 390 engine and the shift on the steering column and be magically transported to a deserted airplane runway in central Florida where you could really wind her out.



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## *Music Below*

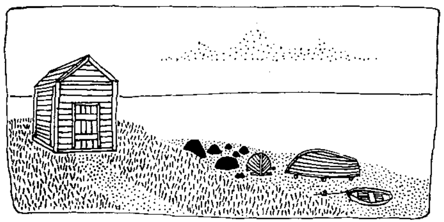
ONE of the little-known pleasures of midtown is to go to the pedestrian island on Broadway between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Streets, stand on the grating above the subway tracks, and listen to the sound coming from below. The sound is a deep, resonant, electronic tone, a little like the sound of a very big bell but constant, unvarying in its intensity. Some people don't seem to hear it at all; others look momentarily puzzled; a very few pause to listen. If you stand directly over the sound source, the sound seems to merge with and then to drown out all but the loudest traffic noises around you, making the intersection an aural as well as a physical island in the midst of urban cacophony. It is a very satisfying sound, especially after lunch or late at night, and being satisfying is its sole purpose.

The sound is produced by a highly complex audio system, which went into operation last September, and which was installed by Max Neuhaus, a former solo percussionist who over the last ten years has devoted his musical energies to making "sound environments" instead of performing in concerts. When we learned the other morning that he was busy installing a new one in the Sculpture Garden of the Museum of Modern Art, we hurried right over. Neuhaus, a tall, pleasant young man in a brown leather jacket, was going over some technical problems with an audio engineer when we arrived. He broke off to show us the installation site, a narrow ventilation chamber alongside the glass wall of the east wing (it is covered by a grating), and he made a valiant and moderately successful effort to explain in comprehensible terms the acoustical layout of a four-speaker concrete "horn" system that had been constructed in the space. "I tested it out last Wednesday when the museum was closed," he said, "and, naturally, I couldn't resist turning the volume up pretty high for a moment as a test. That was all right until the museum's operations manager came around and said that the whole basement seemed to be moving." Neuhaus said he would continue to play with the sound, modulating it in various ways and keying it to the surrounding area, until it went into operation, on June 8th. Whether or not the sound would become a permanent addition to the Sculpture Garden had not yet been decided, but Neuhaus said that it would run at least through September.

A little later, over lunch, we asked Neuhaus how he became a sound-environment artist. "In 1968, I ended my performing career by making a recording called 'Electronics and Percussion: Five Realizations by Max Neuhaus,' " he told us. "Up to then, I'd been totally fixed on being a virtuoso percussionist. But I'd come to realize that the concert hall is not really very closely related to contemporary life. It seemed to me that there was no reason the concert hall should be the only place to make music in, and I told myself that I would do the recording, as a sort of culmination of my performing career, and then I'd play no more concert halls. Instead, I would make music outside, in the open air. I actually did my first installation piece in 1967, up in Buffalo. It was for people in automobiles. I put a lot of short-range radio transmitters in trees along the road near the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, and people assembled the sounds on an unused spot on the radio dial as they drove through; what they heard depended on their direction, speed, and location. My knowledge of electronics was very small then. And every night I'd get arrested. The mayor had supposedly given instructions to let me alone, but every night somebody would see me doing things up in a tree, and a squad car would arrive, and I'd be carted off to jail."

After making the 1968 recording, Neuhaus spent a year at Bell Telephone Laboratories, educating himself in sound electronics. ("It's one of the most versatile tools a musician can use.") A number of sound installations ensued, in this country and abroad, notably an electronic "Walk-Through" at the headquarters building of the New York City Transit Authority, in Brooklyn, and twenty-five realizations of a piece called "Water Whistle," which involved generating sounds underwater in swimming pools for listeners floating on their backs with their ears in the water. Then, one morning in 1973, standing on the pedestrian island in the middle of Broadway at Forty-sixth Street while he waited for the light to change, he looked down through the grating he was standing on, "and the idea suddenly occurred to me of putting something in that hole."

The Times Square piece, as he calls it, took almost five years to realize. "When I first had the idea, I didn't have any conception of how to go about doing it, and nobody else did, either," he told us. "At first, the Transit Authority, which uses the space, had no idea how to deal with me, because I was just an individual." Neuhaus therefore incorporated himself. He established a nonprofit foundation called HEAR Incorporated (the New York State licensing authorities said that HEAR by itself—just the word—was too imprecise, so Neuhaus had to think up a suitable acronym: Hybrid Energies for Acoustic Resources), and after that everything was much simpler. He could buy equipment without paying cash on the line, and he could get money from foundations, many of which, he had found, prefer to give only to other foundations. The Times Square piece cost a little more than a hundred thousand dollars to install. The funds came largely from the Rockefeller Foundation and the National Endowment for the Arts, along with some from individuals, and by the time it was installed Neuhaus had come to feel, he told us, "really enamored of the corporate system as a means of getting things done." He said, "The idea of the piece is long-term—something inconspicuous that can be found, forgotten about, and refound."

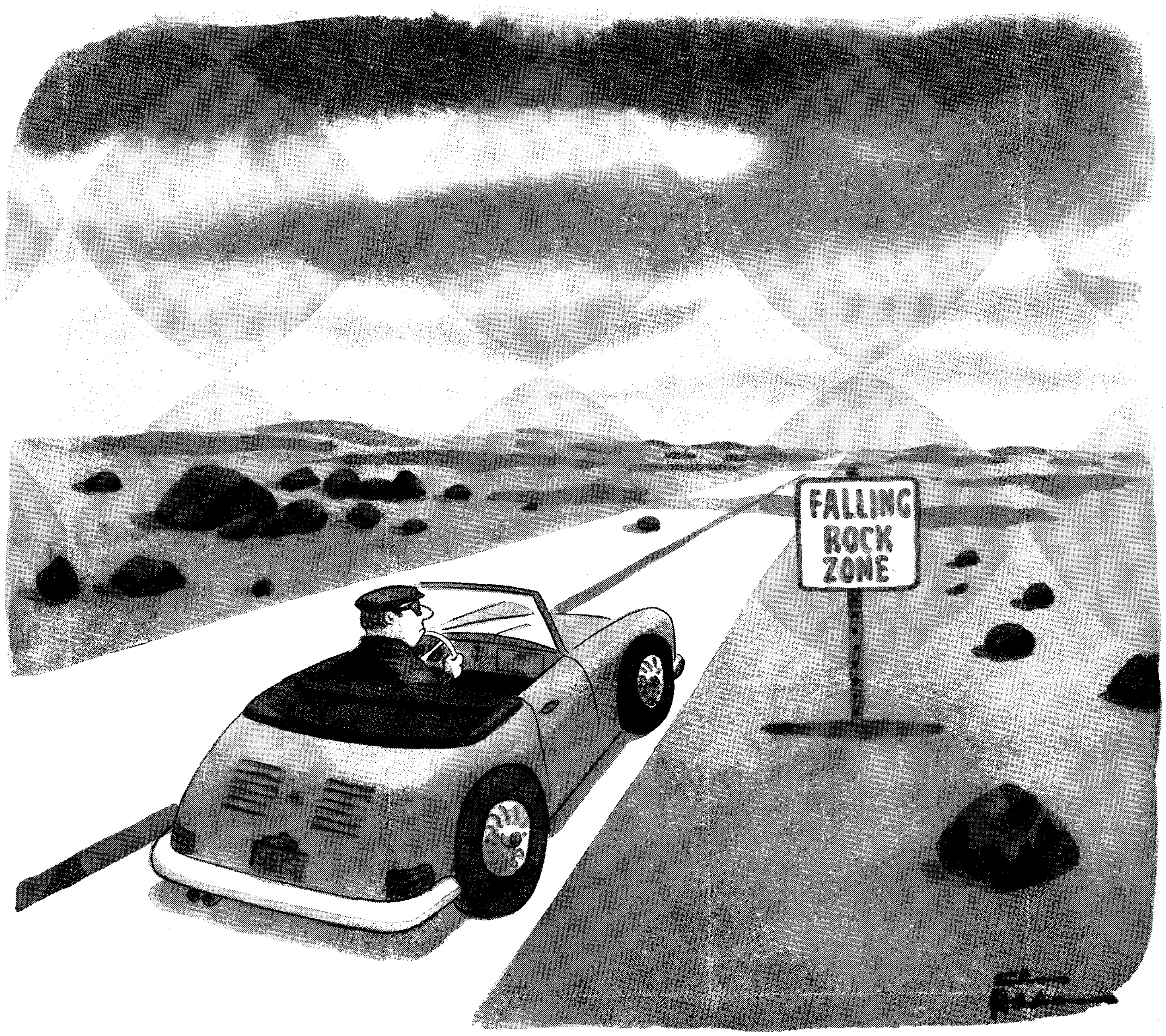


Last year, Neuhaus also created a large-scale work for National Public Radio called "Radio Net," which had people telephoning in to radio stations in five major cities (New York, Minneapolis, Atlanta, Dallas, and Los Angeles), which served as regional centers, and Neuhaus connecting and orchestrating the sounds they made (he asked them to whistle, mostly), by means of an electronic loop circuit, to generate a live work that lasted for two hours on January 2, 1977; it was carried by two hundred radio stations across the country and was heard by an estimated four million listeners. This was such a hit that he is now trying to get funds together for a global successor.

Meanwhile, as soon as he finishes the MOMA installation he intends to attack the sirens of Hartford, Connecticut. Recently, the director of a Hartford art gallery invited him to come up and do something in that city, and Neuhaus came, listened, and decided that the police, fire, and ambulance sound systems could stand some improvement. "The problem is, can you get people's attention without making them uncomfortable?" he said. "The idea of siren sounds hasn't been approached in a very thoughtful way. I'm really interested in making a piece that will work—that will function—and will also be music. We're trying to get some corporate funding. I hope to spend two months up there this summer, driving around in fast cars and listening to loud sounds."

## *Kenya*

KENYA is the most beautiful place in the world. Some of the first men and women to live on this earth lived in Kenya. Kenya lies on the equator, but most of it is a high plateau—an ideal atmosphere for all kinds of plants, animals, and people. Early Stone Age Kenyans were hunters and gatherers. The Dorobo, a tribe of people who live in Kenya, think that they in particular are the descendants of the first men and women who lived in Kenya. The great Masai tribesmen, who live on the plateau, are interested mainly in raising cattle and fighting wars to get more cattle. The Kikuyu are the largest tribe in Kenya. The Mau Mau mostly belonged to the Kikuyu tribe. The great explorer Vasco da Gama was probably the first European in Kenya, though possibly the Greeks were there in the first century. Da Gama



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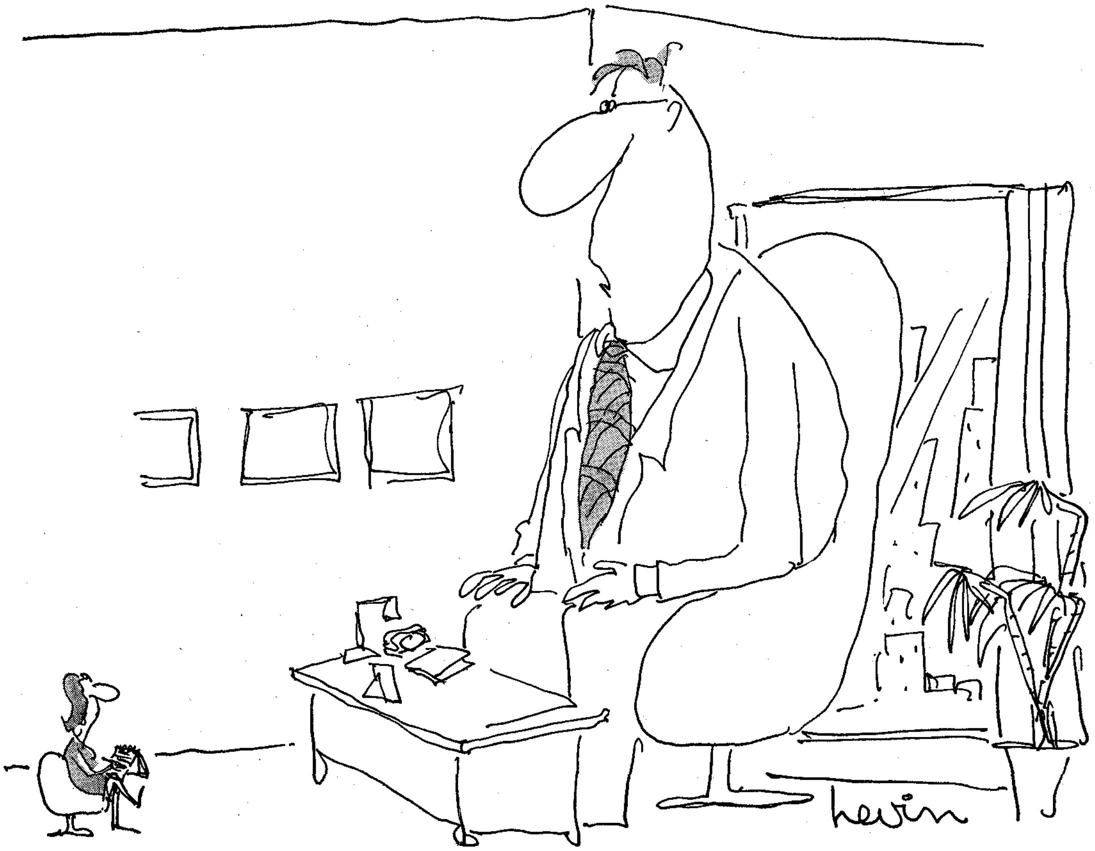
landed at Mombasa in 1498. The great railroad in Kenya that runs from Mombasa to Lake Victoria was built between 1895 and 1901; it cost the British government over five million pounds. It was built mostly by Indians from India, and lions ate twenty-eight of the builders near the Tsavo River Bridge. Johann Ludwig Krapf and Johannes Rebmann, two German missionaries, were the first white men to see interior Kenya. In 1848, Rebmann was the first white man to see Mount Kilimanjaro, which is now in Tanzania. In 1849, Krapf was the first white man to see Mount Kenya. Charles Millet, of Salem, Massachusetts, was the first American trading captain to visit Mombasa. This was in 1827, and his ship was named Ann. There are thirteen million people in Kenya. It is almost the size of Texas. In Kenya, you can buy a Reuben sandwich, a boneless steak, or lobster thermidor in a restaurant.

We learned all this from a man—a Kenyan—at the first Kenya Trade Fair, which we visited while it was at the Coliseum. As he talked, we walked about looking at stalls displaying goods made in Kenya. We saw a stall displaying coffee beans, roasted and unroasted. We saw a stall displaying three different kinds of tea. We saw many stalls displaying wood or stone carvings of animals, birds, trees, and people. We saw the stall of Ideal Farm, the largest mushroom grower in black Africa. We saw the stall of Kenya Orchards, producers of fruit juice and jam. We saw the stall of the House of Manji, Ltd., makers of Buitoni pasta in Kenya. We saw a stall displaying canned corned beef and canned ox tongue. We learned that in Kenya there is a brand of cooking fat called Cowboy. It comes in a can, too, and the label on the can is a photograph of an incredibly handsome and incredibly black man wearing a white cowboy hat. We learned that Lady Gay is a brand of talcum powder and that Tusker is a locally made beer. Then we saw a fashion show. In the fashion show were many styles of clothing that can be found in any old store, such as a bikini, a suit, pants, and dresses, but then there were other, very fine-looking garments—all different ways to wear a bright-colored, boldly patterned sheet. From everything in the fashion show, we could see that it has never occurred to the average Kenyan to dress up in clothes that could in any way be called demure.

## *Milepost*

A LETTER just received from Ernest M. Frimbo, the eminent railway buff:

I always have a great time in San Francisco, a town that is forever full of world travellers, resident and transient. At dusk, they are apt to congregate for dinner in the Redwood



*"Fe fi fo fum, comma . . ."*

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Room of the Clift, my outpost when I am in that city, and the other night I came upon a dozen of them there whom I knew well. The abalone on the menu that evening was fresh out of the sea, the strawberries had all been properly marinated in kirsch, and the conversation flowed freely. One chap was just back from a mission to East Berlin (the chairman of the U.I.C., the confederation of European railways, is currently the doughty and uncompromising Dr. Volkmar Winkler, an East German railway official) and would be leaving on the morrow for Down Under. Another had flown in from his home in New Zealand for the annual board meeting of his corporation. A young couple, wanton dalliers in this group, were merely boarding a train to go East next day in time to intercept the QE 2 in New York and thereafter spend six weeks in Switzerland. And so it went. What was I doing, they finally wanted to know. "Oh," I told them, "a couple of days from now I'll just be *bummelzuging* my way down to Los Angeles on the morning Amtrak train from Oakland. Of course, I will, as the train tops the Coast Range, a few miles north of San Luis Obispo, reach my two-and-one-half-millionth railway milepost."

"Well," said the man from New Zealand, "since none of us will be here then to see you off, let's drink a toast to that event right now."

After all these years, I know everything there is to know about the loneliness of the long-distance runner, but I felt sure that when I presented myself two days later at the station in Oakland I would find somebody aboard the Coast Starlight—the dining-car steward, a waiter, the barkeep—with whom I had journeyed in other days and with whom I could share a mild draught of something at the appointed milepost. Then, when I got to the station, I discovered that boarding the train along with me were half a dozen people I recognized as friends of the world travellers with whom I had dined two nights before, all of them looking knowing and secretive. I bowed to them in my stateliest fashion, followed my attendant and my luggage into the roomette assigned me, and then ascended to the many-windowed upper level of the lounge car. The rains in California this year have done marvels for the countryside; instead of the customary dun-colored scenery, everything is Vermont green. Oakland to Los Angeles through a train window is among the great panoramas of the world, and, bemused by the unexpected marvels of greenery, I fell easily into my customary midday reverie. I was just deciding that I really must do something about celebrating my three-millionth mile in a less solitary manner—and I was figuring that I should attain this marker on the afternoon of June 10, 1984, en route from Hong Kong to the Chinese railway center of Canton—when one of my friends' friends came up top and said, "You're to report to the dining car at twelve-thirty promptly to lunch with us," and disappeared.

He was back at twelve-twenty-eight to make sure. The diner was full to the brim, all forty-eight seats of it, once my escort and I had sat down at one of two tables side by side which were occupied by my friends. The fish chowder was sprinkled with the tiny shrimp that I never find anywhere but in California, and the white wine of the Napa Valley was cool but exuberant. Even without benefit of Napa Valley wine, the steward, whose name badge proclaimed her to be M. Newman, and who is one of the first two women to have been put in charge of Amtrak dining cars, was looking as beamish as I was. The waiter, whose name badge proclaimed him to be T. Jones, was an old hand, so we exchanged greetings and clasped paws. After a while, I looked out the window, and said to my friends, "I'm glad not to be lunching alone on this occasion, because just five miles from now I—"

"Mr. Frimbo," said my escort, "you are a remarkably poor keeper of secrets. All is known to us." And indeed it was. Five miles later, he rose to his feet, tapped on his wineglass with a knife, and said at the top of his voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, let us celebrate an auspicious occasion. Seated beside me is Mr. E. M. Frimbo, perhaps the world's most persistent traveller by train, who at this point, at the top of the pass over the Coast Range, far above the college town of San Luis Obispo, has reached his two-and-a-half-millionth mile. The staff will now pass among you distributing California-strawberry shortcake and champagne—on the house, of course. Dear guests, I give you Mr. Frimbo."

As I rose to take a startled bow, I could see that M. Newman, T. Jones, and another acolyte were indeed defanging bottles of champagne, to cheers and laughter.

A woman stood up at the other end of the car. "I thought that was you," she said. "Don't you remember my husband and me? You were with us in the summer of 1949 when we travelled on the Apache Railway, that marvellous logging line in Arizona. Lordy, lordy, you haven't changed a bit."

"No, Ma'am," I said. "Haven't had time."

A man came down the aisle and leaned over my shoulder. "Please stay over the weekend in Los Angeles," he said. "I've got three-quarters of a mile of narrow-gauge railway on my little ranch, and three steam locomotives to run on it." I'll be finishing off the three million miles quicker than I thought, I said to myself.

There were seconds on the strawberry shortcake, and seconds, thirds, fourths, and fifths on the champagne, so I was cheery indeed as I set off for my post on the top deck of the lounge car. Several people stood up to shake hands as I walked along the dining car. "No, no," I said. "I'm not running for governor of California—you've got Jerry Brown in office now, and he likes passenger trains."

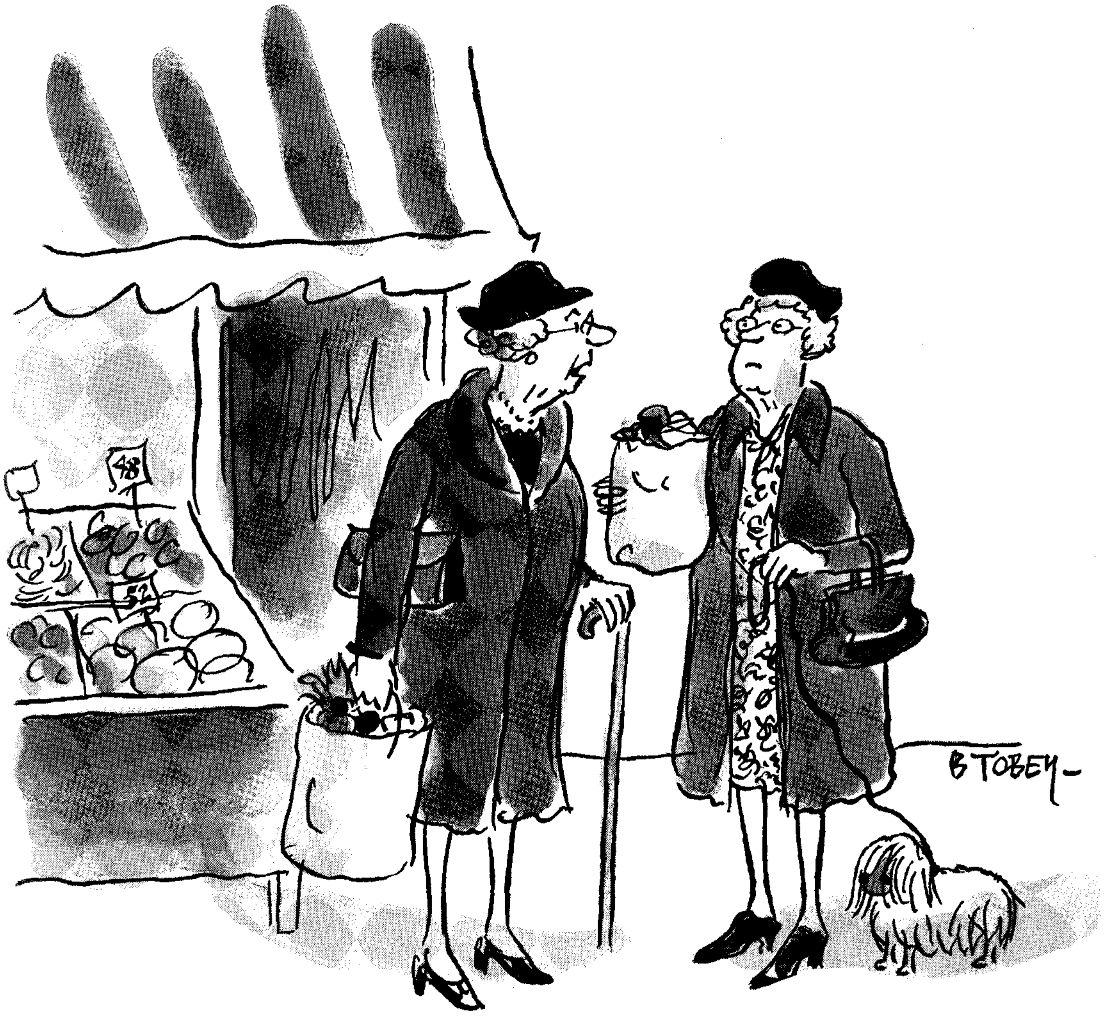
"So do we," people kept saying. "And how can we keep the federal government from getting rid of trains like this one, and all the others?"

"Send letters to your congressmen," I said. "A lot of them can read and write."

## *Bees*

MARTY BENSON, a woman we know—she's the associate editor of a children's magazine, and lives downtown—got a call from the Canal Street Post Office one recent Wednesday at seven-thirty in the morning. "The man had the kind of calm voice people assume in dire emergencies," she told us later. "He made me think of the National Guard. He said, 'Miss Benson, we have a box of bees addressed to you. Some of them have got out of the box and are flying around.' I think his teeth were clenched. 'I could put them in a sack, but that might kill them,' he said. 'If I put them in the sack, we could deliver them to your house. Or you could come down here and pick them up.' I said that I'd come down and pick them up, but that I had to go to work and couldn't possibly get there until late in the afternoon, and I hoped that that would be convenient. The man didn't say anything for a moment. Then he said, 'Very well,' and told me to ask for his foreman when I got there.

"I sat down on my couch and tried to think of what to do, and I couldn't think of anything. I wasn't even sure I wanted bees. They were my bees, all right—I had ordered them—but now I thought that maybe it would be interesting to keep bees next year. I have a bit of land upstate, and I'd thought of having some animals, and bees occurred to me as a possible animal. Somehow, they just interest me, but I don't know why—I mean, it's not in a thrilled, excited way. I like honey. Anyway, I thought of having bees *sometime*, and several friends, including my boss, took an interest in the idea and said they'd be happy to help out. One friend said, 'Why wait?' She came up with the name of Dadant & Sons, beekeepers' suppliers, in Hornell, New York—Charles Dadant, the founder of the company, was a Frenchman who emigrated to America in 1863, and his great-grandson, also named Charles Dadant, is now president of the company—and she showed me their catalogue. I ordered a Hobby Kit, which is a hive that looks sort of like a back-porch milk box and comes with a veil, gloves, and a hive tool, which is basically a slab of iron to be used for various things, like prying open the hive. The Hobby Kit came a couple of weeks ago. I subscribed to the *American Bee Journal*, a monthly magazine published by Dadant, which has articles like "Master Beekeepers—Are They Born, or Made?" and "Getting the Best Out of Your Bees," and articles on new uses for hive tools, among other things, and I also ordered, as a sort of starter set, two pounds of Starline Hybrid bees,



*"My son sent me a nice fat check, but it bounced."*

*"Did anybody important get out of prison today?"*

• •

which is between six and seven thousand bees, with an Italian queen. Italian bees are mild-mannered bees—at least, compared to African bees.

"I went to work, still not having thought of anything, and told my boss about the phone call. He said, 'I resign from your bee committee. Go down to the post office, get the bees, and put them in the nearest trash can.' I decided not to do that. Then I remembered a woman I'd known who had written a novel for E. P. Dutton. Her editor there was Thomas Congdon, the man who edited 'Jaws,' and I remembered that she had told me that Congdon kept bees on the second floor of his upper-West Side brownstone—that, in fact, he might be the only beekeeper in Manhattan. And I also realized that I knew his associate, Deborah Prigoff, from when we had both worked at St. Martin's Press, so I called her up and asked if I could speak to Congdon about some bees I had ordered, and she said she knew he'd be interested but he was in London. Then I told Debbie what had happened, and she said, 'That's terrible! What are you going to do? I wish I could help you. Why don't you call Fred Malone. He's working on a book for us called "Bees Don't Get Arthritis." No, he's in Vermont. I know. We've got an author, Dr. Herbert Tanzer, who's a veterinarian in Brooklyn, and who lives in Connecticut and keeps bees there. Why don't you call him up and say you're a friend of mine and of Tom's, and I'm sure it will be all right.'

"I called Dr. Tanzer at his office in Brooklyn, and he laughed for about ten minutes. I asked him if he'd like my bees, and he said he wouldn't, but he said they'd be easy to catch—all I'd need was an empty peanut-butter jar. He explained that the bees wouldn't go far, because the queen was in a special cage in the middle of the box. 'Just take the jar and flip 'em in,' he said. Then he started telling me stories about friends of his who had ordered boxes and boxes of bees that had got loose in post offices, and how one post office had called up one friend and told him they wouldn't deliver any more mail to him unless he stopped ordering bees. What impressed me most about these conversations was that when I said I wanted to talk about bees, no one put me on hold or told me that he'd call me back later.

"By now, it was getting late, and I decided there was nothing I could do except go collect the bees and take them home. I sort of had the feeling that the post office didn't want to keep them too much longer. So I called up another friend of mine—she's working as a bank teller—and she said she'd go there with me. I got a peanut-butter jar, and my friend Christine got two empty one-pound Martinson coffee cans, and at about a quarter of six we got to the Canal Street Post Office, where we were told to go around the back to the loading dock. Now, this part of the story is sort of anti-climactic. None of the mail-truck drivers who were hanging around the loading dock knew what I was talking about when I said, 'We came to get the bees,' but then a foreman came out and said, 'Ahhh, yes!' He went back inside and came out with a carton on which someone had written 'LIVE BEES' in Magic Marker. I opened up the lid of the carton carefully, and there were my bees, in a wooden box with wire-mesh sides. Six or seven bees were crawling around on the sides of the box, and one bee was lying on the bottom of the carton looking squashed. 'What have you got them for?' one of the drivers asked. I said I was going to keep bees as a hobby. 'That's quite interesting,' said the driver. 'I never heard of that being done as a hobby. And here we drink vodka.' 'Stick to your vodka,' I said.

"But when I got home with the bees I decided I really would keep them. I put them on the windowsill overnight, but the next morning the sun was out and there was a loud humming from the carton, so I moved them under my dining-room table, and they quieted down. Dr. Tanzer said that bees could live quite happily in a box for some time, as long as they got fed, so I have now sprayed the sides of the box with sugar water, which they like, from a plant mister. You can also paint the sugar water on the sides of their box with a paintbrush, but I didn't want to get that close. This weekend, I'll take them upstate and transfer them to the Hobby Kit hive. I still don't know how those six or seven bees got out of the box in the first place. One man I know said, 'That'll teach the post office to drop things'—but I don't have evidence about that. I called my boyfriend, and woke him up, just the way the post office woke me up the day before, and started to tell him the bee story. He said sleepily, 'Maybe they were left over.' 'What?' I said. 'The bees,' he said. 'The bees. Maybe when they packed the bees there were some left over. Or maybe they were other bees. Maybe they were looking for company and just joined your bees.' "

# THE DELTS OF VENUS

(Selections from Another Volume of Early Writings by Anise Nun)

## Preface

GOMEZ told me about the Collector. I was living in Paris, finishing up the eleventh installment of my memoirs of infantile sexuality, and I was so poor that for days on end I ate nothing but string and leaves. Gomez said that the Collector would pay a dollar a page for stories about sport.

"Well," I said, "we know a little about sport, eh, Gomez?"

What else was I to do? Arnold needed cash for some dental work, Helga needed wallpaper for her garret, and Lazlo wanted to hire a dozen convent girls for his experimental film. So Gomez told me the story of the Stewardess and the Swedish National Track Team, and I wrote it up for the Collector. A day or two later, the Collector called me on the telephone. "More action," he said. "Leave out that sex stuff and just give me the sport."

I swore that never again would I work for a man so cold and unfeeling—so insensitive to the true sport of love—but Arnold wanted money for opium, Helga's cat needed an operation, and Lazlo wanted to buy a dozen see-through middy blouses. Swallowing my pride, I wrote for the Collector the stories published here.

—Anise Nun

## Eugénie and the Baron

WHEN Eugénie awoke, it was late in the afternoon, the draperies were drawn, and the Baron was sitting in a velvet-covered chaise, smoking and regarding her coldly. He was wearing a soft peaked cap and a loosely cut suit of fine striped flannel, and his eyes had the fixed, hypnotic gaze of an animal, or of a man who has not slept for several months. There were furs on the floor, exotic plants in the window, and a replica of the American League pennant of 1975 hung from the ceiling.

When the Baron saw Eugénie begin to stir, he crushed out his cigarette, strode over to the bed, and pulled back the sheets. "Here, put this on," he said, handing her a catcher's mask. "And this, too." He slipped a chest protector over her chemise and began fastening the straps in back. Eugénie felt his warm breath on her shoulder and she quivered involuntarily. He smelled of stale popcorn.

"That's too tight," she said. Her skin was very sensitive, and she was afraid the leather would give her an equipment rash.

"They'll work themselves loose," the Baron said hoarsely, and then he held the mitt out to her. It was huge and fat, laced at the bottom, and had a deep, soft pocket. Burned into it were the words "Official Yogi Berra."

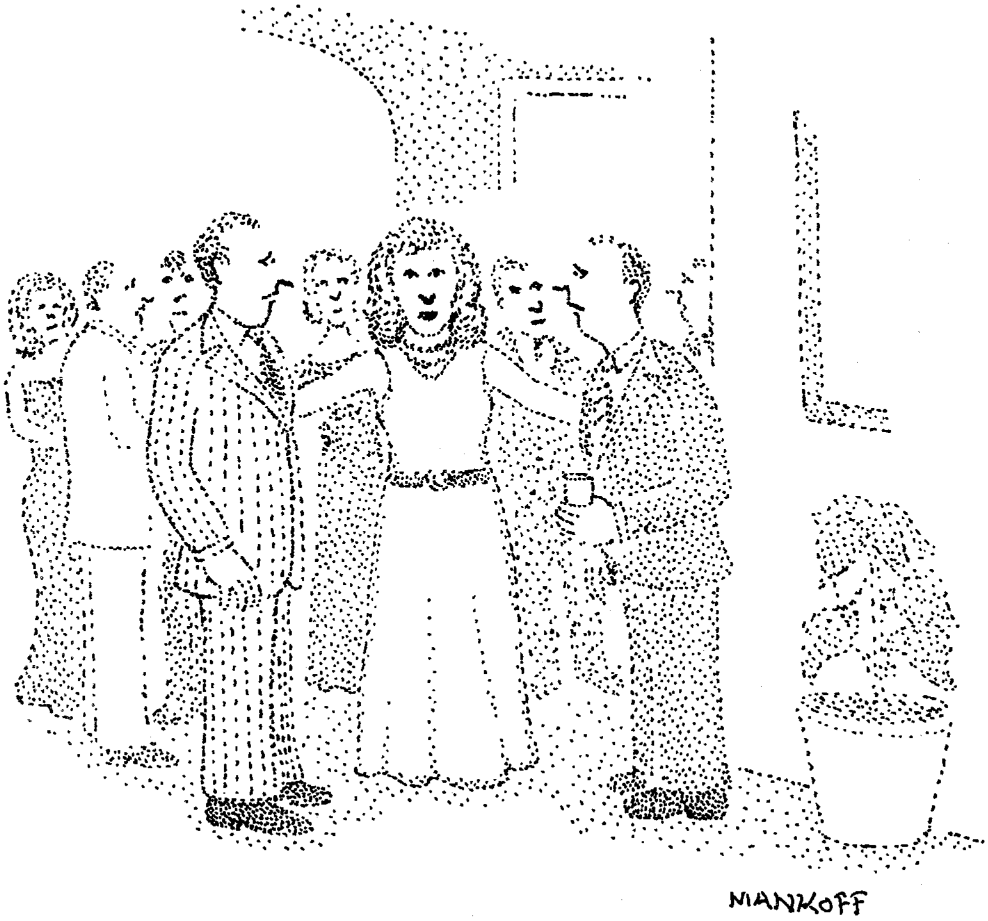
"Please," Eugénie said. "I don't feel like it right now."

The Baron said nothing but led her out into the long hallway and motioned for her to crouch. "Just give me a target," he whispered. "Give me a good target."

The Baron paced off sixty and one-half feet along the carpet, then turned and—softly at first, then faster and harder—began throwing to Eugénie a hard white ball, which she caught, reluctantly, and tossed back to him. After a while a light sweat broke out on the Baron's forehead, and Eugénie could hear him begin to breathe heavily. The throws came even faster now, and the ball began to move curiously, shooting down and to the inside, or else at times seeming to pause a moment and then soaring up and away. Eugénie was still tense and uncertain, but the shape of the Baron's leg, as he kicked it toward the ceiling just before delivery, was so graceful and the arc of the ball as it spun and curved through the air was so vivid and poignant that she felt a part of herself begin to thaw. Her left hand, inside the dark, odorous mitt, grew warm and then began to tingle with a kind of delicious pain, and, without entirely willing it, Eugénie found herself calling out, "Hum, baby, hum. Atta boy. No batter, no batter. Way to go, way to go, *babe!*"

## Marie

MARIE had fallen into a way of life that caused her family and relatives to disown her. She lived above an all-night lanes in Montparnasse, and she liked to bowl for money. Her father, who was dying of consumption, prevailed on her to change her habits, and he obtained for Marie a position as a governess in a large house on the Rue Victor-Massé. The work was not arduous—it consisted simply of caring for a small boy named Pierre and wearing sheer black stockings and a garter belt so intricate that only the Master knew how to fasten it—but Marie soon grew restless. At night she had diffi-



*"I'd like you two to meet. Individually, neither one of you is very interesting, but together I'm hoping for a synergistic effect."*

culty sleeping, and thrashed in bed for hours, practicing her four-step approach and her body English.

At last Marie could bear this state of craving no more, and early one morning, before the sun was up and while the rest of the house was still asleep, she stole into Pierre's room and gently shook him awake. "Pierre, darling, I have a surprise for you," she said softly, full of self-loathing and yet unable to help herself. "Something very nice."

She helped the boy off with his pajamas—his skin, as she allowed her hands to linger over it, was smooth and almost unnaturally cool, like the finish on a duckpin—and she dressed him in powder-blue Sans-a-Belt slacks and an open-collared satin shirt with the words "Café Joe" embroidered on the back.

"What a lovely boy you are!" said Marie. Breathlessly, she handed him a bowling ball. "Roll it," she whispered. "Let me see you roll it."

Pierre looked at her questioningly, and a faint blush came to his cheeks.

"Surely you must have bowled before," said Marie. "Perhaps with one of your little chums?"

"No," said the boy timidly.

"A big strong boy like you? Never been bowling? I don't believe it."

"No, really," said Pierre.

"But you know how, don't you?" Marie said gently. "Haven't the boys in school told you how?"

Pierre nodded shyly.

"Well, then!" Marie laughed. "Now I will teach you some things they *didn't* tell you. I will teach you some things even Papa doesn't know!"

Arranging ten of Pierre's lead soldiers in a triangle on the nursery floor, Marie showed the boy how to make the 4–10 split, how to handle the groove in a worn-down lane, and how to put a duck hook on the ball so that it slammed into the pocket from the Brooklyn side. "There!" she said, her bosom heaving. "Now you try, and if you're a very nice boy I'll tell you about Bowling for Francs."

## AT THE CAFÉ

At the café, at an outdoor table
Fronting the last of the puppet shows,
We have come to sip a bit of brandy
And watch the rapidly descending evening.
Violinists scrape the bow of air,
Arguments begin and finish soon,
As if philosophy were running a café
Where nothing is served but old ideas;
Tensed against the wine-soaked washrag
Of the sky the trees erect themselves
In the last small oblivion of lights;
Talk grows animated . . . someone screams . . .
This passes, these days, for the bohemian.
Still, the knees of two bright things
Are touching . . . Everyone's lost the theme:
What is the mind compared to it,
To feeling's theatre always in flames,
On the stage, its aging, ludicrous opera
*Still faintly heard among the ruins?*

—Howard Moss

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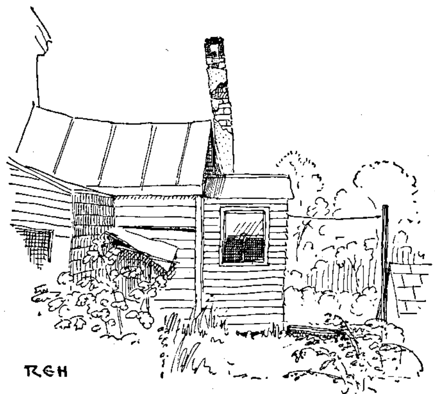
### Mathilde, Georg, and the Knicks

Mathilde was young, wealthy, and very beautiful—she had many lovers—but she had never been to see the Knicks. The one man she wished to share this experience with, a tall Hungarian named Georg, for many weeks refused to oblige her. Finally, he yielded to her entreaties, and on a soft, rainy evening in March they took the A train together to Madison Square Garden, to catch the Knicks and SuperSonics.

The game proved to be all that Mathilde had hoped, with the Knicks jumping away to an early lead on three dazzling picks by Bob McAdoo, and before the end of the first quarter she had grown feverish with excitement. Her lips were moist, hoarse cries issued from her throat, and at crucial free throws her hand unconsciously sought out Georg's. Mathilde then understood why so many men refused to introduce their lovers to the Knicks: they feared awakening in them an insatiable passion. Georg, however, was behaving very strangely, almost as if he were afraid of her ardor, and in the last quarter she noticed that his eyes were tightly shut. On their way home in a cab after the game, Georg sighed and told Mathilde this story:

"When I was fourteen, and still innocent, my family lived in a dangerously overheated apartment in Budapest, which had a great many balconies. I was bored, with nothing to do but wander aimlessly back and forth from one balcony to the next, and one afternoon when I was doing this I noticed a woman shooting baskets across the courtyard. She was wearing filmy black knee socks, boxer shorts, and a halter made of feathers, and she was tossing two-handed jumpers into a basket that had been attached to a marble column. I felt sure she knew she was being watched, but she gave no sign; instead, she tried more and more difficult shots: hooks, driving layups, double pumps, and even a behind-the-back slam dunk. Observing her gave me the most intense pleasure imaginable. 'She must think I'm a scout,' I murmured to myself.



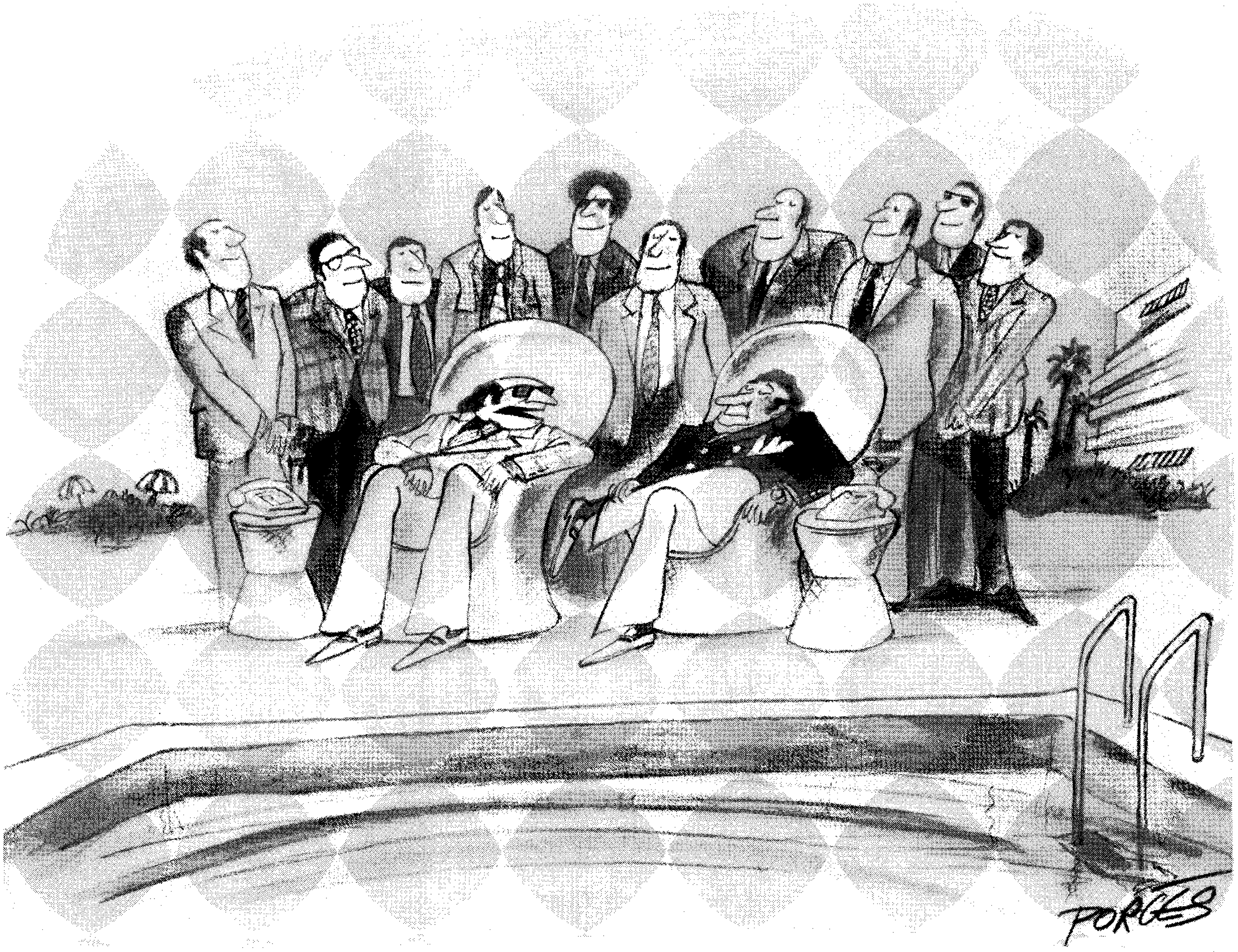
"The next day, I went out on the balcony carrying a clipboard and binoculars and wearing a whistle around my neck. As if by magic, the woman appeared again, clothed this time in a sweatsuit of diaphanous gauze, and rewarded me with a display of shotmaking worthy of the great Doctor J himself. These scenes continued every day for more than a week, and then one morning when I stepped out onto my balcony I saw that the basket had been torn down and the woman's windows boarded up. My father had found out, you see. That evening, he sent me to my room for three years."

"Oh, poor darling," Mathilde said, covering Georg with kisses. "And you never saw the woman again?"

"Worse than that," Georg said, blushing furiously. "The truth is, I can take no pleasure in the Knicks unless I watch them with my binoculars on the television set of the doorman in the lobby across the street."

### Yvonne, Gisèle, the Basque, and the Cuban

It was a languid, febrile afternoon, and the Basque stirred with euphoria and anticipation. It seemed to



*"By the way, is this your entourage or is it my entourage?"*

• •

him as he hurried along the Rue de Rivoli that all over Paris there were raised enclosures fenced with chicken wire, where people cavorted wantonly, and that every man he passed was carrying, like himself, a pair of sneaks and a dark wooden paddle suggestively perforated.

The Basque met Gisèle in the doorway of the English bookstore (she was wearing white fur warmups and a pair of extremely low-cut Adidas), and together they ascended the stairs that led to the rooftop. "My husband almost found us out," Gisèle whispered to the Basque, trembling and pressing herself against him. "He asked where I was going dressed up like this, and I told him I was just popping out for some absinthe."

"We will make it fast," said the Basque. "Who are our opponents today?"

"There's Yvonne, who was a friend of mine at school," said Gisèle. "She has mastered many unusual strokes, and you will like her very much, I know. And then the Cuban. I have never met him, but it is said he possesses a top-spin backhand taught to him by André Gide himself."

When Gisèle and the Basque came out on the roof, Yvonne and the Cuban were already on the court. They were dressed in identical silk kimonos, but the Cuban was also remarkable for his completely shaven head, which glistened in the Parisian sun. The Basque felt a sensual tremor of fear, a primitive dark anxiety. Quickly he said, "*Alors*, shall we warm up?"

They began rallying, and in the frenzy of their exertions the Basque soon forgot himself. His eyes grew brilliant, and his paddle threw off sparks whenever it nicked the wire. He lunged back and forth, attacking and retrieving, and even the caressing wind seemed to burn the heated flesh of his bare torso. He moved to the net, he moved to the baseline, and now he was climbing to the very top of the back fence to pick off a tricky lob. His fall, when it came, was greater than any he had ever known, because he had ventured so far into the game and had abandoned himself to it. He lay on the court for a moment, spent and shuddering, and then, half sobbing, half laughing, he called out to the Cuban, "All right—serve it up!"

Gisèle and the Basque won the first three sets, 6–2, 6–4, 6–3. Then they changed partners.

—CHARLES McGRATH

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TO ALL COMMANDS CONCERNED:
F.D.R. DRIVE CLOSING

THE NEW YORK CITY TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT ANNOUNCED THAT THE INSTALLATION OF POPES BY CON EDISON WILL REQUIRE THE CLOSING OF TWO NORTH BOUND LANES OF THE F.D.R. DRIVE AT 41ST STREET, FROM 10 P.M. TO 6 A.M. ON WEDNESDAYS, STARTING ON SUNDAY APRIL 30, 1978, FOR TWO WEEKS.—*Message received on the Police Department teletypewriter.*

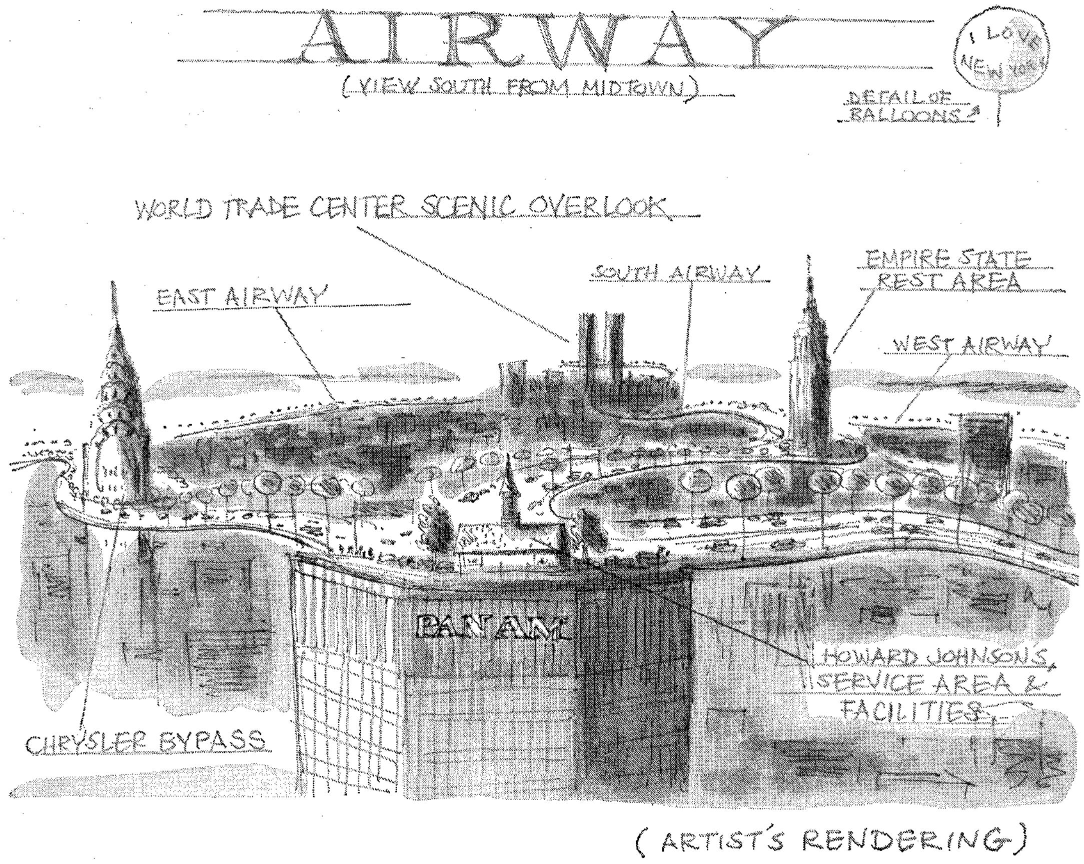
Watch for the white smoke.

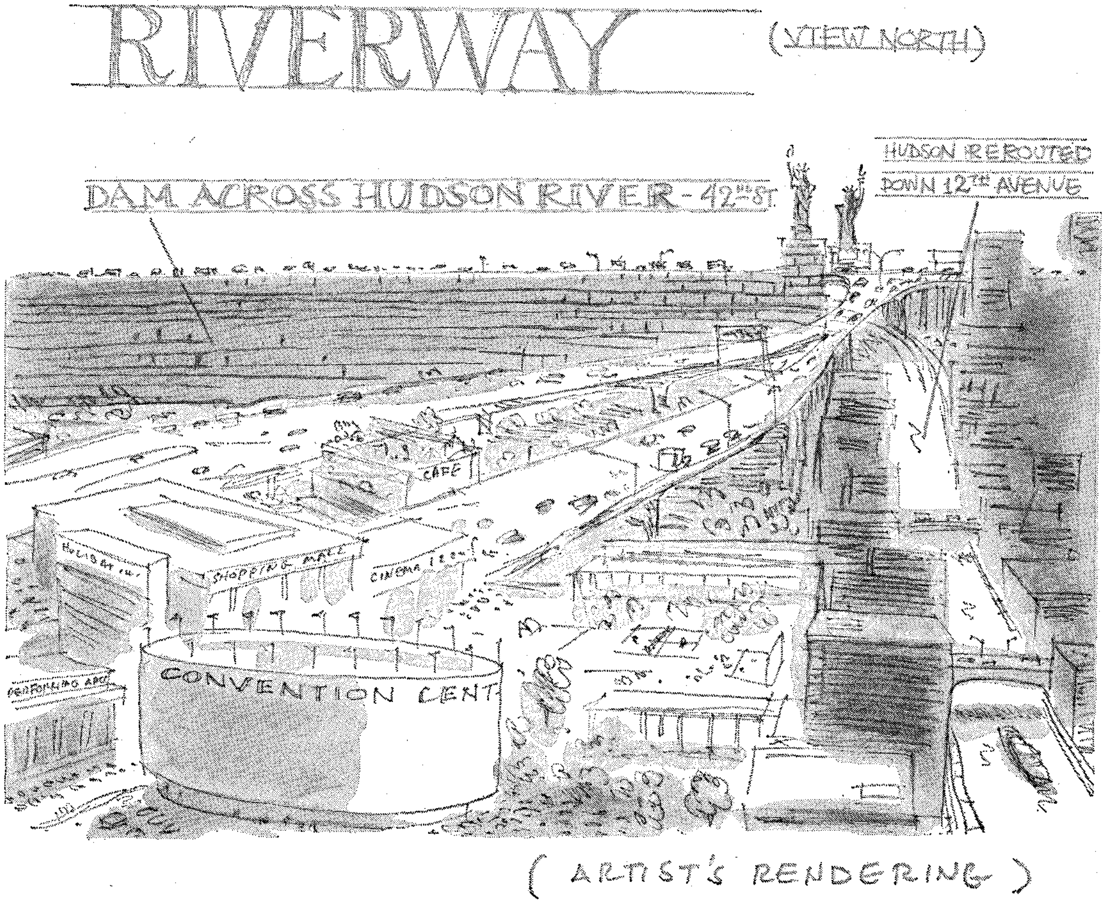
# WHITHER WESTWAY?

Dunster Associates, Inc., a Cambridge research-analysis group that specializes in urban planning, has come up with two viable alternatives to the controversial and costly ($1.16 billion) Westway project. Mayor Ed Koch says, "They are both very nice. I like them and I don't like them." Governor Hugh Carey is reported strongly in favor of both.

## AIRWAY

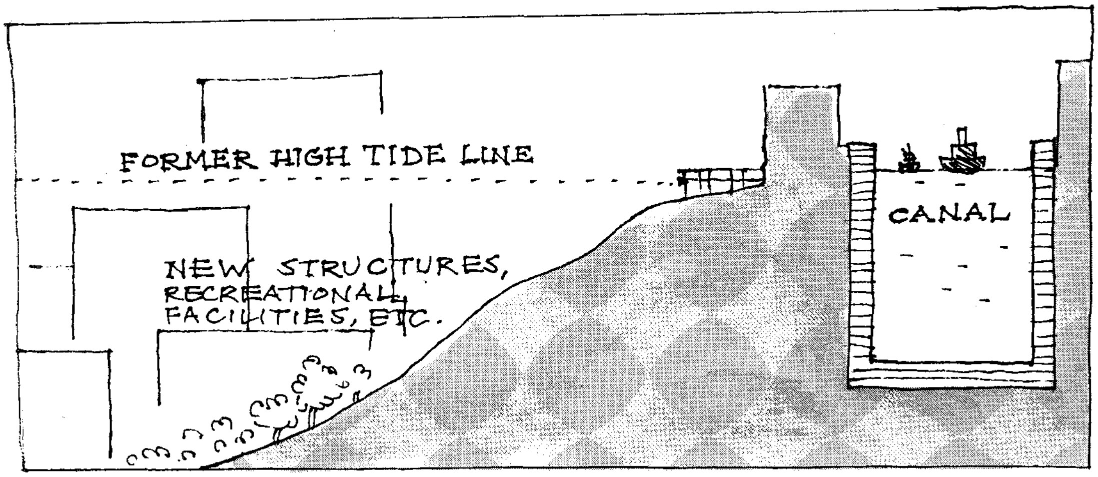
Airway would cost only a fraction of Westway, according to Dunster Associates, and would restore the ten-cent subway fare, set off a boom in real-estate air rights, and permit construction of at least three new convention centers. Airway's six lanes of lightweight snap-on aluminum sections—supported entirely by festive helium balloons imprinted with "I LOVE NEW YORK"—would whisk traffic over the city at an average height of 800 feet, with eyeopening alternate routes around the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building, and the World Trade Center. Scenic overlooks, rest areas, and Howard Johnson's snack bars are planned atop the Pan Am Building, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and Bloomingdale's. Funding would come from HUD, I.C.C., the Federal Highway Administration, and NASA.


AIRWAY
(VIEW SOUTH FROM MIDTOWN)
I LOVE NEW YORK
DETAIL OF BALLOONS
WORLD TRADE CENTER SCENIC OVERLOOK
EAST AIRWAY
SOUTH AIRWAY
EMPIRE STATE REST AREA
WEST AIRWAY
PAN AM
HOWARD JOHNSON'S SERVICE AREA & FACILITIES
CHRYSLER BYPASS
(ARTIST'S RENDERING)


RIVERWAY
(VIEW NORTH)
DAM ACROSS HUDSON RIVER - 42ND ST.
HUDSON REROUTED DOWN 12TH AVENUE
CAFE
SHOPPING MALL
CINEMA 1 2 3
CONVENTION CENT
(ARTIST'S RENDERING)

## RIVERWAY

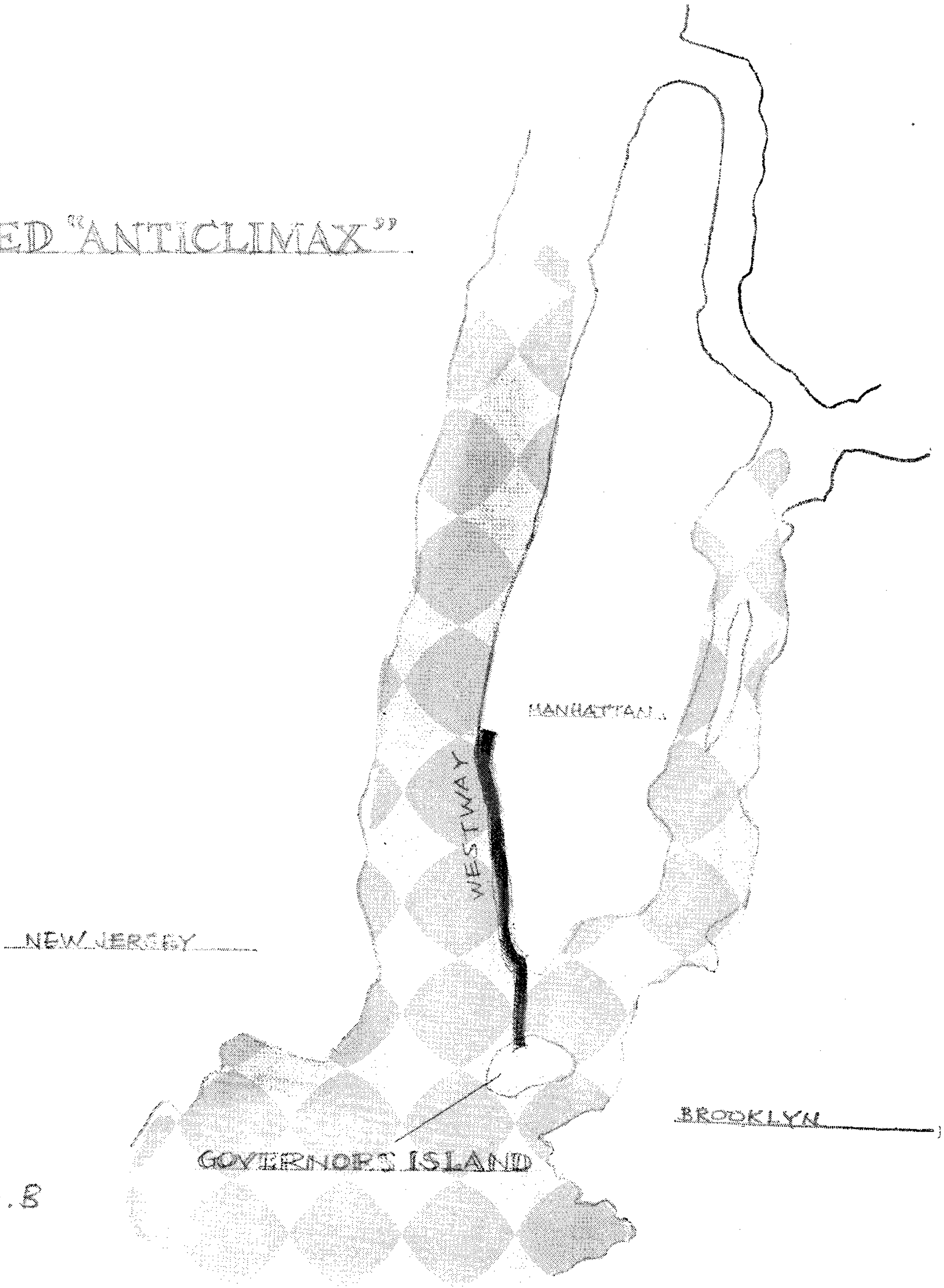
New York City's most valuable real estate, says Dunster, "is currently underwater, sitting idle under the Hudson River." An obvious solution is to "get the river out of there, move it to a more appropriate area, maximize usage of the resulting dry land, and revitalize the mud in a major way." Riverway calls for construction of two dams across the Hudson—one at Forty-second Street, the other north of Battery Place—and draining the area in between. Picturesque café-lined canals would carry the Hudson up or down Twelfth Avenue and other streets, depending on the tide (*Illus. A*).


FORMER HIGH TIDE LINE
NEW STRUCTURES, RECREATIONAL FACILITIES, ETC.
CANAL

SECTION – VICINITY OF 28TH STREET

Illus. A

THE PROPOSED "ANTICLIMAX"


MANHATTAN
WESTWAY
NEW JERSEY
BROOKLYN
GOVERNORS ISLAND

Illus. B

### IF WESTWAY GOES THROUGH . . . ?

IN the event that both Airway and Riverway are rejected and Westway becomes a reality, experts warn that there will be a major problem: "induced" traffic (the enormous increase in vehicles that new highways always attract). Dunster suggests that this can be avoided by extending Westway to a terminus on Governors Island—a planned "anticlimax" that would deeply discourage people (*Illus. B*).

—JAMES STEVENSON

# ABLE, BAKER, CHARLIE, DOG

WHEN I was twelve years old, my father was tall and awesome. I can see him walking across the parade ground behind our quarters. The wind blew snow into the folds of his coat and made the hem swoop around his legs. He did not lower his head, he did not jam his hands into the pockets. He was coming home along a diagonal that would cut the parade ground into perfect triangles, and he was not going to be stopped by any snowstorm. I stood at the kitchen door and watched him through a hole I had rubbed in the steamy glass.

My grandmother and mother fidgeted with pans of food that had been kept warm too long. It was one o'clock on Saturday and he had been expected home at noon.

"You want to know what this chicken looks like?" said my grandmother. "It looks like it died last year."

My mother looked into the pan but didn't say anything.

My grandmother believed my mother should have married a minister, not an Army officer. Once my mother had gone out with a minister, and now he was on the radio every Sunday in Ohio. My grandmother thought my father had misrepresented himself as a religious man. There was a story my mother told about their first date. They went to a restaurant and my father told her that he was going to have twelve sons and name them Peter, James, John, et cetera. "And I thought, Twelve sons!" said my mother. "Boy, do I pity your poor wife." My mother had two miscarriages and then she had me. My father named me Gemma, which my grandmother believed was not even a Christian name.

"You want to know what this squash looks like?" said my grandmother.

"It'll be fine," said my mother.

Just then the wind gusted on the parade ground, and my father veered to the left. He stopped and looked up. How is it possible you have caught me off guard, he seemed to ask. Exactly where have I miscalculated the velocities, how have I misjudged the vectors?

"It looks like somebody peed in it," my grandmother said.

"KEEP your voice low," my father told me that day as we ate the ruined squash and chicken. "Keep your voice low and you can win any point."

We were living in Fort Niagara, a little Army post at the juncture of the Niagara River and Lake Ontario. We had been there through the fall and into the winter, as my father, who was second in command, waited for his next promotion. It began to snow in October. The arctic winds swept across the lake from Canada and shook the windows of our house. Snow drifted across the parade ground, and floes of ice piled up against each other in the river, so that if a person were courageous enough, or foolhardy enough, and also lucky, he could walk the mile across the river to Canada.

"And always speak in sentences," he told me. "You have developed a junior-high habit of speaking in fragments. Learn to come to a full stop when you complete an idea. Use semicolons and periods in your speech."

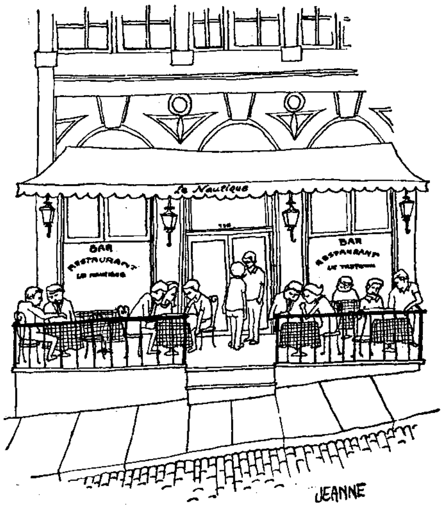
My mother put down her fork and knife. Her hands were so thin and light they seemed to pass through the table as she dropped them in her lap. "Zachary, perhaps we could save some of the lecture for dessert?" she said.

My grandmother leaned back into her own heaviness. "The poor kid never gets to eat a hot meal," she said. She was referring to the rule that said I could not cut my food or eat while I was speaking or being spoken to, and I was always being spoken to. My father used mealtimes to lecture on the mechanics of life, the how-tos of a civilized world. Normally, I was receptive to his advice, but that day I was angry with him.

"You know, Dad," I said, "I don't think my friends are going to notice a missing semicolon."

I thought he would give me a fierce look, but instead he winked. "And don't say 'you know,' " he said.

He never said "you know," never spoke in fragments, never slurred his speech, even years later when he had just put away a fifth of Scotch and was trying to describe the Eskimo custom of chewing up the meat before it was given to the elders, who had no teeth. He spoke with such calculation and precision that his sentences hung over us like high vaulted ceilings, or rolled across the table like ornaments sculptured from stone. It was a huge cathedral of a voice, full of volume and complexity.



HE taught me the alphabet. Able, Baker, Charlie, Dog. It was the alphabet the military used to keep "B"s separate from "V"s and "I"s separate from "Y"s. He liked the music of it, the way it sounded on his fine voice. I was four years old and my grandmother had not come to live with us yet. We were stationed in Manila, and living in a house the Army had built on squat stilts to protect us from the insects. There was a typhoon sweeping inland, and we could hear the hoarse sound of metal scraping across the Army's paved street. It was the corrugated roof of the house next door.

"Don't you think it's time we went under the house?" my mother said. She was sitting on a duffelbag that contained our tarps and food rations. The house had a loose plank in the living-room floor, so that if the roof blew away, or the walls caved in, we could escape through the opening and sit in the low space between the reinforced floor and the ground until the military rescue bus came.

My father looked at me and said, "Able, Baker, Charlie, Dog. Can you say it, Gemma?"

I looked up at the dark slope of our own metal roof.

"Can you say it?"

"Able, Baker, Charlie, Dog," I said.

The metal rumbled on the road outside. My mother lifted the plank.

"We will be all right," he said. "Easy, Fox, George, How."

"Anybody want to join me?" said my mother.

"Easy," I said.

"Rachel, please put that plank back."

"Easy, Fox, George, How," I said.

My mother replaced the plank and sat on the floor beside me. The storm grew louder, the rain fell against the roof like handfuls of gravel.

"Item, Jig, King." My father's voice grew lower, fuller. We sat under the sound of it and felt safe. "Love, Mike, Nan."

But then we heard another sound—something that went *whap-whap*, softly, between the gusts of rain. We tilted our heads toward the shuttered windows.

"Well," said my father, standing up to stretch. "I think we are losing a board or two off the side of the house."

"Where are you going?" said my mother. "Just where do you think you're going?"

He put on his rain slicker and went into the next room. When he returned, he was carrying a bucket of nails and a hammer. "Obviously," he said, "I am going fishing."

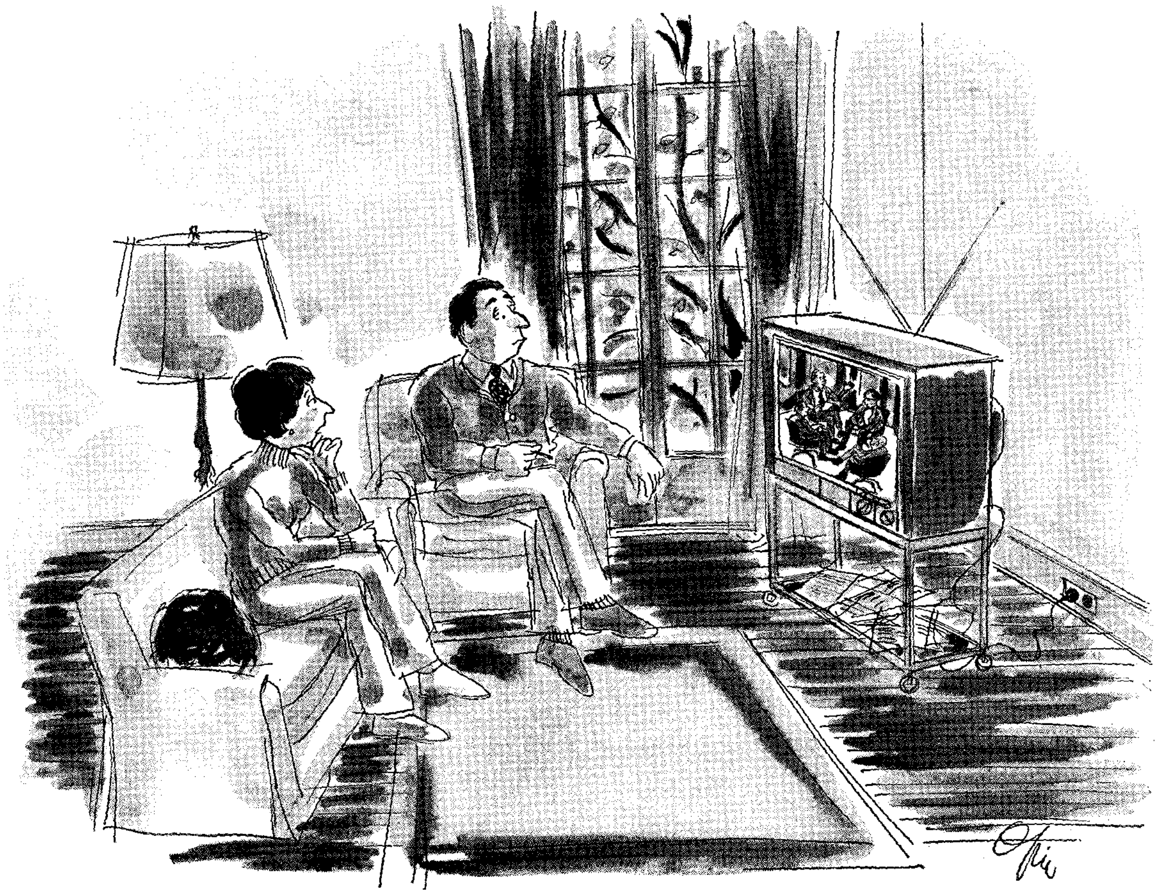
WE moved back to the States when I was six, and he taught me how to play parcheesi, checkers, chess, cribbage, dominoes, and twenty questions. "When you lose," he told me, "don't cry. When you win, don't gloat."

He taught me how to plant tomatoes and load a shotgun shell. He showed me how to gut a dove, turning it inside out as the Europeans do, using the flexible breastbone for a pivot. He read a great many books and never forgot a fact or a technical description. He explained the principles of crop rotation and the flying buttress. He discussed the Defenestration of Prague.

When I was in elementary school, he was sent abroad twice on year-long tours—once to Turkey and once to Greenland, both strategic outposts for America's Early Warning System. I wanted to, but I could not write him letters. His came to me every week, but without the rhythms of his voice the words seemed pale and flat, like the transparent shapes of cells under a microscope. He did not write about his work, because his work was secret. He did not send advice, because that he left to my mother and grandmother in his absence. He wrote about small things—the smooth white rocks he found on a mountainside in Turkey, the first fresh egg he ate in Greenland. When I reread the letters after he died, I was struck by their grace and invention. But when I read them as a child, I looked through the words—"eggs . . . shipment . . . frozen"—and there was nothing on the other side but the great vacuum of his missing voice.

"I can't think of anything to say," I told my mother the first time she urged me to write to him. He had already been in Turkey for three months. She stood behind me at the heavy library table and smoothed my hair, touched my shoulders. "Tell him about your tap lessons," she said. "Tell him about ballet."

"Dear Dad," I wrote. "I am taking tap lessons. I am also taking ballet." I tried to imagine what he looked like. I tried to put a face before my face, but it was gray and featureless, like the face of a statue worn flat by wind and rain. "And I hope you have a Happy Birthday next month," I concluded, hoping to evade the necessity of writing him again in three weeks.


*"Martin Agronsky is eminently sane. Why can't you be eminently sane?"*

• •

THE autumn I turned twelve, we moved to Fort Niagara, which was the administrative base for the missile sites strung along the Canadian border between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. It was a handsome post, full of oak trees, brick buildings, and history. The French had taken the land from the Indians and built the original fort. The British took the fort from the French, and the Americans took it from the British. My father recounted the battles for us as we drove there along the wide sweep of the Niagara River, past apple orchards and thick pastures. My grandmother sat in the back seat and made a note of each red convertible that passed. I was supposed to be counting the white ones. When we drove through the gate and saw the post for the first time—the expanses of clipped grass, the tall trees, the row of Colonial houses overlooking the river—my grandmother put down her tablet and said, "This is some post." She looked at my father admiringly, the first indication she had ever given that he might be a good match for my mother after all. She asked to be taken to the far end of the post, where the Old Fort was. It sat on a point of land at the juncture of the lake and river, and looked appropriately warlike, with its moat and tiny gun windows, but it was surprisingly small—a simple square of yellow stone. "Is this all there is?" I said as my grandmother and I posed for pictures on the drawbridge near two soldiers dressed in Revolutionary War costumes. It was hard to imagine that chunks of a vast continent had been won and lost within the confines of a fortress hardly bigger than Sleeping Beauty's castle at Disneyland. Later, as we drove back along the river, my father said in his aphoristic way, "Sometimes the biggest battles are the smallest ones."

The week after we settled in our quarters, we made the obligatory trip to the Falls. It was a sultry day—Indian summer—and our eyes began to water as we neared the chemical factories that surround the city of Niagara Falls. We stopped for iced tea and my father explained how the glaciers had formed the escarpment through which the Falls had cut a deep gorge. "Escarpment"—that was the term he used, instead of "cliff." It skidded along the roof of his mouth and entered the conversation with a soft explosion.

We went to the Niagara Falls Museum and examined the containers people had used successfully to go over the Falls early in the century, when there was a thousand-dollar prize given to survivors. Two were wooden barrels strapped with metal bands. One was a giant rubber ball reinforced with a steel cage. A fourth was a long steel capsule. On the walls were photographs of each survivor and plaques explaining who had been injured and how. The steel capsule was used by a man who had broken almost every bone in his body. The plaque said that he was in the hospital for twenty-three weeks and then took his capsule around the world on a speaking tour. One day when he was in New Zealand, he slipped on an orange peel, broke his leg, and later died of complications.

We went next to Goat Island and stood on the open bank to watch the leap and dive of the white water. My mother held her handbag close to her breasts. She had a habit of always holding things this way—a stack of dinner plates, the dish towel, some mail she had brought in from the porch; she hunched over slightly, so that her body seemed at once to be protective and protected. "I don't like the river," she said. "I think it wants to hypnotize you." My father put his hands in his pockets to show how at ease he was, and my grandmother went off to buy an ice-cream cone.

At the observation point, we stood at a metal fence and looked into the frothing water at the bottom of the gorge. We watched bits and pieces of rainbows appear and vanish in the sunlight that was refracted off the water through the mist. My father pointed to a black shape in the rapids above the Horseshoe Falls. "That's a river barge," he said. He lowered his voice so that he could be heard under the roar of the water. "A long time ago, there were two men standing on that barge *waiting to see whether in the next moment of their lives they would go over.*"

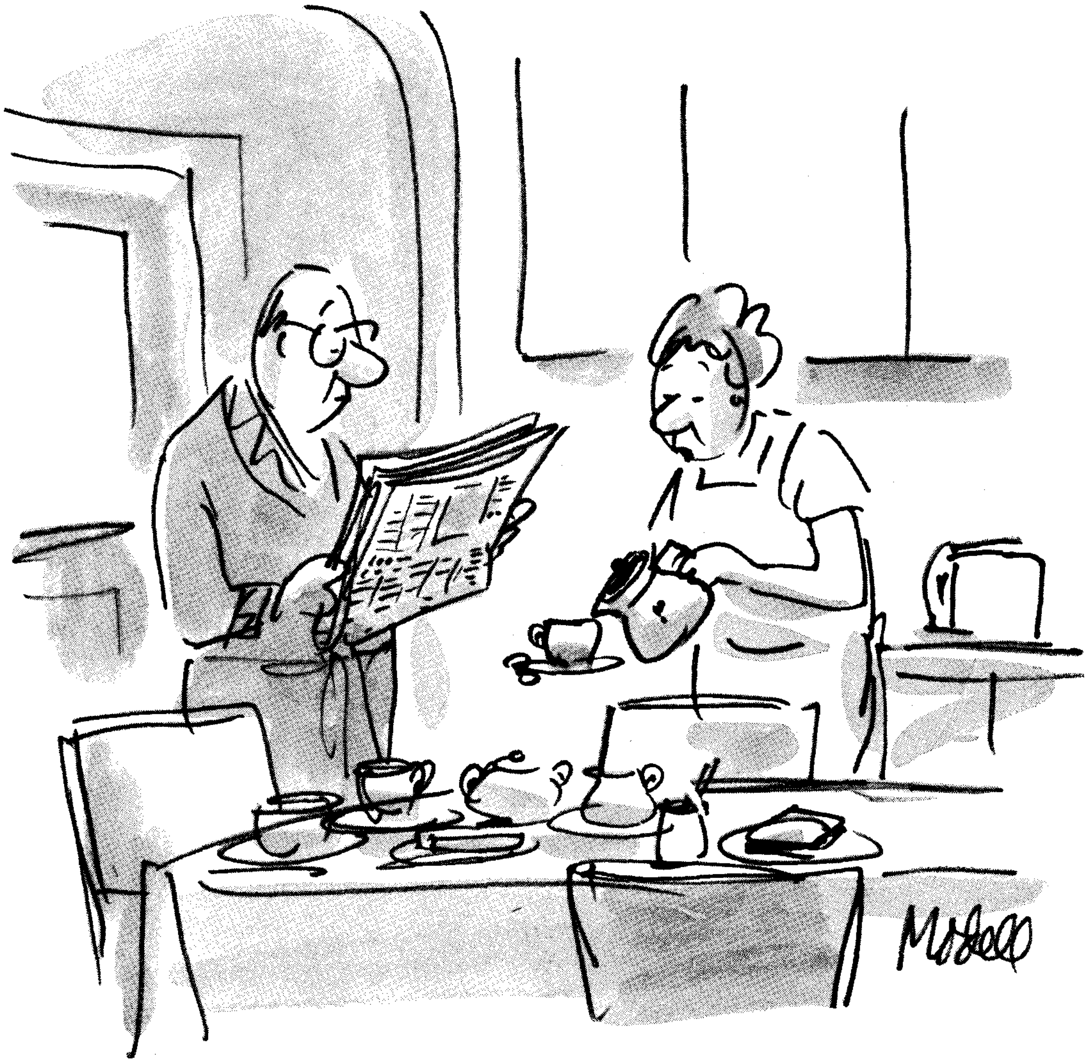
He told us the story of the barge *then*—how it had broken loose from a tug near Buffalo and floated downriver, gathering speed. The two men tore at the air, waved and shouted to people on shore, but the barge entered the rapids. They bumped around over the rocks, and the white water rose in the air. One man—"He was the thinking man," said my father—thought they might be able to wedge the barge among the rocks if they allowed the hull to fill with water. They came closer to the Falls—four hundred yards, three hundred—before the barge jerked broadside and stopped. They were there all afternoon and night, listening to the sound of the water pounding into the boulders at the bottom of the gorge. The next morning, they were rescued, and one of the men, the thinking man, told the newspapers that he had spent the night playing poker in his head. He played all the hands, and he bluffed himself. He drew to inside straights. If the barge had torn loose from the rocks in the night, he was going to go over the Falls saying, "Five-card draw, jacks or better to open." The other man had sat on the barge, his arms clasped around his knees, and watched the mist blow back from the edge of the Falls in the moonlight. He could not speak.

"The scream of the water entered his body," said my father. He paused to let us think about that.

"Well, what does that mean?" my grandmother said at last.

My father rested his arms on the fence and gazed pleasantly at the Falls. "He went insane."

The river fascinated me. I often stood between the yellow curtains of my bedroom and looked down upon it and thought about how deep and swift it was, how black under



*"What is today—SportsMonday or just plain Tuesday?"*

• •

the glittering surface. The newspaper carried stories about people who jumped over the Falls, fourteen miles upriver from our house. I thought of their bodies pushed along the soft silt of the bottom, tumbling silently, huddled in upon themselves like fetuses—jilted brides, unemployed factory workers, old people who did not want to go to rest homes, teen-agers who got bad grades, young women who fell in love with married men. They floated invisibly past my bedroom window, out into the lake.

THAT winter, I thought I was going to die. I thought I had cancer of the breasts. My mother had explained to me about menstruation, she had given me a book about the reproductive systems of men and women, but she had not told me about breasts and how they begin as invisible lumps which become tender and sore.

I thought the soreness had begun in a Phys. Ed. class one day in December when I was hit in the chest with a basketball. I didn't worry about it, and it went away by New Year's. In January, I found a pamphlet at the bus stop. I was stamping my feet in the cold, looking down at my boots, when I saw the headline—"CANCER: SEVEN WARNING SIGNALS." When I got home, I went into the bathroom and undressed. I examined myself for enlarged moles and small wounds that wouldn't heal. I was systematic. I sat on the edge of the tub with the pamphlet by my side and began with my toenails, looking under the tips of them. I felt my soles, arches, ankles. I worked my way up my body and then I felt the soreness again, around both nipples. At dinner that night I didn't say anything all through the meal. In bed I slept on my back, with my arms stiff against my sides.

The next Saturday was the day my father came home late for lunch. The squash sat on the back of the stove and turned to ochre soup. The chicken fell away from the bones. After lunch he went into the living room and drank Scotch and read a book. When I came down for supper, he was still sitting there, and he told my mother he would eat later. My grandmother, my mother, and I ate silently at the kitchen table. I took a long bath. I scrubbed my chest hard.

I went straight to my bedroom, and after a while my mother came upstairs and said, "What's wrong?"

I didn't say anything.

She stood in front of me with her hands clasped in front of her. She seemed to lean toward her own hands. "But you've been acting, you know"—and here she laughed self-consciously, as she used the forbidden phrase—"you know, you've been acting different. You were so quiet today."

I went to my chest of drawers and took the pamphlet out from under a stack of folded underpants and gave it to her.

"What's this?"

"I think I have No. 4," I said.

She must have known immediately what the problem was, but she didn't smile. She asked me to raise my nightgown and she examined my chest, pressing firmly, as if she were a doctor. I told her about the soreness. "Here?" she said. "And here? What about here, too?" She told me I was beginning to "develop." I knew what she meant, but I wanted her to be precise.

"You're getting breasts," she said.

"But I don't *see* anything."

"You will."

"You never told me it would hurt."

"Oh, dear. I just forgot. When you're grown up you just forget what it was like."

I asked her whether, just to be safe, I could see a doctor. She said that of course I could, and I felt better, as if I had had a disease and already been cured. As she was leaving the room, I said, "Do you think I need a bra?" She smiled. I went to sleep watching the snow fall past the window. I had my hands cupped over my new breasts.

When I awoke, I did not recognize the window. The snow had stopped and moonlight slanted through the glass. I could not make out the words, but I heard my father's voice filling up the house. I tiptoed down the back staircase that led to the kitchen and stood in the slice of shadow near the doorjamb. My grandmother was telling my mother to pack her bags. He was a degenerate, she said—she had always seen that in him. My mother said, "Why, Zachary, why are you doing this?"

"Just go pack your bags," my grandmother said. "I'll get the child."

My father said conversationally, tensely, "Do I have to break your arms?"

I leaned into the light. He was holding on to a bottle of Scotch with one hand, and my mother was trying to pull it away with both of hers. He jerked his arm back and forth, so that she was drawn into a little dance, back and forth across the linoleum in front of him.

"The Lord knows the way of righteousness," said my grandmother.

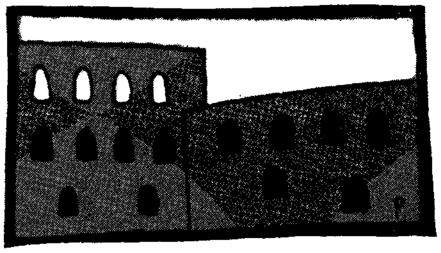
"Please," said my mother. "Please, please."

"And the way of the ungodly shall perish," said my grandmother.

"Whose house is this?" said my father. His voice exploded. He snapped his arm back, trying to take the bottle from my mother in one powerful gesture. It smashed against the wall, and I stepped into the kitchen. The white light from the ceiling fixture burned across the smooth surfaces of the refrigerator, the stove, the white Formica counter tops. It was as if an atom had been smashed somewhere and a wave of radiation was rolling through the kitchen. I looked him in the eye and waited for him to speak. I sensed my mother and grandmother on either side of me, in petrified postures. At last, he said, "Well." His voice cracked. The word split in two. "Wel-el." He said it again. His face took on a flatness.

"I am going back to bed," I said. I went up the narrow steps, and he followed me. My mother and grandmother came along behind, whispering. He tucked in the covers, and sat on the edge of the bed, watching me. My mother and grandmother stood stiff against the door. "I am sorry I woke you up," he said finally, and his voice was deep and soothing. The two women watched him go down the hall, and when I heard his steps on the front staircase I rolled over and put my face in the pillow. I heard them turn off the lights and say good night to me. I heard them go to their bedrooms. I lay there for a long time, listening for a sound downstairs, and then it came—the sound of the front door closing.

I went downstairs and put on my hat, coat, boots. I followed his footsteps in the snow, down the front walk and across the road to the riverbank. He did not seem surprised to see me next to him. We stood side by side, hands in our pockets, breathing frost into the air. The river was filled from shore to shore with white heaps of ice, which cast blue shadows in the moonlight.



"This is the edge of America," he said, in a tone that seemed to answer a question I had just asked. There was a creak and crunch of ice as two floes below us scraped each other and jammed against the bank.

"You knew all week, didn't you? Your mother and your grandmother didn't know, but I knew that you could be counted on to know."

I hadn't known until just then, but I guessed the unspeakable thing—that his career was falling apart—and I knew. I nodded. Years later, my mother told me what she had learned about the incident, not from him but from another Army wife. He had called a general a son of a bitch. That was all. I never knew what the issue was or whether he had been right or wrong. Whether the defense of the United States of America had been at stake, or merely the pot in a card game. I didn't

## THE INVENTION OF CUISINE

Imagine for a moment
the still-life of our meals:
meat followed by yellow cheese,
grapes pale against the blue armor of fish.

Imagine a thin woman
before bread was invented
*playing a harp of wheat in the fields.*
There is a stone and, behind her,
all the beasts tired of picking clean
the bones of the last killed,
the black bird on her shoulder
that a century later
will fly with trained and murderous intent.

They are not very hungry
because cuisine has not yet been invented.
Nor has falconry,
nor the science of imagination.

All they have is the pure impulse to eat,
which is not enough to keep them alive,
and this little moment
before the woman redeems
the sprouted seeds at her feet
and gathers the olives falling from the trees
for her recipes.

Imagine. Out in the fields
this very moment
they are rolling the apples to press;
the lamb turns in a regular aura of smoke.

See, the woman looks once behind her
before picking up the stone,
looks back once at the edible beasts,
the edible trees,
that clean, digestible sky
above the white stream,
where small creatures live and die
looking upon each other
as food.

—CAROL MUSKE

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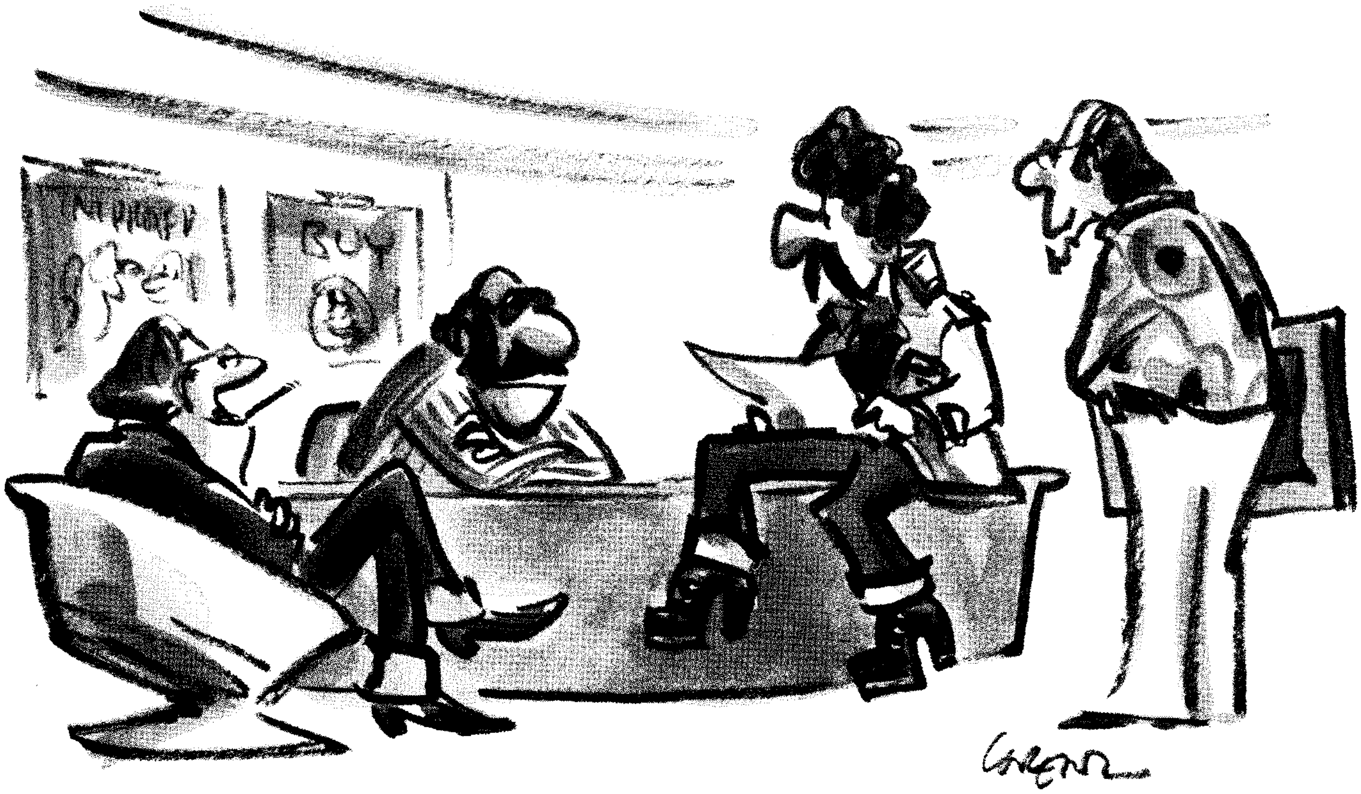


*"To paraphrase the great Vince Lombardi, packaging isn't everything, it's the only thing."*

• •

even know whether he had called the general a son of a bitch to his face or simply been overheard in an unguarded moment. I only knew that he had been given a "7" instead of a "9" on his Efficiency Report and then passed over for promotion. But that night I nodded, not knowing the cause but knowing the consequences, as we stood on the riverbank above the moonlit ice. "I am looking at that thin beautiful line of Canada," he said. "I think I will go for a walk."

"No," I said. I said it again. "No." I wanted to remember later that I had told him not to go.

"How long do you think it would take to go over and back?" he said.

"Two hours."

He rocked back and forth in his boots, looked up at the moon, then down at the river. I did not say anything.

He started down the bank, sideways, taking long graceful sliding steps, which threw little puffs of snow in the air. He took his hands from his pockets and hopped from the bank to the ice. He tested his weight against the weight of the ice, flexing his knees. I watched him walk a few yards from the shore and then I saw him rise in the air, his long legs scissoring the moonlight, as he crossed from the edge of one floe to the next. He turned and waved to me, one hand making a slow arc.

I could have said anything. I could have said "Come back" or "I love you." Instead, I called after him, "Be sure and write!" The last thing I heard, long after I had lost sight of him far out on the river, was the sound of his laugh splitting the cold air.

IN the spring he resigned his commission and we went back to Ohio. He used his savings to invest in a chain of hardware stores with my uncle. My uncle arranged the contracts with builders and plumbers, and supervised the employees. My father controlled the inventory and handled the books. He had been a logistics officer, and all the skills he might have used in supervising the movement of land, air, and sea cargoes, or in calculating the disposition of several billion dollars' worth of military supplies, were instead brought to bear on the deployment of nuts and bolts, plumbers' joints and nipples, No. 2 pine, Con-Tact paper, acrylic paint, caulking guns, and rubber dishpans. He learned a new vocabulary—traffic builders, margins, end-cap displays, perfboard merchandisers, seasonal impulse items—and spoke it with the ostentation and faint amusement of a man who has just mastered a foreign language.

"But what I really want to know, Mr. Jenkins," I heard him tell a man on the telephone one day, "is why you think the Triple Gripper Vegetable Ripper would make a good loss-leader item in midwinter." He had been in the hardlines industry, as it was called, for six months, and I was making my first visit to his office, and then only because my mother had sent me there on the pretext of taking him a midmorning snack during a busy Saturday. I was reluctant to confront him in his civilian role, afraid I would find him somehow diminished. In fact, although he looked incongruous among the reds, yellows, and blues which the previous owner had used to decorate the office, he sounded much like the man who had taught me to speak in complete sentences.

"Mr. Jenkins, I am not asking for a discourse on coleslaw."

When he hung up, he winked at me and said, "Your father is about to become the emperor of the building and housewares trade in Killbuck, Ohio."

I nodded and took a seat in a red-and-blue chair.

Then he looked at his hands spread upon the spotless ink blotter and said, "Of course, you know that I do not give a damn about the Triple Gripper Vegetable Ripper."

I had skipped a grade and entered

high school. I saw less and less of him, because I ate dinner early, so that I could go to play rehearsals, basketball games, dances. In the evenings he sat in a green chair and smoked cigarettes, drank Scotch, read books—the same kinds of books, year after year. They were all about Eskimos and Arctic explorations—an interest he had developed during his tour in Greenland. Sometimes, when I came in late and was in the kitchen making a snack, I watched him through the doorway. Often he looked away from the book and gazed toward the window. He would strike a match and let it burn to his thumb and fingertip, then wave it out. He would raise the glass but not drink from it. I think he must have imagined himself to be in the Arctic during those moments, a warrior tracking across the ice for bear or seal. Sometimes he was waiting for me to join him. He wanted to tell me about the techniques the Eskimos had developed for survival, the way they stitched up skins to make them watertight vessels. He became obsessive on the subject of meat. The Eskimo diet was nearly all protein. "Eat meat," he said. Two professors at Columbia had tested the value of the Eskimo diet by eating nothing but caribou for a year and claimed they were healthier at the end of the experiment than they had been before.

Later, when I went to college, he developed the habit of calling me long distance when my mother and grandmother had gone to bed and he was alone downstairs with a drink. "Are you getting enough protein?" he asked me once at three in the morning. It was against dorm rules to put through calls after midnight except in cases of emergency, but his deep, commanding voice was so authoritative ("This is Gemma Jackson's father, and I must speak with her immediately") that it was for some time believed on my corridor that the people in my family were either accident-prone or suffering from long terminal illnesses.

HE died the summer I received my master's degree. I had accepted a teaching position at a high school in Chicago, and I went home for a month before school began. He was overweight and short of breath. He drank too much, smoked too many cigarettes. The doctor told him to stop, my mother told him, my grandmother told him.

My grandmother was upstairs watching television and my mother and I were sitting on the front porch. He was asleep in the green chair, with a book in his lap. I left the porch to go to the kitchen to make a sandwich, and as I passed by the chair I heard him say, "Ahhhh. Ahhhhhh." I saw his fist rise to his chest. I saw his eyes open and dilate in the lamplight. I knelt beside him.

"Are you O.K.?" I said. "Are you dreaming?"

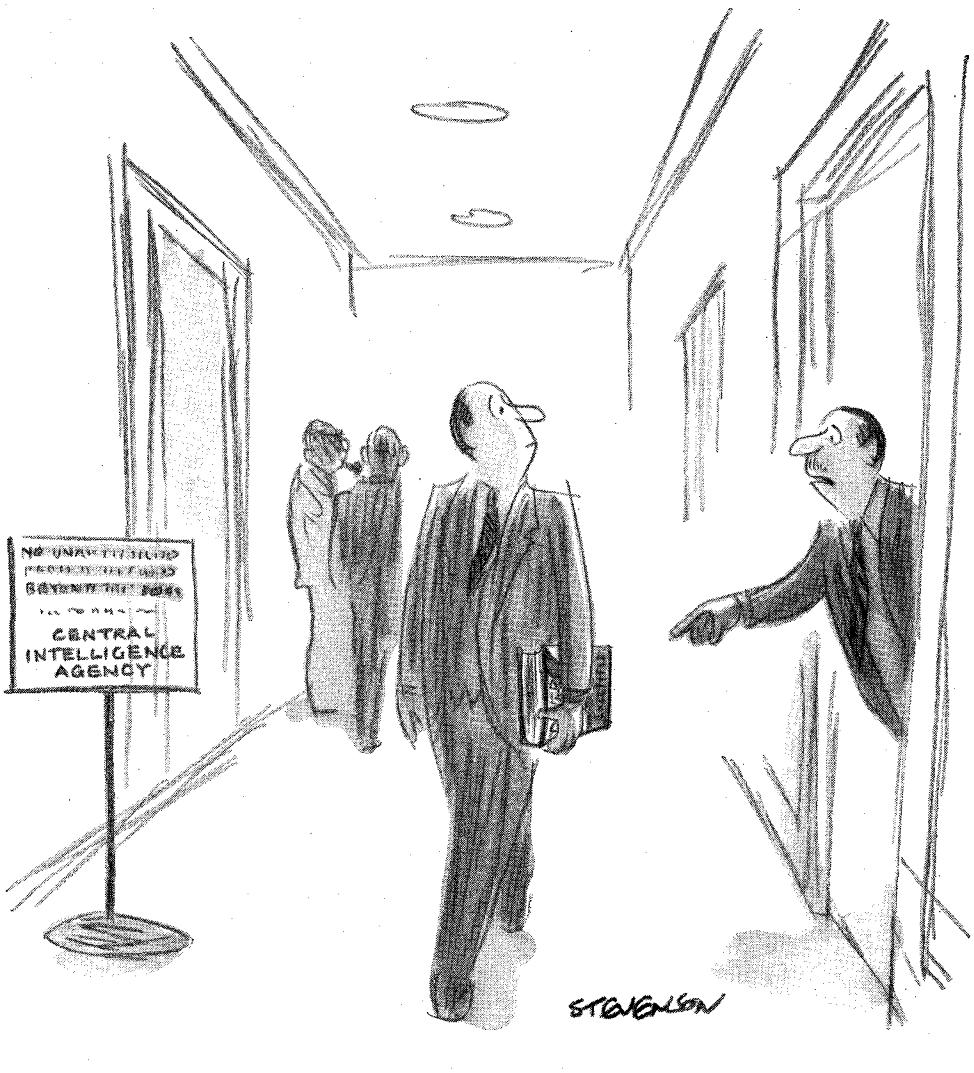
We buried him in a small cemetery near the farm where he was born. In the eulogy he was remembered for having survived the first wave of the invasion of Normandy. He was admired for having been the proprietor of a chain of excellent hardware stores.

"He didn't have to do this," my mother said after the funeral. "He did this to himself."

"He was a good man," said my grandmother. "He put a nice roof over our heads. He sent us to Europe twice."

Afterward I went alone to the cemetery. I knelt beside the heaps of wilting flowers—mostly roses and gladiolas, and one wreath of red, white, and blue carnations. Above me, the maple pods spun through the sunlight like wings, and in the distance the corn trumpeted green across the hillsides. I touched the loose black soil at the edge of the flowers. Able, Baker, Charlie, Dog. I could remember the beginning of the alphabet, up through Mike and Nan. I could remember the end. X-Ray, Yoke, Zebra. I was his only child, and he taught me what he knew. I wept then, but not because he had gone back to Ohio to read about the Eskimos and sell the artifacts of civilized life to homeowners and builders. I wept because when I was twelve years old I had stood on a snowy riverbank as he became a shadow on the ice, and waited to see whether he would slip between the cracking floes into the water.

—STEPHANIE VAUGHN



*"That's not about us, is it, George?"*

•

You've probably heard people call Vitamin E "the sex vitamin." Many people believe that Vitamin E actually increases one's sexual drive and potency.

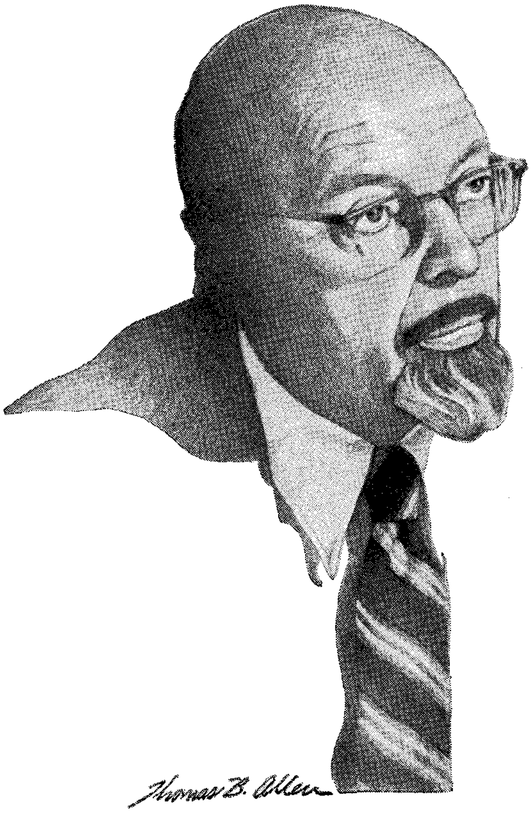
Vitamin E also reportedly has the capability of making a person feel healthier, more vigorous and alert.

Is all of this true? Honestly, we can't be sure. There just isn't a big enough body of scientific fact to make any equivocal statement.—*Adv. in Penthouse.*

Well, there *ought* to be.

# PROFILES

## ECLECTIC, REMINISCENT, AMUSED, FICKLE, PERVERSE—II



AHMET ERTEGUN, who is the chairman of Atlantic Records and the most arresting figure in the American music business, was born in 1923—the year the Turkish republic was declared—in Uskudar, which is a section of Istanbul that lies on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus. His father, Mehmet Munir Ertegun, was a lawyer and came from a family that had its origins in Uzbekistan, in Central Asia. Ahmet's mother, Hayrunnisa Rustem, came from a family with traditions in the Turkish Navy (Ahmet's maternal grandfather had been Admiral of the Port of Istanbul) and with ties to Bosnia and other Turkish provinces in what is now Yugoslavia. On both sides, Ahmet's family seems to have belonged to that class—not aristocratic but educated and, in Ottoman terms, cosmopolitan—which had been most humiliated by Turkey's defeat in the First World War and was most determined after the war that Turkey should have, in the future, access to influences that were non-feudal, modern, and European. Mehmet Ertegun had been attached at an early age to the chancery of the Ottoman government, but when he was sent (with others) to Ankara to persuade the rebel Mustafa Kemal to abandon his opposition to the Sultan, he instead joined Kemal's party and became his legal adviser. Upon Kemal's accession to power, in 1922, Mehmet Ertegun was given a series of diplomatic posts of the first importance. With Ismet Inonu, he represented Turkey at the 1922-23 Lausanne conference, where the present borders of Turkey were for the most part established and diplomatic recognition was accorded to the new republic. In 1925, when Ahmet was two years old, Mehmet Ertegun was named Minister to Switzerland, and two years later he was named Turkish observer at the League of Nations. In 1929, he was named Ambassador to Paris. In 1931, he assumed the Embassy in London, and in 1934 he came, as Ambassador, to Washington. Mehmet Ertegun seems to have been a man of strong character and strong opinions, somewhat scholarly, and somewhat less outgoing than his wife, who was a very modern Turkish woman. Surprisingly—for the Kemalist movement was aggressively anti-clerical—Mehmet Ertegun also seems to have been a religious man. "When Kemal was persecuting the people he considered to be the backward religious leaders of Turkey," Ahmet said to me once, "my father would say, 'It is by the grace of God that our side will triumph,' and so forth. He prayed five times a day all his life."

It is in many circumstances a troubling thing to belong to the advanced class of a backward nation. One surrenders coherence and begins a difficult process of choice which ends, often, in an eclectic idiosyncrasy. For members of a traditional society where many traditions have been discredited, an interest in modernity can result in a restless sophistication. Mehmet Ertegun seems not to have been a restless man. He seems to have been clear on the mixture of modern and traditional strains he wanted for himself and for Turkey, and to have held to the idea, once pervasive, that in a traditional society one can encourage some traditions and suppress others, that one can import some foreign influences and embargo others. But in his own family there emerged a mixture of influences and enthusiasms he could not have thought to nurture.

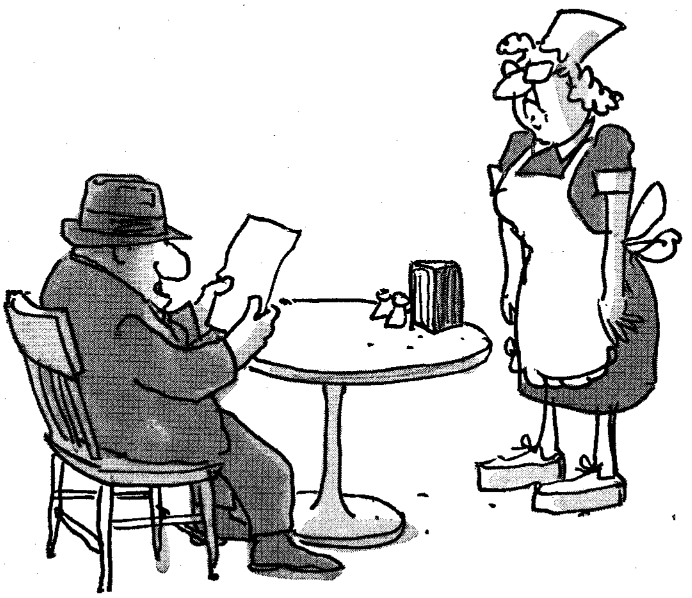
The Turkish Embassy in Washington is an ornate, eclectic building on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Massachusetts Avenue which was built originally for Edward Hamlin Everett, the man who put the crimp in bottle caps. During the tenure of the Erteguns, the janitor was a Negro by the name of Cleo Payne. Through Cleo Payne, Ahmet Ertegun had some access to the Negro life of Washington. Payne was an ex-prizefighter. He gave Ahmet boxing lessons and took him to the fights. When Ahmet was fourteen or fifteen, he gave a party in the ballroom of the Embassy, and instead of engaging a social band he asked Cleo Payne if he knew of a Negro jazz group. "Cleo got a band, this funky family band, for my little subdeb party," Ahmet recalls. "It was a funky family band with a lady pianist. It reminded me of Lil Armstrong playing with Louis Armstrong's Hot Five."

By the time of his Embassy dance, Ahmet had begun to seek out a number of American styles, none of which had any relevance to the job of Bringing Turkey into the Modern World. The styles he sought were the styles of pleasure and inaccessible pleasure, and pleasure with an edge to it. "I had a taste for burlesque," Ahmet says. "I liked to see different sets of comedians enact the same skits, each with his own improvisation. I can remember a burlesque version of 'Rain,' and a skit called 'Pork Chops.' That is dead now. Every ten or twelve weeks, there was a black-and-white show at the Gayety. The cast was half black and half white. There were no black strippers. The black girls did 'exotic dances.' The great black comedians played in those shows. Dusty Fletcher was the greatest of all. He did a skit called 'Open the Door, Richard!' Pigmeat Markham played there, and so did Butterbeans and Susie, who did comedy and then sang in the old style of Bessie Smith. I had this friend who was a medicine man, you know, and he sold colored water down on Ninth Street, and he knew these guys and would take me backstage to meet them. I was interested in getting a real feel of what I knew was a passing thing. . . . I felt all this was dying, you know. I hung around the beer joints where the motorcycles used to come. Once in a while, I would go to a sideshow—in those old arcades. All of that is disappearing. I'm not against its disappearing, but it is. There were a lot of things I *noticed*, you know? . . . I noticed the suède shoes that Astaire used to wear, for instance, and the way his trousers fell on those suède shoes, with a little bit of sock showing. I think it was the epitome of real male elegance in our century, you know. It was something terribly— It was something marvellously of our time."

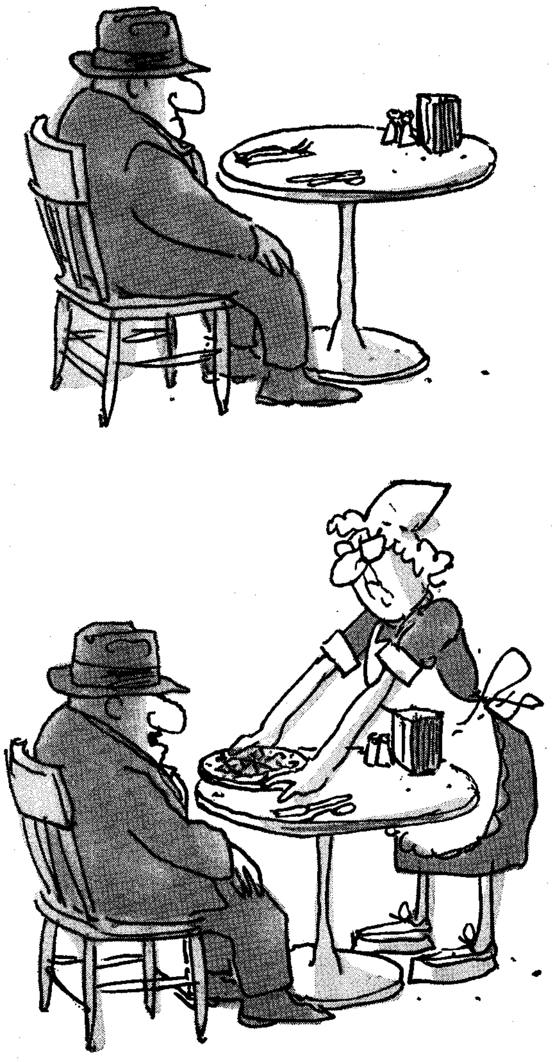
By the time of Ahmet's subdébutante party, Fred Astaire was nearly forty years old, burlesque and vaudeville had declined, and Louis Armstrong had ceased to play with the Hot Five. Even in his adolescence, Ahmet was made restless by the thought that he had *missed it*, that authority had drained from the figures he most admired and from the aesthetics he most wanted to master. About the time of his subdébutante party, he saw Louis Armstrong playing—not with the Hot Five but with the Luis Russell Orchestra. "I was dying to hear Armstrong play with the kind of band he had in 1928," Ahmet told me. "But by then the great black bands were imitating the white bands—they were doing ballads and so-called advanced music. I wanted to hear rock-house blues."

Upon arriving in Washington, Ahmet went first to the St. Albans School. He left St. Albans after a brief while and went to the Landon School, in Maryland. In 1940, he entered St. John's College, in Annapolis. During this period, with his brother Nesuhi, who is four years older, he built up a collection of jazz and blues records. He and Nesuhi canvassed Negro neighborhoods. They bought from Negroes records that were of interest to collectors but were no longer of interest to Negroes. In 1940, he and Nesuhi sponsored a jazz concert at the Jewish Community Center in Washington, featuring Sidney Bechet, Sidney De Paris, and Joe Turner. At subsequent concerts they sponsored there were Benny Carter, Pee Wee Russell, Lester Young, Teddy Wilson, Mezz Mezzrow, Zutty Singleton, and Johnny Hodges.

During this period, Nesuhi was a potent influence in Ahmet's life. Nesuhi cared about jazz, knew about jazz, and followed the work of enthusiasts like Hugues Panassié (author of "Le Jazz Hot"), who had made American Negro music a vogue in Europe. It was Nesuhi who guided Ahmet's taste toward the New Orleans jazz of the nineteen-twenties, which had fallen from favor in America by the time of the Erteguns' arrival here. But because Ahmet arrived in America at an earlier age than Nesuhi, and because his personality was more expansive, Ahmet came to have a more direct access to American modes and came to develop more complex aspirations and a more eclectic style. Nesuhi's interest in jazz deepened through the thirties and forties, and by the nineteen-fifties he was teaching, at U.C.L.A., what is considered to have been the first academic course in jazz music offered in this country—but his enthusiasm for black American music never overran by much the boundaries of impeccable jazz, and his attitude remained that of a cultivated European. So Nesuhi's style today can be understood if one understands the cosmopolitan aspirations of the class of educated Turks from which his family derived, and if one understands as well the appeal that "primitive" black music had for many cultivated Europeans during the twenties and thirties. (That Nesuhi was drawn to European sophistication, and that the European sophistication he encountered involved enthusiasm for American "primitivism," was ironic, perhaps, considering the low opinion of Asiatic primitivism which educated Turks entertained, but it was not unusual.) Ahmet's style today, on the other hand, reflects an infatuation not only with the artifacts but with the processes of American culture, and this infatuation has often brought him into places unexplored by the cultivated enthusiast. Ahmet



*"I'll have the 'Tomato Oh My Gosh,' please."*



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S. Harris

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has come to have an interest in *whatever works*. He has come to understand the peculiar energy of The Vogue, and he has sought, always, to be in its neighborhood. In the present, his pursuit of novelty, vogue, and distraction leads him into situations that most people would find boring or fatuous; but, just as Proust is said to have seen in the presence of a boring duchess the representative of seven centuries of duchesses, Ahmet can perhaps see in the most unrewarding night club, in the most unnourishing dinner party, in the most tiresome rock-and-roll singer a descendant of one of the American archetypes that fascinated him in his youth, and a manifestation of the American process of vogue-making, with which he continues to be entranced.

What is most striking, of course, is that Ahmet mastered the American art of vogue-making (*hit*-making, it is in the music business), which has reduced so many privileged foreigners, however infatuated, to confusion or impotence or mere greed and invitation-hustling, and it is also striking that in his success he has made effective use of the energy of various classic American archetypes—archetypes that must have seemed at first encounter rather mysterious and rather difficult to approach. In taking the measure of Ahmet's sustained eminence in American popular music (and his more recent prominence in American social life), one should remember the long line of Chicos and Pepes and Alexandros at American prep schools and elsewhere who, at ease in Paris and Monte Carlo and Gstaad and Montevideo, have failed to achieve any kind of American cool. Ahmet, at some moments, has *presided over* American cool. Still, there are things that Ahmet has *not* achieved. Certainly he has not lived within the classic American archetypes, black or white, because they have receded before his grasp, and left him in the company of a new and confused eclecticism—which, of course, he has helped call into being.

Mehmet Ertegun died in 1944. President Roosevelt sent his body back to Turkey on the U.S.S. Missouri. Mehmet Ertegun and President Roosevelt had had a cordial relationship, and, indeed, Mehmet Ertegun may have helped insure that Turkey did not ally itself with Germany, as it had in the First World War. Ahmet's family left Washington and returned to Turkey. Among other consequences of their move was the dispersal of the record collection that Ahmet and Nesuhi had amassed: there was not room to store it once the Erteguns had left the Embassy. Ahmet did not return to Turkey. He stayed on in Washington, so that he might do postgraduate work at Georgetown University. That, at least, was the theory. He lived in an apartment on Q Street, at the edge of Georgetown, not far from the Turkish Embassy. It was, of course, an anxious moment—a time when there was not much public interest in the classic style of Fred Astaire, for instance, or the classic style of black musicians, or the style of people who were Bad—but Ahmet resisted the general pressure of the times (resisted, especially, the pressure to work for the Turkish government or serve in the Turkish Army), and began to hang out at the Quality Music Shop, at Seventh and T Streets, which was run by a man called Waxie Maxie Silverman and was by then the most successful record store in the black district of Washington. Ahmet had known Waxie Maxie from the days when he and Nesuhi were forming their collection, because Waxie Maxie (who had begun his business as a radio-repair shop) sold secondhand records, but by 1944 Waxie Maxie had begun to sell new releases by black artists, and in Maxie's shop Ahmet began to get a feel for contemporary black popular music.

Ahmet founded Atlantic Records in 1947, in partnership with a man named Herb Abramson (later eclipsed). It was an opportune moment. Because of wartime shortages of shellac and other raw materials, the major record companies were recording fewer artists than previously, and were concentrating on those artists with the broadest market, whose success was most certain. This meant that many Negro artists who might earlier have been recorded by what were called the "race" subsidiaries of major record companies were not being recorded by them or were being recorded by them only from time to time. Small operators of many kinds—men who owned jukeboxes, men who managed acts, men who owned record stores—saw that they could record these artists and be almost assured of at least a modest success in the Negro marketplace. By the late forties, many of these operations were fairly well established. Typically, they were run by tough businessmen with little interest in music. Of the companies established at this time, only Atlantic Records was run by the dilettante son of a diplomatic family. Of all these companies, only Atlantic had a proprietor who liked Fred Astaire's suède shoes or who knew the lyrics of "Dirty Mother for You" or who thought of an amusement arcade as a fascinating American Thing instead of a place to make a buck. And, as it happened, of all these companies, only Atlantic survived.

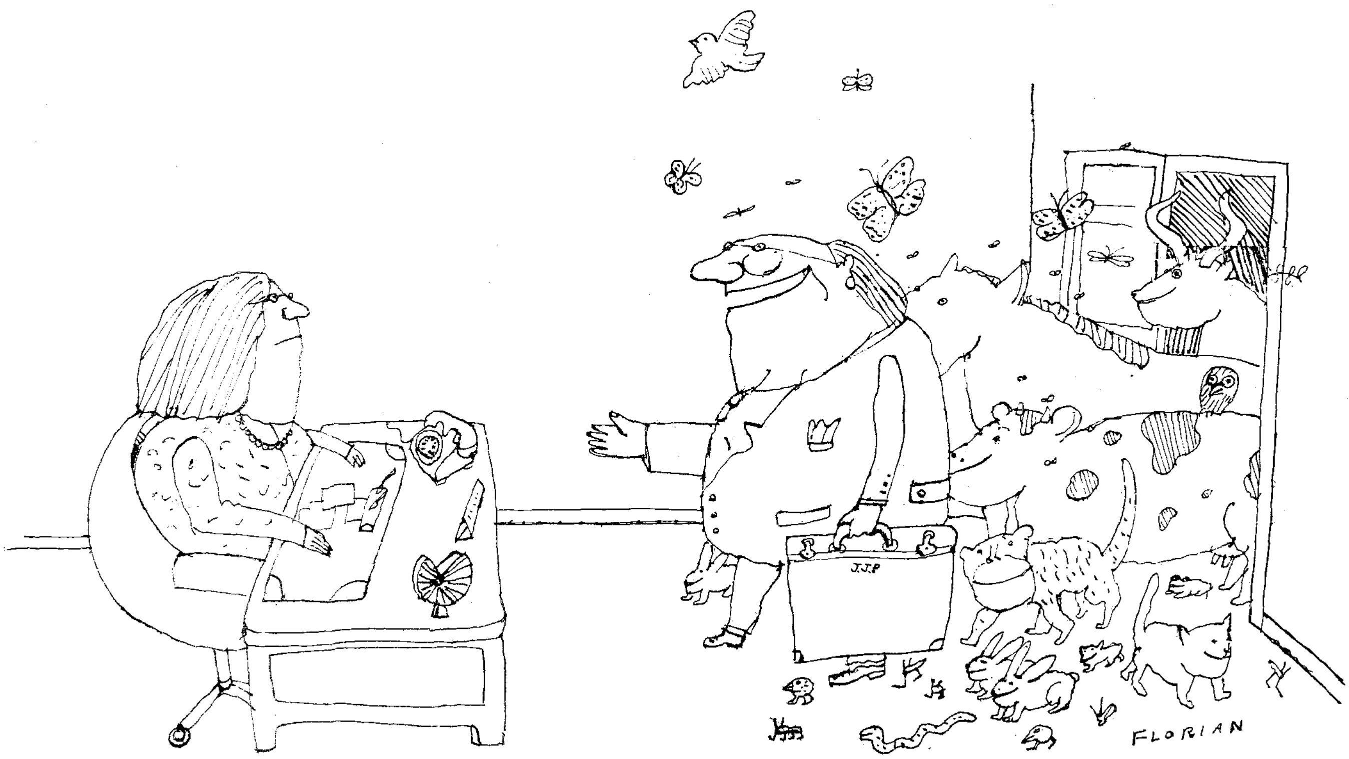
FOR the first year or so of his involvement with Atlantic Records, Ahmet kept his apartment in Washington (kept, even, his vague status as a graduate student) and commuted to

New York. At first, he stayed in a room at the Ritz-Carlton. Later, he found less expensive accommodations. He spent a certain amount of time listening to jazz on Fifty-second Street and a certain amount of time at more social night clubs. Much of the work of producing Atlantic records was done at first by Ahmet's partner, Herb Abramson, who had some experience. (Ahmet had none.) Ahmet finally moved to New York, at the end of 1948, but even after he did move, his interest in Atlantic seemed to involve an attempt to have a certain kind of American life rather than an attempt to have a career.

After a while, however, Ahmet's construction of an American life began to manifest more energy than the American milieu in which it was being lived, and at that moment Ahmet began to have a career, and a success. At the time Ahmet began his recording career, there were a few places in America where vital, unself-conscious black music, allied to a classic black form, continued to be popular. One such place was Chicago, and the urban blues music recorded there on the Chess label was in some ways the most important popular music of its time. But in New York and elsewhere black popular music was fragmented: jazz musicians had moved away from the commercial market, and many black popular artists, influenced by the Ink Spots or by the general trend of white music, had moved away from any classic black idiom. In time, Ahmet found, somewhat to his surprise, that he was in a position to make a more potent black music than was then available in the marketplace. His interest was not archival, and he knew, from the time he had spent in Waxie Maxie's record shop, that black audiences could be completely contemptuous of music that was obviously out of date, so he did not seek to reproduce an older music exactly; rather, he sought to introduce black musicians of the day to black musical modes older and more powerful than the ones they knew. The music that resulted—new, eclectic, "arranged," but rooted in archetypes—was accepted by black audiences, and then, unexpectedly, by whites. Ahmet acted as a broker at one important moment in the history of the complicated incest that produces American popular culture.

"When I first met Ruth Brown," Ahmet said to me once, "her main number, the song she liked and did the best, was a song called ' "A"—You're Adorable,' which was a Doris Day song. I think it was Doris Day. Or Jo Stafford, or one of those. And she loved that, you know. The Clovers were singing 'Skylark.' And there's nothing wrong with those songs, and there's nothing wrong with the urban black man getting into the general taste of the world, you know, except that that taste is never as good as what he had to begin with."

But even as Ahmet began to produce music using pieces of the knowledge he had acquired as an enthusiast, he continued to look for the inaccessible thing, the thing with authority, the thing that did not need his help. "Herb Abramson and I went to New Orleans," Ahmet told me. "And we heard about this Professor Longhair, and the very name fascinated me, you know. But I didn't know where to find him. He didn't have a telephone. We were taken to a place where he usually hung out, but he wasn't there. They told us he was going to play that night. We took the address, and we thought that the address was in town—you know, a local address. But, as it turned out, that evening when we got in a taxi and gave him the address the driver said, 'That's across the river. You have to take a ferry across the river. And I won't go there anyway, because that's a niggertown.' So the driver took us as far as the ferry. And when we got across the river it was very dark, because there were no street lights on the other side, but there were a couple of taxis. So we took a taxi, a white taxi, and we told him where we wanted to go. 'Oh,' he said, 'I can't go there.' So I said, 'Well,' and I made up some story. You had to make up stories in those days, because they were strict Jim Crow, you know. If you went to a Negro section of town, you'd have to have an excuse. If you said you were from a record company, that didn't always work, so sometimes we'd say we were from *Life* magazine, or something like that. And so I made up a whole story. The man said, 'The best I can do is take you near there, and you can walk over.' He said, 'I wouldn't go in there for anything in the world,' and so on and so forth. We said O.K. So in the middle of the night he took us and stopped in the middle of a field, it looked like, you know. Fields on both sides. And I wasn't sure whether he was just, you know, taking some sort of revenge on us or something. So I said, 'Where is it?' So he said, 'Well, you have to walk right across this field over there about a mile.' Far away we could see some lights. He said, 'That's it over there, you see. This is as close as I can come.' Well, I tell you, we tramped through this . . . field, in this pitch black, in the middle of the night. There was a bit of a moon out, so we could see our way. As we approached this village, we saw this house, which was bulging in and out. All the windows were brightly lit. A lot of light was coming out of the house. It was right in the town square, the main intersection, and from far away it looked, actually, as if people were falling out the windows. The music was just blaring. We thought this must be— 'My God, there's a fantastic band in there!' You know, there was a great sense of discovery to . . . tramping through this field and hearing this music from far away in this ugly black village, you know. 'My God, Herb, we've really come upon a great discovery. It's just what you dream about.' When we arrived in the square there, people saw us, and a couple of people went running immediately into this house—this was a club, you know, where he was playing—because I guess every time they saw white people it meant trouble of some kind, you know. So we walked up into the place and we said, 'We're from *Life* magazine.' And the guy at the door said, 'Just a minute,' and so on. 'We're also from this record company in New York,' and so on, 'and we want to see Professor Longhair.' And there was a big row at the door. Some people ran out the back door. They weren't quite sure. Thought we might be the sheriff or something, you know. After a few minutes' talk, they let us come in and sit behind the piano, and— Oh, the thing that struck me when we arrived there, when we walked in, what I thought had been an R. & B. band turned out to be just Professor Longhair by himself. He was sitting there with a microphone between his legs. He used to play an upright piano, and he had a drum, kind of a drum, attached to the piano. Not a drum but a drumhead, you know, attached to the piano. He would hit it with his right foot while he was playing. He made a percussive sound. It was very loud. And he was playing the piano and



*"Hi! I'm Jack Peterson, from the Environmental Protection Agency."*

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singing full blast, and it really was the most incredible-sounding thing I ever heard. And he was doing it all by himself. And it was one of the most primitive dance halls I'd ever been in. There was just like . . . a club, you know, but people jammed in there dancing and this wild thing going on, and they hid us in the corner there and we were listening to the music. I thought, My God, we've really found an original—nobody's ever heard this man. He played like nobody I'd ever heard. Had some of the characteristics of some of the early boogie-woogie piano players, but with a strong Latin influence. He had a little bit of Jelly Roll Morton, a little bit of Yancey, a little bit of— But he played in his own time. He kept a very strange, different tempo. And a lot of Spanish influences—West Indian, you know. And it was just a strange mixture but the most marvellous thing I'd ever heard. And I said, 'My God, no white person has ever seen this man.' So as soon as he finished, Herb and I, very excited, said, 'Look, we have to tell you, we're just astounded by your playing,' you know, and shaking his hand. 'We want very much to record you.' He said, 'Oh, what a shame. I just signed with Mercury.' "

IN 1956, at the age of thirteen, I went into a suburban record store and bought a copy of "Since I Met You Baby," by Ivory Joe Hunter. This was an Atlantic record. I had heard "Since I Met You Baby" sung over the radio, but I had not seen a copy of the record. It was my sense of the situation, when I saw the record in the suburban record store, that to buy and then to own it would be a potent experience. I looked at the record jacket. On one side, there were depicted little stick people playing little stick instruments. On the other side, there were sketched portraits of Atlantic's principal artists. There was a portrait of Ruth Brown (her eyes slightly slanted, her hair in a mysterious upswept arrangement I had never seen on any living woman), Joe Turner (mouth open, full mustache, little black bow tie), LaVern Baker, Clyde McPhatter, Ray Charles (a small pencil-thin mustache and dark glasses), and the Clovers. Ray Charles, in his sketch, had been given the suggestion of a neck. The heads of the others floated on the jacket. The heads of the five Clovers floated together in a way that suggested no possible physical grouping. The names of the artists were printed in red under the black sketches. Black and red were at that moment the Atlantic colors. Across the top of the side of the jacket where the sketches appeared, there was the name "ATLANTIC," in big black type. Under that was "Leads the Field in Rhythm & Blues," in black type of a size slightly more modest. Under the sketches, at the bottom, in red script, were the words "And Many Other Exclusive Artists." There was nothing on this record jacket that did not excite my interest. I was interested in the strange upswept hair of Ruth Brown, in the dark glasses of Ray Charles, in the little black bow tie of Joe Turner. I thought it would be a very strong thing to Lead the Field in Rhythm & Blues. I was interested in the Other Exclusive Artists. I felt, with some poignance, that this record—not just the song but the record, and not just the record but the *jacket* of the record—held some information that I needed to have. I felt, in fact, a certain pain, and even a certain anger. I felt pained that there was important information of great power of which I had no idea. I felt anger because I sensed that this information had been withheld from me deliberately.

It was not uncommon among members of my generation (the generation that grew up as wards of the meretricious adulthood of the nineteen-fifties) for one to feel one's first strong sense of reality through the agency of Negro music, and as I continued to buy records I found that there were other moments when I had a strong sense of power from a record—but not quite the sense I had from "Since I Met You Baby" when I heard and saw it first. This had to do with my history, of course, but I think now that it had to do with Atlantic's history as

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well. It seems to me that to have a powerful success in the popular marketplace it is important to have just that amount of self-consciousness which is appropriate to the moment (the appropriate amount varies, of course, but, always, if there is too little self-consciousness for the moment the effect is one of naïveté, and if there is too much the effect is of artifice); and it seems to me that there was about Atlantic Records in the nineteen-fifties just exactly enough self-consciousness to make Atlantic's music and its aesthetic seem powerful to a new audience. Atlantic Records presented the material and a subtle gloss on the material in one package and in a manner that seemed neither naïve nor contrived. Atlantic music had the *thing*—in the atmosphere of the thing aware of itself. The other independent rhythm-and-blues labels lacked this quality. These labels were, typically, run by men who did not insert themselves into the shaping of the music, and the music they recorded was, typically, just one step away from a coherent non-eclectic black musical mode. Imperial Records was important because of Fats Domino, who had a link with the jazz piano playing of New Orleans; Specialty Records was important because of Little Richard, an idiosyncratic singer with a strong debt to gospel music. Chess Records, the Chicago company founded by Leonard and Philip Chess, affords the most interesting comparison with Atlantic. Chess followed the pattern of the less significant labels—but there was an extraordinary difference: Chess had at its disposal not just one or two musicians but the whole musical scene that had resulted from the development of rural Southern blues into the tough blues of the South Side of Chicago. Chess had Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf and Elmore James and Bo Diddley and Chuck Berry. These Chicago musicians constituted the most important pool of talent working within the form that was coming to be called rhythm and blues, and Ahmet Ertegun has said that if he had had these musicians to record he would not have had reason to develop the eclectic Atlantic style of producing records—that his intervention in the music had to do with the absence in New York of an interesting musical nexus of the kind that existed in Chicago.

The contrast between *almost any* Chess record from the mid-nineteen-fifties and *almost any* Atlantic record from the same period is striking. Beside the Chess record, the Atlantic record will sound eclectic, urban, and "overarranged." It will sound self-conscious. This may sound like a judgment against Atlantic Records, but it is not. In recent times, there have been two distinct trends within black popular music. One is solid, obviously derived from blues or gospel, somewhat rural, and somewhat naïve. This trend never entirely disappears, and at times (when other popular music has moved too far in the direction of artifice) it reasserts its strength in the marketplace, but it has not been so potent as the second trend, which is toward music that is more nervous, more eclectic, more urban, and more "arranged." In the nineteen-sixties, this more powerful second trend came under the control of Motown Records, whose music (*very* nervous, *very* eclectic, *very* urban, *very* "arranged") is without doubt the classic black music of the nineteen-sixties. In the nineteen-fifties, this trend was for a few important years in the hands of Atlantic Records.

There are no artifacts in the possession of Atlantic Records to justify an auction. There is, however, one very modest little register, dating from 1947, in which the details of the company's first recording sessions have been entered. This register shows what would not be evident from an examination of Atlantic records available in stores or in memory—that for the first several years of its operation Atlantic recorded music that explored all the corners of Ahmet's enthusiasms and the enthusiasms of his then partner, Herb Abramson. In 1947, Atlantic recorded sixty-five sides. Among them were twelve gospel songs by the Gospeleers; seven sides by Tiny Grimes; and versions, by different artists, of "Button Up Your Overcoat," "Memories of You," "How High the Moon," and "The Lady Is a Tramp." Fewer than half of these sixty-five were released, and of those released none were hits. In 1948, Atlantic recorded sixty-seven sides, and there were no hits in this group, either. Atlantic recorded a hundred and eighty-seven sides in 1949. Among them were a number of sides by Frank Cully, including "Cole Slaw," a minor instrumental hit; ten sides by the jazz pianist Erroll Garner; fifteen sides by the blues singer Blind Willie (only two sides were released); ten sides by Professor Longhair, the one-man band Ahmet and Abramson had found in New Orleans (he had come free of his contract with Mercu-

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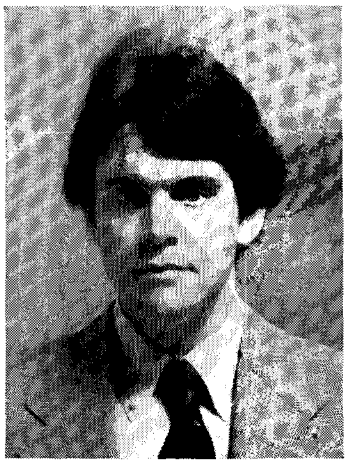

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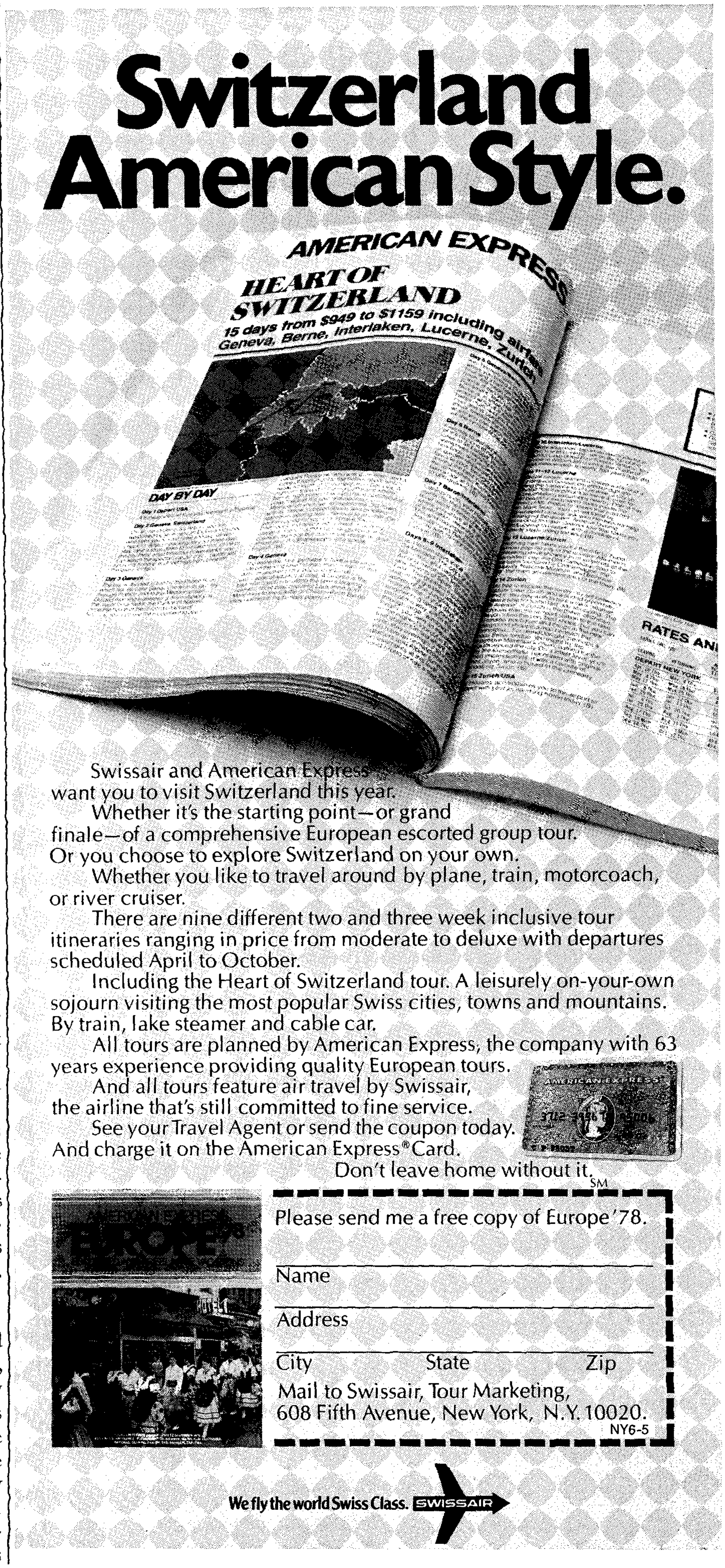
ry); and six sides issued as "Square Dance Party Parts I-VI." There was, however, a record issued in 1949 that was important in the history of Atlantic. This was "Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee," produced by Ahmet and Herb Abramson in February of that year. There are two things to note about this song. First, it was the most successful record that Atlantic had had up to that time, reaching No. 3 on *Billboard's* rhythm-and-blues chart. Second, it had humor—a certain jaunty, self-aware humor.

In 1950 and 1951, Atlantic had an increased activity among established artists. Few of these artists had any special allegiance to Atlantic, however, and most had musical styles that had been established elsewhere and did not admit of modification. During 1950 and 1951, Atlantic recorded Mary Lou Williams, the Billy Taylor Quartet, Leadbelly, Al Hibbler, Lil Green, Sidney Bechet, Meade Lux Lewis, and Mabel Mercer. In July, 1951, Ahmet went to Chicago and recorded the boogie-woogie pianist Jimmy Yancey. This work did not immediately result in any significant commercial success, but it was satisfying to the aspect of Ahmet's ambition which had to do with appreciation. Ahmet's appreciation of music and musicians has been intimately linked with his interest in certain American styles and social milieus, but it is tied as well to a good ear and a respect for integrity. It is a fact that Ahmet has rarely been able to resist a vogue or a temptation, but neither has he been able to resist an important talent or an eccentric talent—or any talent that knew what it was doing. The appreciative mode (the mode with a passive sense of history) has always been allowed some importance at Atlantic, and it manifests itself today in a creditable roster of jazz artists, but it has not been given as much attention as another mode, which began to show itself during the early fifties—at about the same time Ahmet was recording Mabel Mercer, Meade Lux Lewis, and Jimmy Yancey. This was the mode of the *producer*—a mode eclectic by definition, a mode devoted to the active use of history for what might be serviceable in the present.

**1951:** Two songs by a group called the Clovers appear on a page of the little register which is otherwise dominated by Mary Lou Williams and the Billy Taylor Quartet. One of the songs is "Skylark," a significant jazz song that is not significant in the history of Atlantic Records. The other is a song called "Don't You Know I Love You," written by Ahmet Ertegun under his pen name of Nugetre. "Don't You Know I Love You" is a very elementary song. In some ways, it is a painful song. It has something to do with the blues, but it has none of the naïve strength of the blues. It has something to do with a little jump band from the forties, but it is less polite and more awkward. One cannot help noticing, however, that the song has some strength of its own, not immediately traceable to the forms from which it derives. Its principal strength may, in fact, lie in its novel combination of awkwardness with lack of naïveté. Typically, after all, awkward productions are naïve and knowing productions are slick. It may be that in divorcing a certain worldliness from any sophistication that could be perceived as a link with the established order of things this song and others like it awakened a new, if slightly perverse, response in an audience that had tired of oversophisticated pieces, on the one hand, and pieces that were too obviously naïve, on the other. "Don't You Know I Love You" was a hit.

Also in this year, Ahmet produced "Chains of Love," a song of his own composition, with Joe Turner. Joe Turner differed from the Clovers in that he was a man of proved talent, established reputation, and mature age. In the case of the Clovers, Ahmet had taken five obscure young men (who had come to his notice through his friend Waxie Maxie Silverman) and coached them in a style that made use of one or two musical modes in which he had an interest. In the case of Joe Turner, Ahmet (with Herb Abramson) took an established blues artist whose career had almost come to an end and, by making the established blues mode of his work more obvious, more vivid, more urban, and less naïve, created for him a new and more successful career in a new and unexpectedly larger marketplace. "Chains of Love" is a blues song but not exactly a blues song. It is diminished in its essence but expanded on its surface. "Chains of Love" was a hit.

**1953:** In this year, Ahmet and Abramson produced "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean," by Ruth Brown ("Miss Rhythm"). This song can supply some meaning to the phrase "rhythm and blues." The phrase "rhythm and blues" was invented by Ahmet's partner Jerry Wexler, in 1949 (when he was working at *Billboard*), to replace the word "race" as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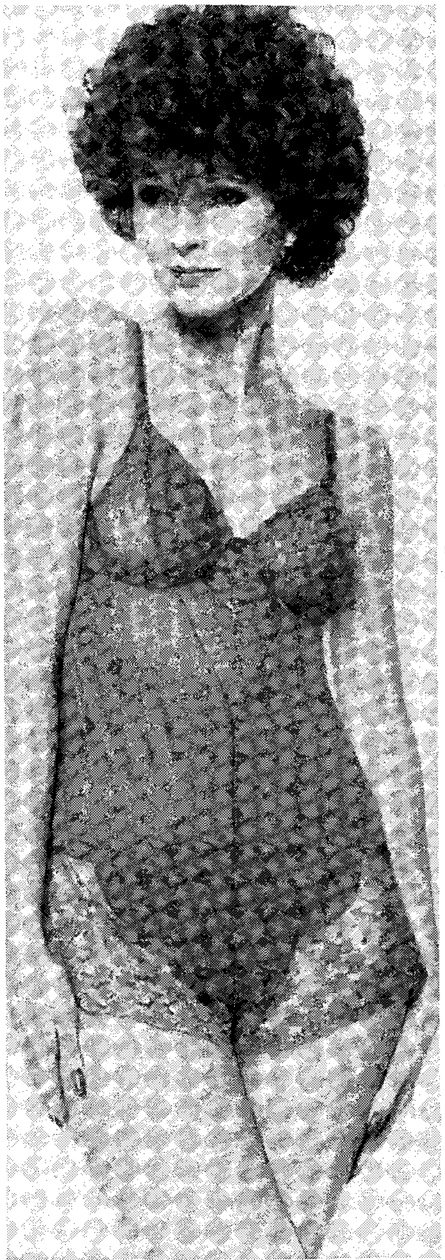

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the formula descriptive of the black music then current. It was contrived to encompass *two* coexisting postwar trends in black music (the jump song and the blues song), but by 1953 it was being used to describe all black popular music taken together, and it was beginning to imply a *movement*. "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean" is a classic rhythm-and-blues song. It has an unnaïve blues lyric supported by a distinctive, jaunty, nervous jump beat, but one is less aware than before of the separate identities of the elements of the song. The eclectic, nervous Atlantic style, responding, perhaps, to a certain urban mood, had begun to cohere by 1953. The coherence of such a style is not a small occasion. It comes as the result of a complicated musical and social treaty, requiring an essential integrity (to supply the basic energy), a talent for modification, and an intuitive sense of the moment. These things Ahmet Ertegun and others at Atlantic Records—notably his partner Herb Abramson and, later, his partner Jerry Wexler, the arranger and composer Jesse Stone, and their distinguished engineer, Tom Dowd—had in abundance in the middle nineteen-fifties.

**1954:** There were a number of significant Atlantic records in this year, including "Shake, Rattle, and Roll," by Joe Turner, which, in the cover version by Bill Haley & The Comets, had an enormous impact on the popular market and contributed to the vogue for the words "rock" and "roll" in reference to popular music with a blues feel and a heavy beat. But it is my opinion that the most satisfying song released by Atlantic in this year was "Money Honey," by Clyde McPhatter and the Drifters. This is a great song. Male Negro falsetto voices have been particularly appropriate to the jittery urban songs of the recent era, and Clyde McPhatter had one of the most compelling of these voices. In "Money Honey," the jump beat has come very far up front, but the knowing, tough, post-blues lyric has such authority that it will not be overwhelmed. The effect is one of aggression, power, cynicism. "Money Honey" was written and arranged by Jesse Stone, an eccentric composer of real talent, who was in middle age when he wrote it.

**1956:** "Since I Met You Baby," sung by Ivory Joe Hunter, was a hit in this year. It is cast as a blues song, but it has been debased as a blues song by an eagerness to please. The arrangement expands the surface of the song as it contracts its meaning and saps its strength. Ivory Joe Hunter's falsetto has a whining quality and lacks the authority implicit in the voice of Clyde McPhatter.

**1958:** By 1958, Atlantic's arrangements were no longer at the cutting edge of popular music. Atlantic's peculiar contribution—the eclectic amalgam of unnaïve blues motifs with a nervous but aggressive jump beat—had been subsumed into the general trend of what was by then called rock and roll. By 1958, the most interesting songs to come from Atlantic, from the point of view of production and arrangement, came from Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, who wrote and produced the music of the Coasters, under an independent production agreement. Leiber and Stoller had a sure touch with rock and roll. Their two-sided hit "Searchin' " and "Young Blood," produced for the Coasters on Atco, an Atlantic subsidiary, was the significant Atlantic hit record of 1957. Ahmet and Jerry Wexler were less at home than Leiber and Stoller with material that was directed from its inception to an adolescent market. In February of 1958, Ahmet and Wexler produced a song for Chuck Willis called "Hang Up My Rock and Roll Shoes," which displayed an unpleasant self-consciousness. An unpleasant self-consciousness was by no means unexampled at the time. Rhythm-and-blues singers, having experienced an unexpected success in the white marketplace, had begun to address that marketplace directly, and by 1958 tough, experienced Negro voices were often singing songs that dealt with white adolescent concerns. In May of 1958, Ahmet produced a rock-and-roll song for Bobby Darin, who had been unsuccessfully recorded by Herb Abramson (who by 1958 was on the verge of leaving the company). The song was called "Splish Splash," and was a hit, although an embarrassing one.

**1959:** On June 8, 1959, Atlantic released "What'd I Say?," by Ray Charles. From the release of this record, it is possible to date the end of the period of experimentation in rhythm and blues which began for Atlantic ten years before with the release of "Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee." By 1959, Ray Charles was producing his own records, and they were as significant and powerful and pleasing as any records being made. His career in the

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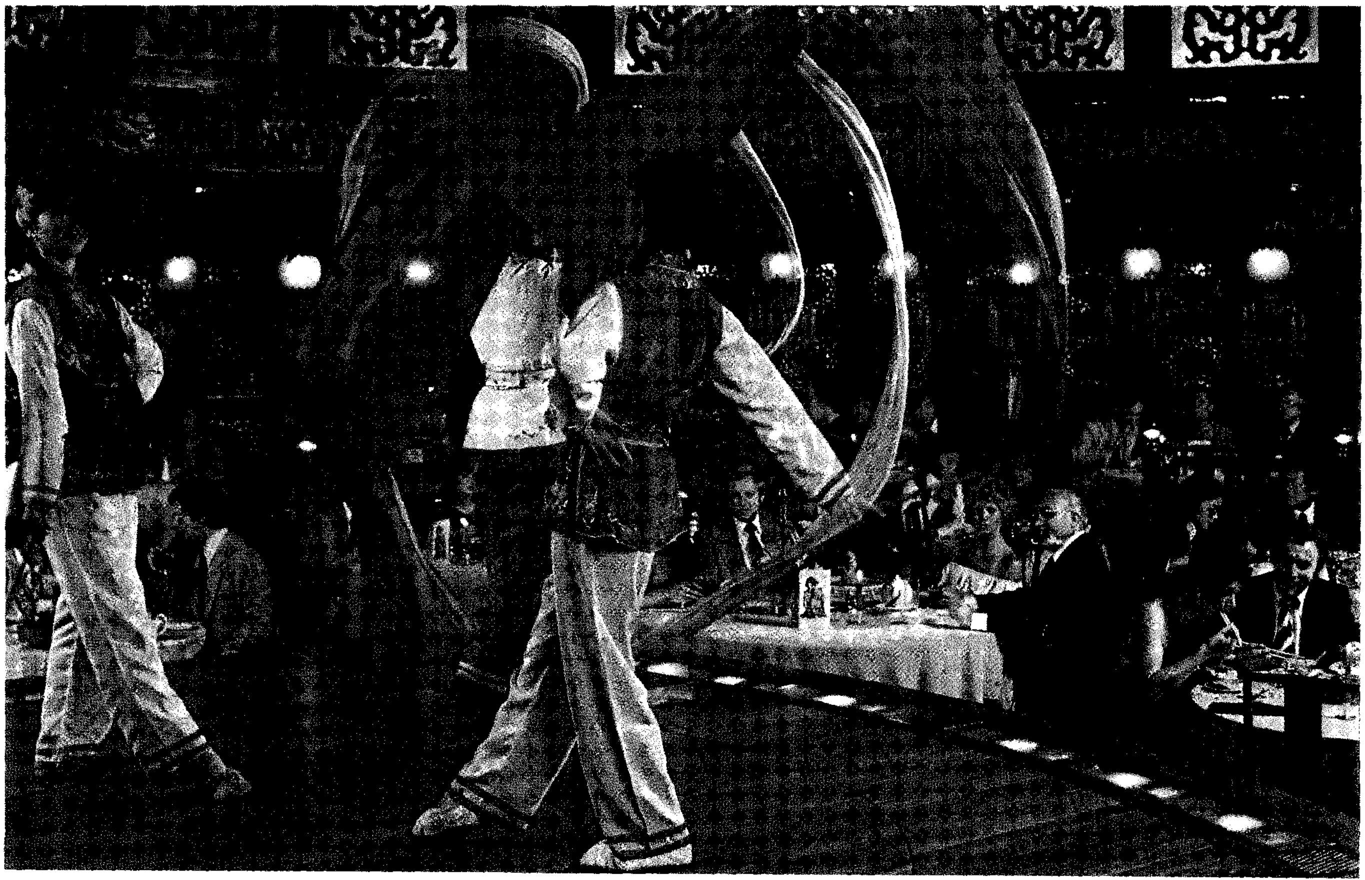

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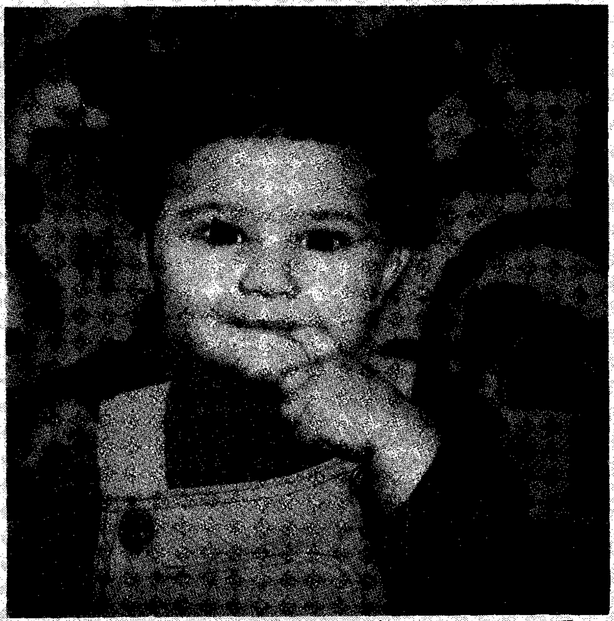

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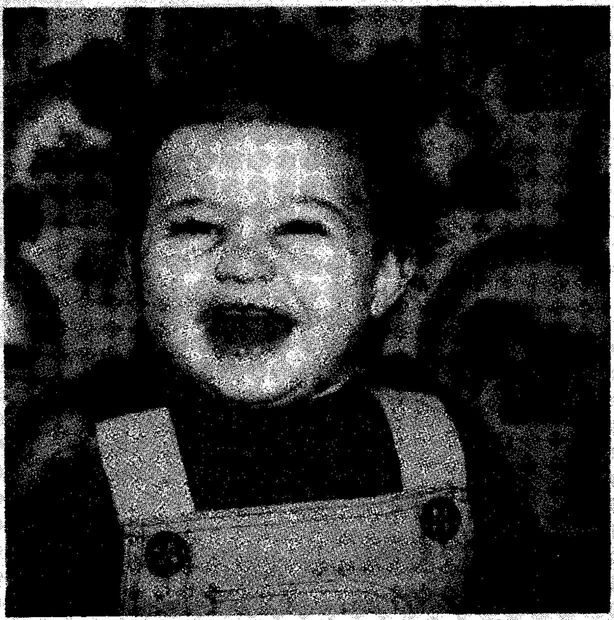

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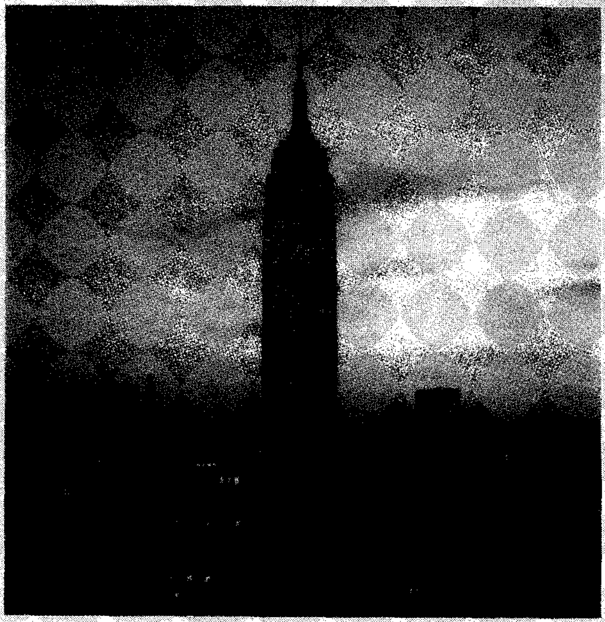

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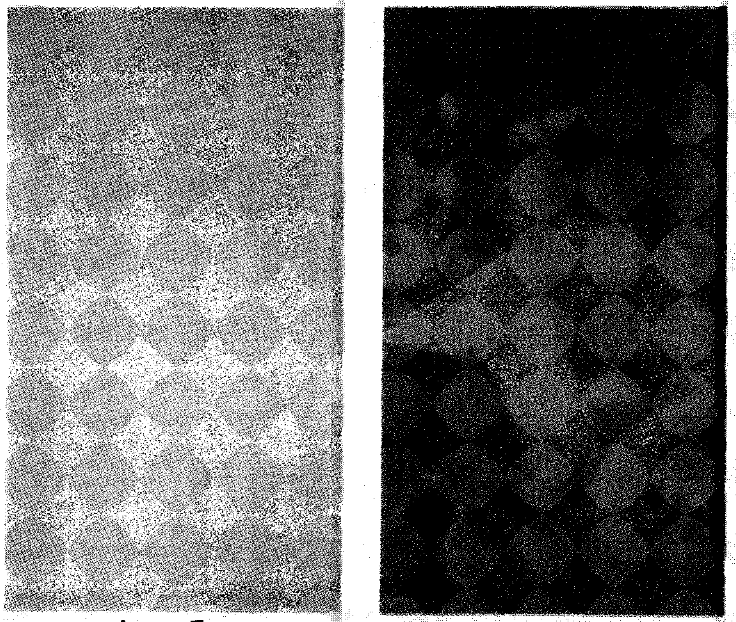

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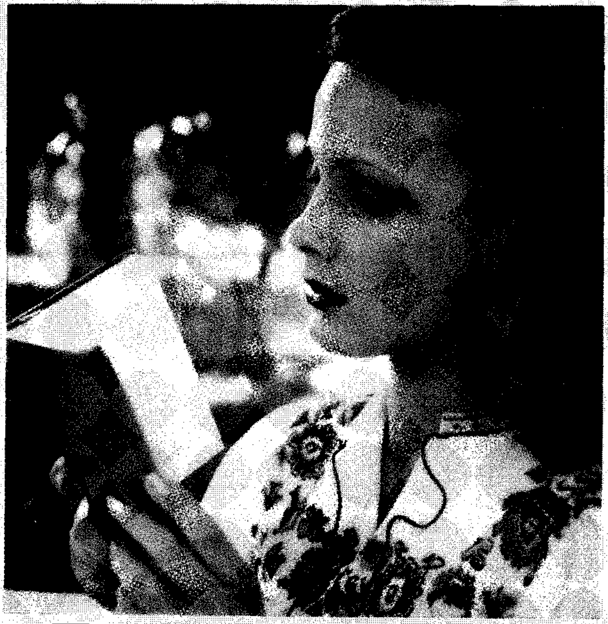

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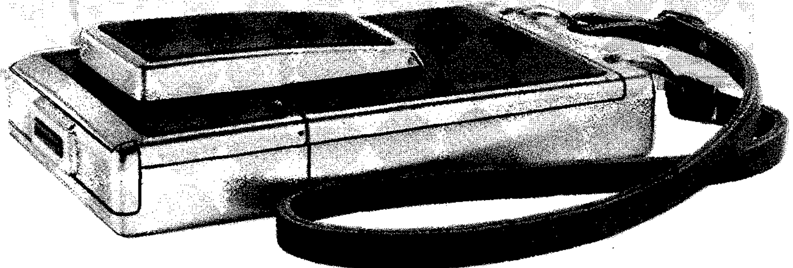

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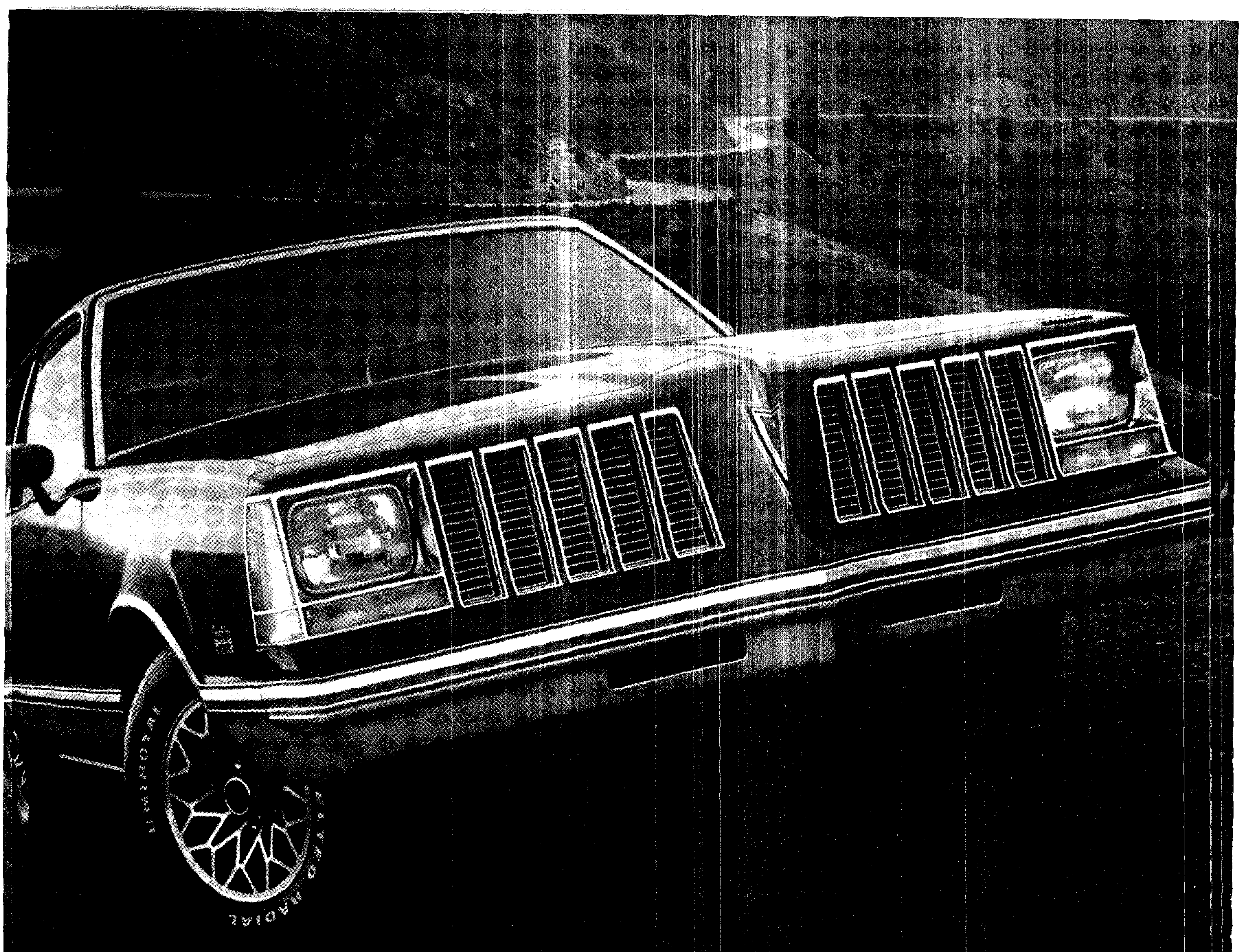

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national marketplace had had its start in 1955 with "I Got a Woman," and reached its climax with "What'd I Say?," which seemed to combine all the energy of the most shameless rock and roll with the real energy of the blues in a manner that was knowing without being cynical and was eclectic without being weak or perverse. Only Stevie Wonder and Aretha Franklin and Marvin Gaye have made popular music as full as this. At the end of 1959, Ray Charles left Atlantic without giving Ahmet and Wexler a chance to meet the terms of a generous offer made to him by ABC-Paramount Records.

ONE day, I listened with Ahmet to some Atlantic records from the nineteen-fifties. "I don't think they hold up that well," he said. "The singing holds up pretty well, but the background sounds dated to me. . . . The *inventions*—the inventions of arrangers—give it leaden feet, you know what I mean? It's like an automobile. A simple body design of 1938 on a Delage or some of those simple French cars looks as beautiful today as— But the 1948 Buick Roadmaster, with a lot of chrome, looks funny. It's of its time but not something that one would copy in any way. There's too much chrome on all of those records, you know what I mean? And when I listen to these old records, the things that make them of their time also make them ugly."

Ahmet played a song he had written under the name Nugetre, and I asked him why he had used a pseudonym.

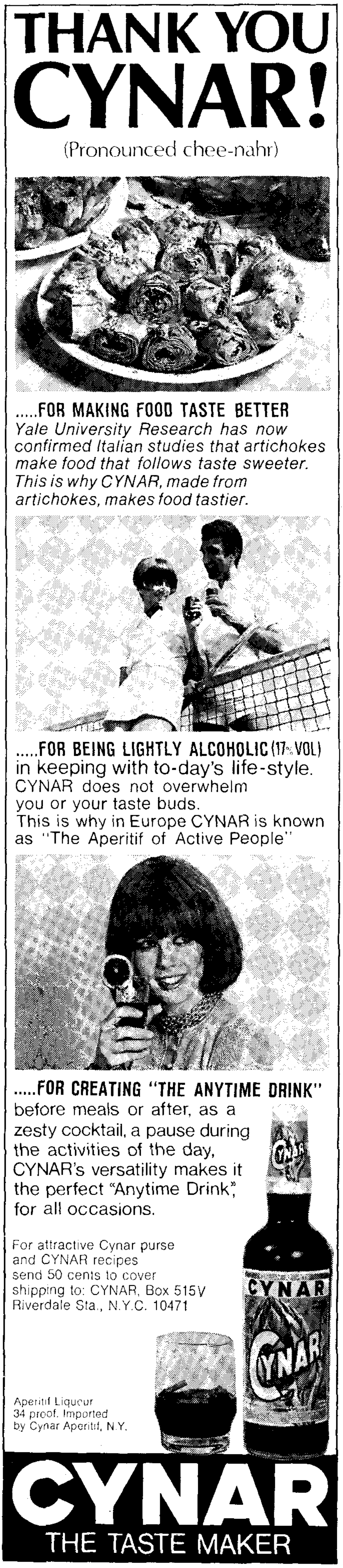
"I didn't want to embarrass anyone, you know—especially if I went into government service," he said. "There has always been that other possibility, you know? In the background, some kind of involvement with Turkey." Ahmet paused. "They call me, you know? The government of Turkey. And I am able to have some effect at times." Ahmet paused again. "But now there is less and less chance that I will be anything else than what I am."

BY the time I met Ahmet, in 1971, he was seen at his most powerful not in any recording studio but at parties. Parties at his house on East Eighty-first Street (parties of thirty or thirty-five, assembled in the large spare space on the second floor, seated in the dining room on the first floor, spread out over the house after the meal); parties at home in Southampton; parties in London and in New Orleans. Parties to push a record. Parties with as much authority as could be assembled—without having reference to anything that could be perceived as inhibiting.

ON the night of Wednesday, July 26, 1972, Ahmet and his wife, Mica, went to see the Rolling Stones at Madison Square Garden, and I went along. They arrived late. By the time they arrived, their seats had been taken by very young people. Ahmet and Mica made no attempt to evict the squatters. Ahmet spread a white handkerchief on the concrete step adjacent to their seats, and Mica sat on this. Ahmet stood next to her, protectively. Mica looked very handsome. She wore a black dress. Her hair was short. She wore an ivory bracelet trimmed with gold. (The ivory came from Mombasa; the gold was put on in Turkey.) I felt a sharp pleasure at being next to them. There have been a number of times when I have felt a difficult but compelling affection for Ahmet and Mica. At odd moments. Usually in public—at times when one does not expect to be feeling anything at all.

A boy who looked about thirteen passed around a joint. Ahmet nodded politely and passed it along. Mica kept her eyes on the stage. Onstage, Mick Jagger, wearing a white suit trimmed with a red sash, began to sing "Street Fighting Man." To his left stood a black man. The black man held a silver bowl full of rose petals. At moments when emphasis was wanted, Mick Jagger grabbed a handful of rose petals from the silver bowl and threw them over the edge of the stage. Later, when he sang "Satisfaction," he had bowls of water kept at his disposal, and at moments when emphasis was wanted he threw water over the edge of the stage. Photographers looking for interesting effects took advantage of these moments of emphasis. Mick Jagger sang "Love in Vain." He knelt on the stage, his hands behind his head. His attitude implied flagellation. Then his birthday was celebrated. Mick Jagger threw pies and confetti. A large beach ball was thrown. Stevie Wonder, who had opened the show for the Rolling Stones (and who was at the time almost certainly the most significant popular musician in America), sang "Happy Birthday to You" to Mick Jagger. Mick Jagger threw more water over the edge of the stage. Stevie Wonder sang a powerful medley of "Uptight," which is his song, and "Satisfaction," which is Jagger's. Then, remarkably, he smeared pie on his own face.

IT may be that Ahmet and Mica have an impressive ease in large, unwelcoming crowds because the sen-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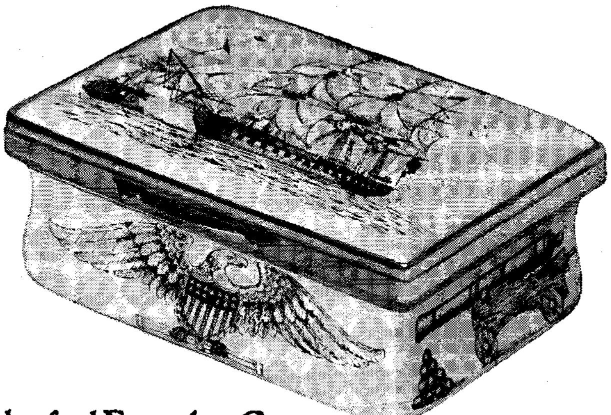

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sibility of the émigré continues to adhere to them. It may be that they have come upon an enormous professional and social success because the sensibility of the émigré (distanced, eclectic, cosmopolitan, wary of homely authority, at home in large, unwelcoming crowds) has come to adhere to everyone.

AFTER Mick Jagger's birthday was celebrated on the stage at Madison Square Garden, it was celebrated again, at a party given by Ahmet at the St. Regis Roof. When Ahmet and Mica arrived at the St. Regis, there was already a great crowd in the lobby, around the elevators, on the sidewalk. In the lobby, transvestites lolled in gilt chairs, desperate for an invitation. People with invitations tried not to look at them.

Upstairs, at the entrance to the St. Regis Roof, batteries of secretaries flanked by uniformed guards checked off names against an enormous list. On this list there were social people and celebrated people and some others for spice. The men in the business were not on the list. Freaky people with a plausible story—people who knew people who played in well-known groups—were not on the list and were repulsed at the door but did not give up. They commissioned people to tell other people that they were at the door, waiting. Two celebrated people, a man who used to be rich and a woman who used to be beautiful, were not on the list and were repulsed at the door, but it was so embarrassing to have them lolling around next to the list that they were let in.

Inside, Count Basie led his band. People sat at tables covered with green felt or pink felt. There was an old pastel style at the party, but it was in retreat. There was an old Negro style at the party, but it was just a picturesque bit. The style of the party (eclectic, reminiscent, amused, fickle, perverse) was the style of pleasure with an edge to it. Parts of the edge were blunt, however (no Great Social Figure could any longer provide a sense of violation by her presence; no Negro entertainer could any longer provide a sense of the elegance of the low-down), and parts of the edge were dangerous without being interesting. No small gesture had any meaning. The juxtapositions were so varied and so random that they lost meaning. The meaning was in the attempt, in the aspiration, and in the painful sadness of the times—which struggle for public pleasure and cannot find it, even in reminiscence and play-acting and juxtaposition and attempted violation, smartly assembled.

Andy Warhol sat at a table covered with green felt. He had a Polaroid camera with him. A giant cake was brought in. A young black woman wearing rhinestone tassels popped out of this cake. She took off her rhinestone tassels one at a time. People stood on their chairs to see this. Someone asked Ahmet where he had found this young woman. "Andy Warhol found her," he said. "She was in 'Trash.' Her name is Gerry. Gerry something."

Mrs. William Rayner watched the young woman pop out of the cake. "I was at the rehearsal. The rehearsal was better," she said.

There was a problem having to do with petty theft. All around the room, as part of the decorative scheme, there were giant flags printed with the Rolling Stones' symbol of the moment—a giant tongue lolling out of a giant mouth. Everybody wanted one of these. People were quietly restrained. People were sulky. Later, they just ripped them off and took them home.

There was tap-dancing. The tap-dancers, who were deep into middle age, had been in a show called "The Best of the Hoofers," which had played at various small theatres. The tap-dancers wore white pants, boaters, and white four-in-hand ties, and each of them carried a white cane with a black tip. Their first number was "The Darktown Strutters' Ball."

Andy Warhol had been taking Polaroid pictures. Lee Radziwill *began* to take Polaroid pictures. Then Muddy Waters came on with his band. He dedicated a song to the Rolling Stones and to Marshall Chess and Chess Records. "I worked for Marshall Chess's family for twenty-six years," Muddy Waters said. He sang "Hoochie-Coochie Man."

Lee Radziwill took a Polaroid picture of Mick Jagger. She asked Andy Warhol how his pictures had come out. "Oh, I've missed everyone," Andy Warhol said. "I got Count Basie, and I got Dylan, but Dylan stuck together and I'll never get it apart."

Sandman Sims, one of the tap-dancers, looked around the St. Regis Roof approvingly. "I've just knocked myself out looking at the good-looking people," he said. "It's quite a while since I've been to this big of a party. In 1939, in California, Mae West gave a party. That's the only one I can compare."

Muddy Waters, businesslike, packed up his equipment after his set was over. He and his musicians sat at a table

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near the bandstand. Muddy Waters and his band were geared for rapid appearances, rapid setups, and rapid departures. They were on the road. "We've been in Chicago, we've been up to Iowa," he said. "We're going out to Washington."

At 3:45 A.M., a black transvestite made it past the door. At 4:10 A.M., Andy Warhol went home. At 4:15 A.M., a blond girl in a negligee made it past the door. "I was crazy for a while, but now I'm going to make a record deal," she said. This was the important party of the early nineteen-seventies.

Ahmet and Mica went to a dinner party in New York given by a fashionable girl with frizzled hair for George Weidenfeld, the chairman of Weidenfeld & Nicholson, publishers, of London. George Weidenfeld occupies an interesting social position, significantly superior to Ahmet's but within range of Ahmet. George Weidenfeld, like Prince Rupert Lowenstein, financial adviser to the Rolling Stones, is an experienced broker, dealing, on the one hand, with certain useful remnants of traditional authority (authority with the power to inhibit) and, on the other, with the custodians of contemporary power. Familiar enough with the mode that is eclectic, cosmopolitan, fickle, and perverse, George Weidenfeld makes it a point to inhabit a style whose surface is less vivid, less expansive, and more easily confused with the surfaces of a traditional gentleman.

I asked Mica why Ahmet did not see as much of Jerry Wexler as he had in the past.

"I don't think, perhaps, that Jerry Wexler is that good a friend," she said. "He tried to buy Ahmet out of the company once. With Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller. I don't think they were very good friends after that."

Entry in a Diary: Went to see Ruth Brown. Club Baby Grand, on 125th Street. Club Baby Grand has outline of baby-grand piano inset in street front. The old fun. Cocktail glasses. Stemmed glasses flaring into a wide triangle. Not a bit of irony. Symbols of elegance, a good smooth time. Cocktail glasses reappearing downtown, overlaid with irony. Cocktail glasses held in hands of eighteen-year-old girls with blood-red nails and an edge of irony. The new fun. In the door at the Club Baby Grand. Bar in front. Entertainment in back. Very dark. Ruth Brown a fine-spirited woman with a hint of her old voice. Plump. Sang standards. Sang some of her old songs as though *they* were standards. An interest in grace. Very sweet. Straining toward Class. As though Ahmet had never come along. Back to " 'A'—You're Adorable," in a way. This doesn't work now. "Miss Rhythm" wouldn't work now, either, but something between "Miss Rhythm" and a *parody* of "Miss Rhythm" might work. A coating of irony to bring out the highlights.

A thought: When whites manage blacks, they generally want the blacks to be more black than the blacks really want to be. When white entertainers imitate blacks, they generally try to make themselves rougher, more unsophisticated than they really are. Sometimes it works. No white, however, can capture the sweetness of a black singer or musician who is pushing himself toward sophistication.

Jerry Wexler once told me, "We recorded Ruth long past the time when it was really commercially *there.* We had to swallow ten to twenty thousand dollars in unrecouped studio costs."

Atlantic Records signed Bette Midler. Bette Midler had at that moment a novelty and a vogue. Her appeal was strong among those people who had lolled about the lobby of the St. Regis waiting to crash Ahmet's party for Mick Jagger. Bette Midler was perceived as having a style. Bette Midler's style embodied several surfaces from other, earlier moments (from the forties, especially), but it was overlaid with an irony that was completely of her own time. People who thought about the implications of this style (but not too deeply) said that it involved "nostalgia," but in fact the style addressed itself not to the past or to any real appreciation of the past but to an ennui in the present. During the sixties, a number of historic adult modes had been thrown into discredit. During the early seventies, a number of historic adolescent modes had begun to pall. So that there were, in the St. Regis lobby and elsewhere, a large number of overexperienced people, chronologically ready for adulthood, who were without a next step to take. Under cover of irony, some of these people began to cultivate an interest in dated adult manners. They began to adopt styles that had been in disrepute for a generation. Some girls began to dress up like "débutantes." Some blacks began to dress up like Negroes. A considerable number of Americans, most of them of unremarkable middle-class background, began to cultivate an aesthetic (eclectic,

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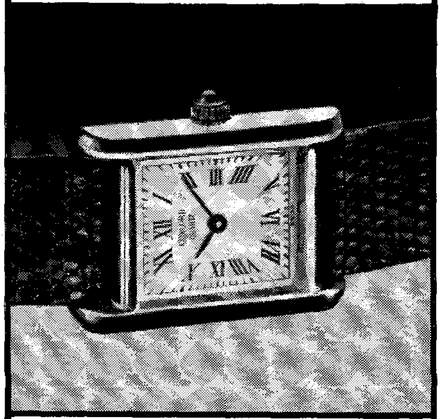
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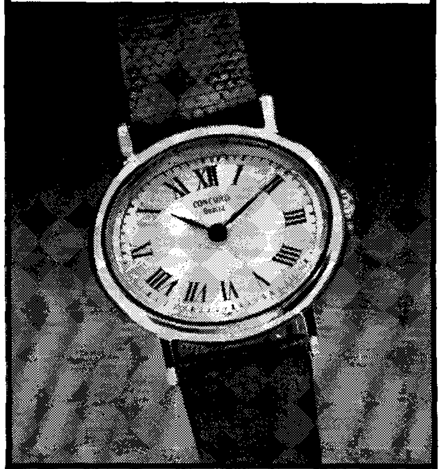
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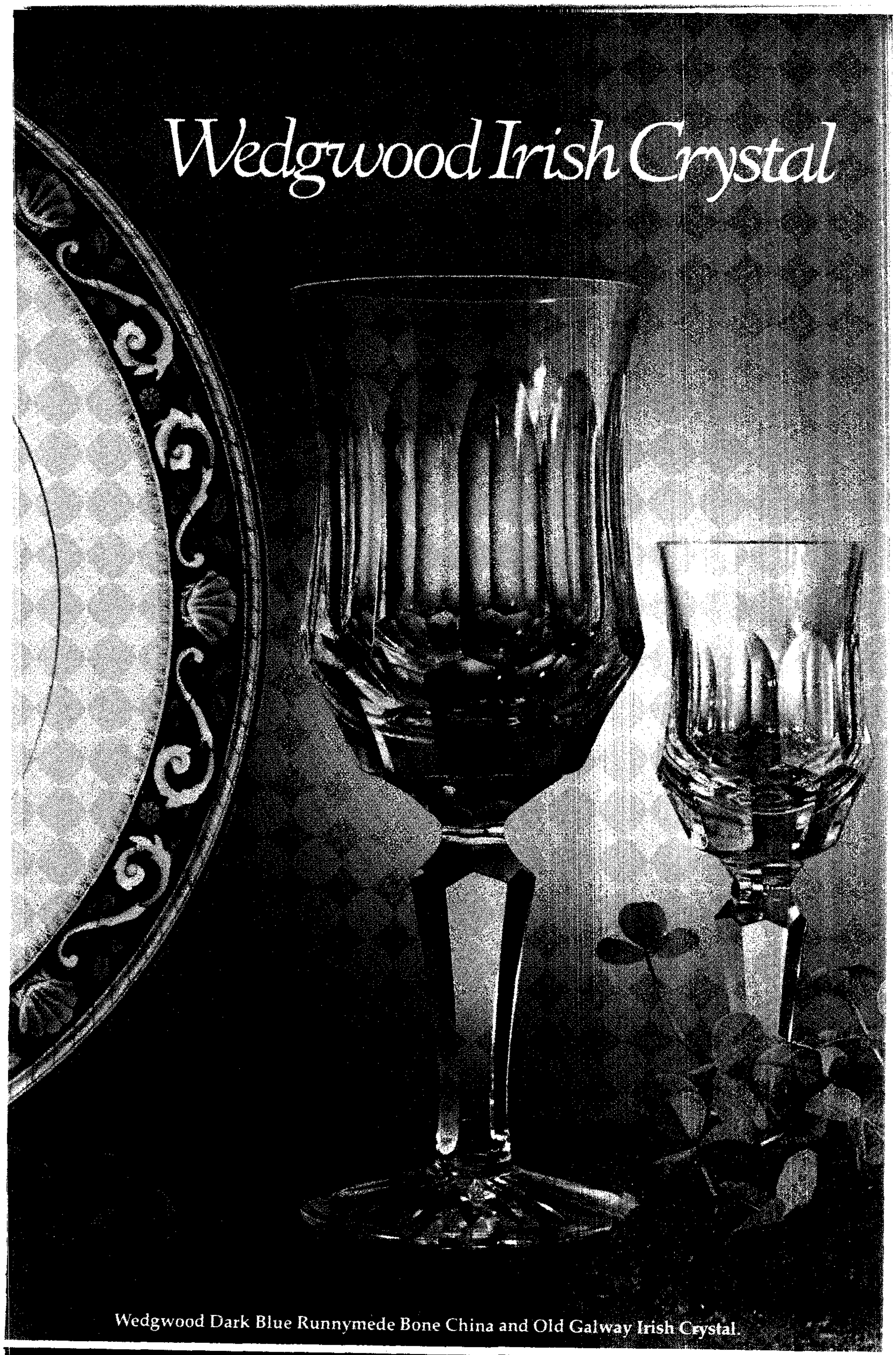

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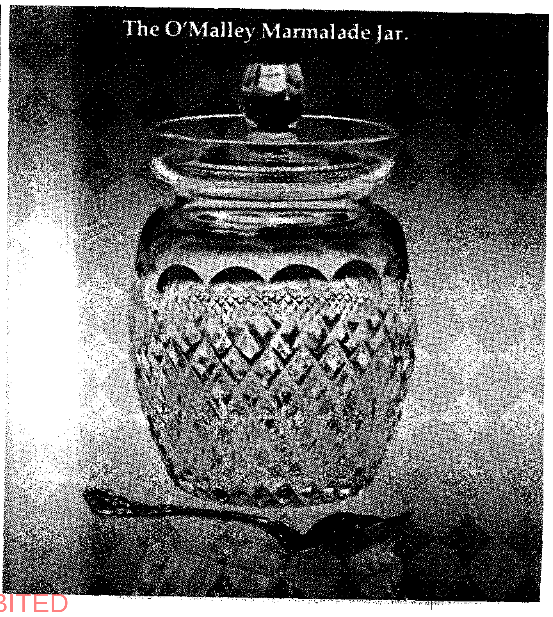

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In the spring of 1973, Atlantic Records gave a party for Bette Midler. Ahmet and Mica had a dinner before the party. Ahmet's friend Earl McGrath was there with his wife, Camilla. Prince Lowenstein was there. The manager of a British rock-and-roll group was there. The fashionable young woman with frizzled hair was there. Another guest was a South American man of about fifty who had that European manner which only rich South Americans know. The South American man described his family to Prince Lowenstein. His family, the South American said, could claim a number of titles. His family, the South American said, was one of the few in Latin America listed in the *Almanach de Gotha*. "I've never used any title," the South American said, "except a Jewish one that I think is amusing."

"That's grotesque," said the girl with the frizzled hair.

The manager of the British rock-and-roll group gave Ahmet a cricket bat. "I am very close to that boy," Ahmet said. "I like him very much. At one point, I thought he was—well, a crook. I mean, he did in fact sell positions on the British charts. He was very clever about it, actually. He had a friend who worked for a computer company, and he gave the chart people a little tour of the computer company on a Saturday, when the real computer people were off, and he pretended he worked for the computer company, you know, and he told the record-chart people that the computer company had been doing some record charts as part of a project, and from then on the chart people began calling him up to get the computer's chart results, and, of course, he gave them the names of some records he was being paid to promote. You know what? He's a terrific manager. I think he's terrific."

AFTER dinner, there were several limousines to take people to the party for Bette Midler. Prince Lowenstein got into a limousine with Ahmet, keeping some distance from the South American. The South American waved at Prince Lowenstein as Lowenstein got into the limousine. "*Almanach de Gotha!*" the South American shouted.

"Exactly!" said Prince Lowenstein.

"You know, twenty years ago he was the most amusing man in New York," Ahmet said as the limousine pulled away. "I mean, I could tell you the names of the people who were his friends. . . ."

Ahmet and Prince Lowenstein picked up Mick Jagger at the St. Regis before going to the party for Bette Midler. Mick Jagger got into the front seat with the driver. Mick Jagger and Ahmet began to talk about boxing in Turkey.

The party for Bette Midler was held at a place called the Café Russe—then the tenant of a bad-luck property in the East Fifties where restaurants and night clubs came and went. At the Café Russe, Mick Jagger was the main attraction. People crowded around him in an alarming way. Bette Midler was in the back of the room, receiving people. There was a crowd around her, too. Soon enough, Ahmet and his guests were back outside by the limousines. Everyone agreed that it would be more amusing to go to El Morocco than to stay at the Café Russe. Ahmet and Mick Jagger and Earl McGrath and the girl with the frizzled hair got into the first limousine and set out for El Morocco. When the car arrived at El Morocco, Earl McGrath asked if they didn't require a coat and a tie there. Everyone agreed that they did require a coat and a tie. Mick Jagger, it was impossible not to notice, was not wearing either a coat or a tie. It was agreed to go instead to Le Club, where certain celebrated people could come as they pleased.

"How do we let the other cars know that we're not going to be at El Morocco?" Earl McGrath asked.

"Someone has to stay and tell them," Ahmet said. "I'll stay."

"Let the driver stay," Mick Jagger said.

"Who'll drive?" asked Ahmet.

"I'll drive," Mick Jagger said.

The driver got out. Mick Jagger got into the driver's seat and took the car abruptly into traffic.

"Jesus," said the girl with the frizzled hair. "What a way to die."

Earl McGrath turned to Ahmet. "If you were Leonard Chess, he'd drive for you all the time," McGrath said.

"He's not Muddy Waters," Ahmet said. "He's just one of those white imitators."

"If you were Leonard Chess, I'd crash," said Mick Jagger.

"Jesus," said the girl with the frizzled hair.

"It's true," McGrath said. "Leon-

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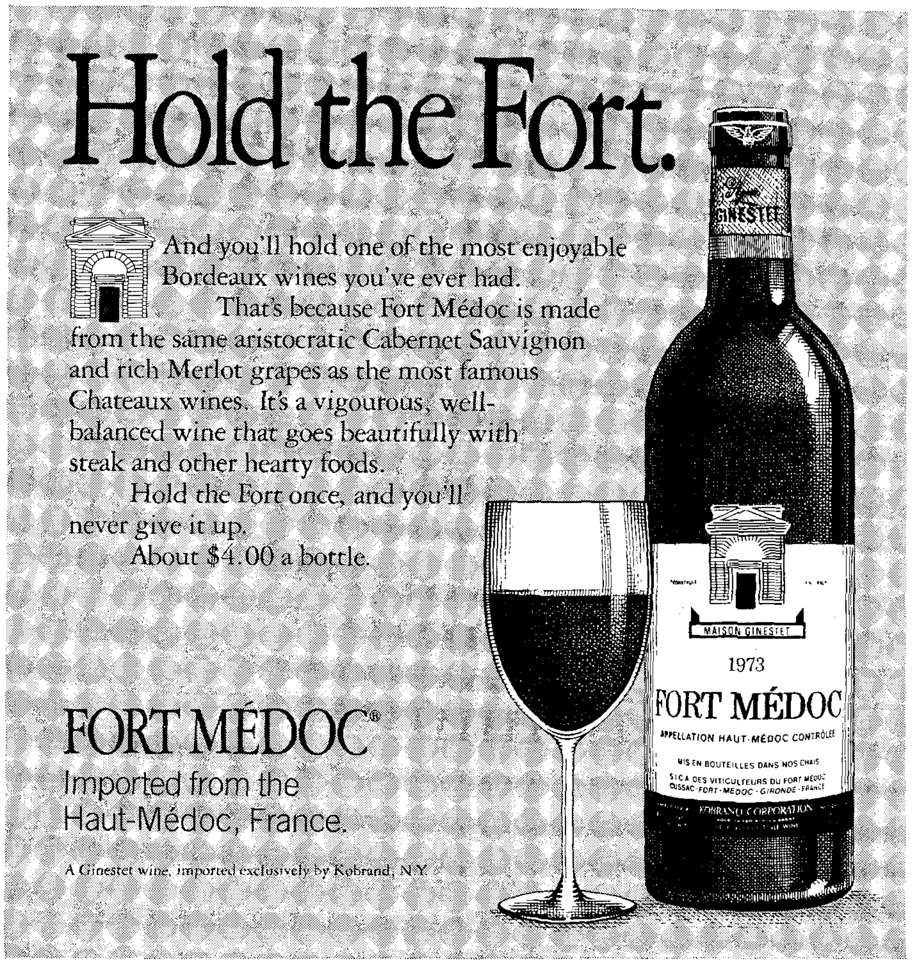
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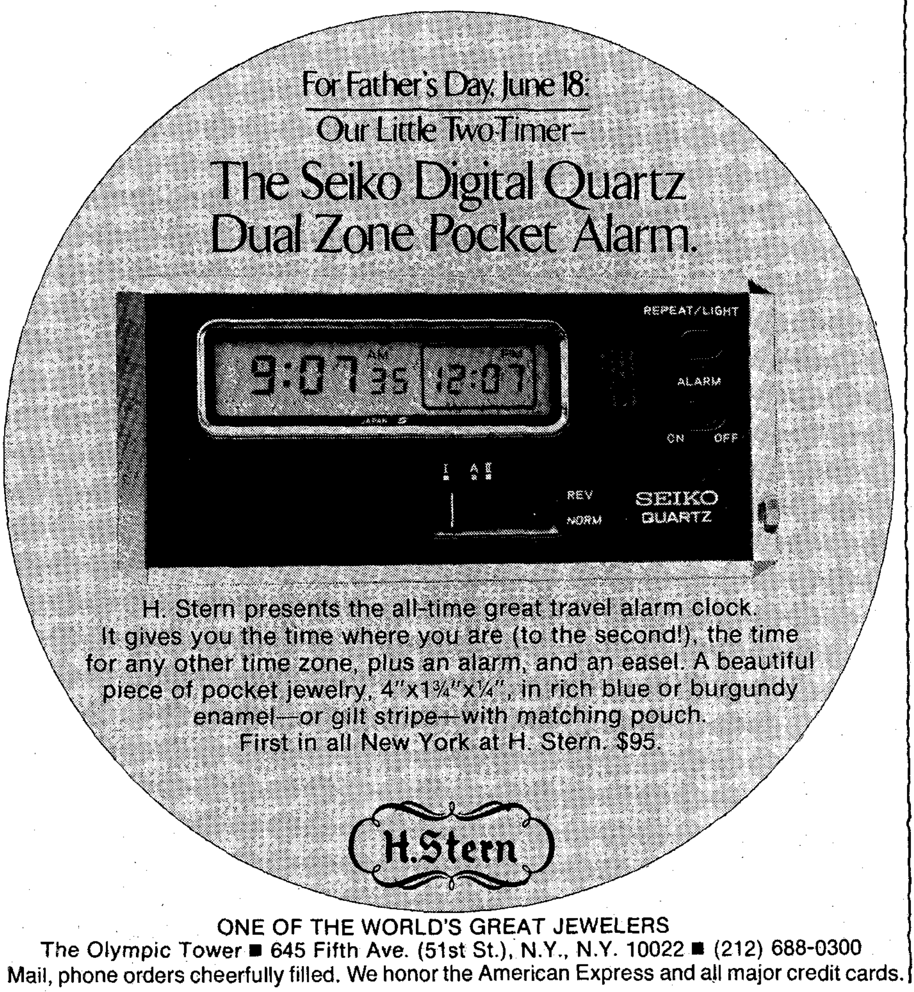
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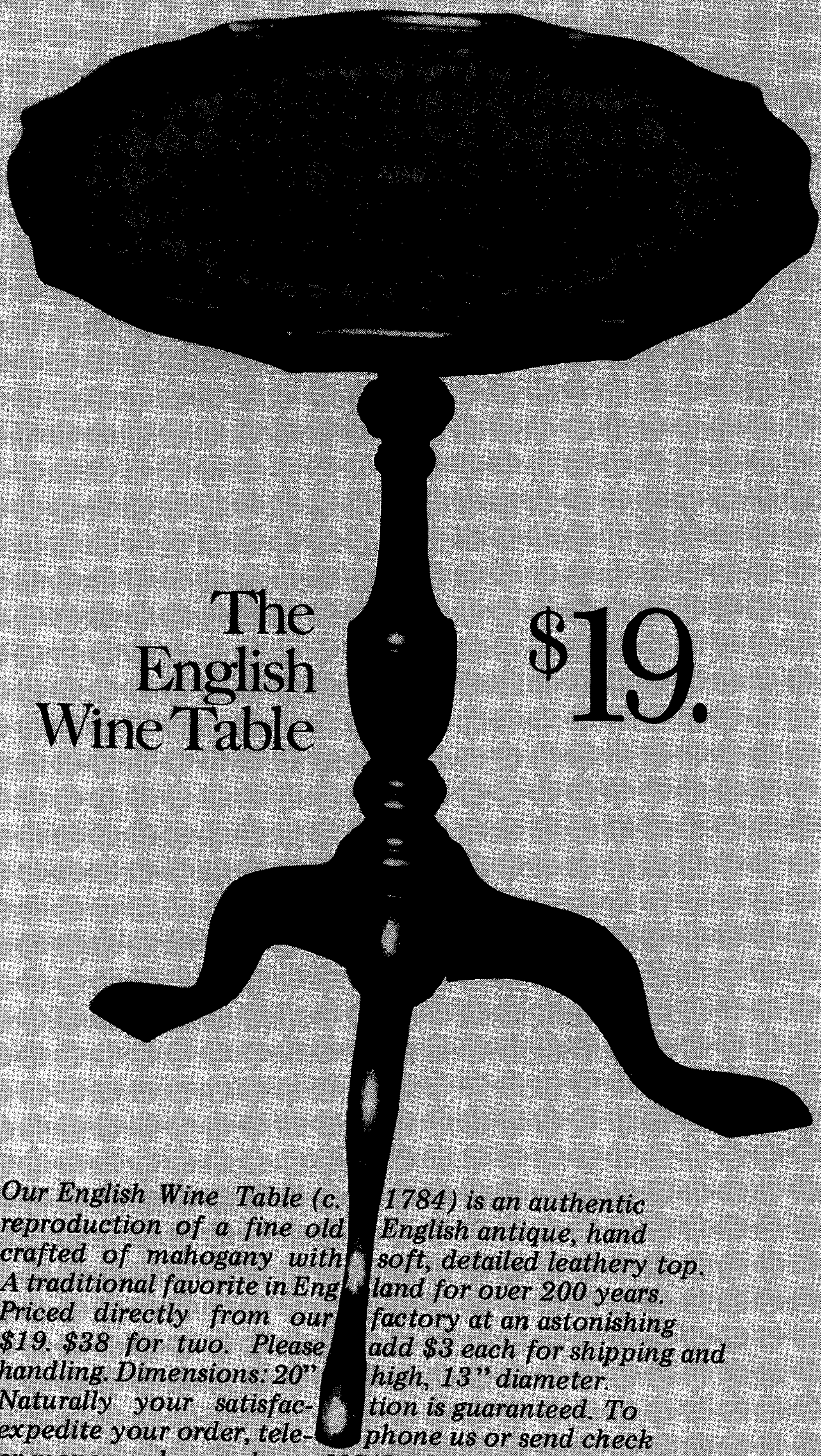
ard Chess used to have Muddy Waters drive for him between recording sessions."

"Jesus," said the girl with the frizzled hair. "What a way to die."

I WENT *to a dinner at the house of* Jerry Wexler. At the time of this dinner, Jerry Wexler lived in an elaborate penthouse apartment on Central Park South. The apartment had been decorated by Mica Ertegun. Jerry Wexler, who is a large, expansive man with a graying beard, was at this moment second in power to Ahmet at Atlantic Records, but he did not see Ahmet as often as he had in the past, and he did not see him at all socially. "Ahmet sees only two kinds of people—social people and morons," Wexler said seriously. He paused. His voice changed. "And I ain't either one." He moved his shoulders in a jaunty way that was reminiscent of the jaunty way Ahmet sometimes moves his shoulders. He had assumed a black inflection just slightly more emphatic than the black inflection Ahmet sometimes assumes.

The area of Wexler's power at Atlantic Records at the time of this dinner included most particularly the recording of black music. There was an interesting distinction to be made between his interest in black music and Ahmet's. Both men had an appreciation of black musical and social forms which significantly outran the knowledge and instinct of other white men in the business, but although the two men could react as one man when they were confronted by any strong, incontrovertible excellence, it turned out that in the absence of any such special excellence what Ahmet most enjoyed in black music was paradox and anomaly and incongruity and excess of style, while Wexler sought instead evidence of that unspoiled energy which, taken together with eccentricity of expression, can be perceived as *honesty*. The separate aesthetics of Ahmet Ertegun and Jerry Wexler had difficulties that perfectly shadowed their outlines in the world. To the extent that their aesthetics converged, they shared a difficulty—the difficulty experienced by all white men who seriously interest themselves in black music: that at times they felt excluded from the deepest secrets of the enterprise and at other times they were deeply, deeply bored, and afraid that there were no secrets to learn and nothing to be included in. To the extent that their aesthetics diverged, they experienced separate difficulties. Ahmet's interest in paradox and anomaly and incongruity had led him very far into artifice and contrived juxtaposition, until there was serious doubt whether there was raw material enough left in the music to satisfy his interest. Jerry Wexler's interest in unspoiled energy and eccentricity of expression led him to actively seek what cannot be actively sought but only welcomed.

Atlantic Records had been at the center of two remarkable moments in the history of black popular music. One of these moments—in the middle nineteen-fifties, during which artists like Ruth Brown and Joe Turner and the Clovers and Ray Charles had helped to establish the outlines of rhythm-and-blues music and of rock and roll—had been shared by Ahmet and Jerry Wexler. The other—in the middle nineteen-sixties—belonged to Jerry Wexler alone. During the sixties, at a time when the company's original burst of energy in the black marketplace had diminished, Wexler had superintended the careers of a new group of black artists, whose records defined a sound—rougher, more rural, more Southern, more like the simple blues, but no less fully "arranged" than the music that had brought Atlantic to prominence in the nineteen-fifties—that came to be called soul. (The term "soul music" has been used to define black popular music generally, but its most useful definition encompasses only the less urban black music of the sixties, which was also called "the Memphis sound." The term "soul" is not usually applied, for instance, to music recorded by Motown Records, in Detroit. Motown Records had control, during the nineteen-sixties, of the more urban, more nervous trend in black music—a trend opposed for a while by soul music. Atlantic music during the nineteen-fifties, of course, had had the jittery urban quality that marked Motown Records in the sixties. During the last two decades, the nervous urban trend has consistently been the more significant—the simpler, more rural trend nearly always coming as a temporary reaction.) Some of these artists, like Otis Redding, were recorded on the Stax and Volt labels, which had a distribution agreement with Atlantic. Others were under direct contract to Atlantic and under the direct supervision of Jerry Wexler. Among the artists who worked most closely with Jerry Wexler were Wilson Pickett and Aretha Franklin. With Aretha Franklin, especially, Jerry Wexler did work sufficiently fine to justify the reputation of Atlantic as a company attentive to excellence in black music. Aretha Franklin had recorded for a number of years for Columbia, where her genius had been recognized but where no material appropriate to her genius had been giv-



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en her. In her first session at Atlantic, Jerry Wexler gave her a song called "I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You." This song (rougher, more rural, more Southern, more like the simple blues, but no less "arranged" than the songs she had recorded for Columbia) established a Voice for her and a presence in the commercial marketplace. Later songs confirmed her reputation as the most significant black voice of the time and Jerry Wexler's reputation as the most significant white man making black music.

In his library (a small room with large windows facing north across Central Park), over an impressive sound system, Jerry Wexler played tapes of some music he had recorded with Ahmet during the early years at Atlantic. He played a song by Professor Longhair called "Tipitina." "He didn't have any material," Jerry Wexler said. "We just told him, 'You know, just play tee-nah-nah, do something like that.' And so he made up this song. These lyrics have become endowed with great authority with the passage of time. We just wanted some off-the-wall stuff, some of that *swamp* music." Jerry Wexler listened to "Tipitina." "It was different in those days, when we were making records together. Ahmet wasn't out to impress anyone, because there wasn't anyone to impress." He shut off the tape machine. "Everyone sees this company as some whole, unstoppable mushroom, but there were times when things were bad. And when things were bad Ahmet was the most standup person you ever knew. And *uptown*—Ahmet *uptown*, man, was something."

Jerry Leiber was in the library. Jerry Leiber, with his partner, Mike Stoller, had written and produced (with the Coasters and the Drifters, especially) important hit records for Atlantic in the past. At a certain moment, Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller had been the most productive of Ahmet's subordinates. Jerry Leiber made reference to Ahmet's protégé David Geffen, who, by this time, had made a large success of Asylum Records, a company he had founded in partnership with Atlantic. Wexler said with some irony, "David seems to be acting as sort of a *spokesman* for the whole conglomerate."

Jerry Wexler left the room for a moment and returned with a tape. He put the tape on the machine. It was a tape of a song by Aretha Franklin that was about to be released. There was evidence of her extraordinary voice, but there was evidence, also, of something close to *uncertainty*—an uneasiness that was not obscured by the powerful bravado with which she used the instrument of her voice. It was not difficult to praise her voice, but it was impossible to praise the tape.

"It's upward mobility," Jerry Leiber said. "Aretha is suffering from upward mobility." He paused a moment. "We all does it," he said, assuming a jaunty black inflection.

FOR a while, I saw Ahmet only by chance.

PRESS release from Warner Communications, June 28, 1974:

ATLANTIC, ELEKTRA-ASYLUM MERGE FIRMS: AHMET ERTEGUN, DAVID GEFFEN, JERRY WEXLER NEW CHIEFS

Ahmet Ertegun, President of Atlantic Records, and David Geffen, Chairman of the Board of Elektra-Asylum-Nonesuch Records, both Warner Communication companies, announced this week an internal reorganization under which the two record companies would merge. The new company, which will be called Atlantic-Elektra-Asylum Records, will be headed by Ahmet Ertegun and David Geffen as co-chairmen with Jerry Wexler as vice chairman....

FROM *Cash Box*, September 7, 1974:

SEE DECISION ON ATLANTIC, ELEKTRA TIES IN ONE MONTH

NEW YORK—In about a month's time the matter of the proposed merger of the Atlantic and Elektra/Asylum [companies] will be determined one way or another, *Cash Box* has learned. It's understood that execs of both companies met recently and decided on a postponement of the merger.

Then the merger was cancelled.

ATLANTIC press release, July 17, 1975:

JERRY WEXLER SIGNS LONG-TERM CONSULTANCY AGREEMENT WITH ATLANTIC RECORDS

NEW YORK, N.Y.—In a joint announcement today, Ahmet Ertegun, Chairman of the Board of Atlantic Records, and Jerry Wexler, Vice Chairman, advised that Wexler has signed a new and extended contract under which he will serve as consultant to the label. At the same time, it was stated that Wexler has resigned as Vice Chairman effective August 1, 1975....

Ahmet Ertegun stated: "It is with great reluctance that we forego Jerry's daily services as one of the great working executives in our industry, but we understand his inclination to delve into new areas of activity and interest...."

ONE afternoon in 1975, Jerry Wexler said, "Ahmet says that we're going to have a party. 'We have to have a party at my house,' he says.

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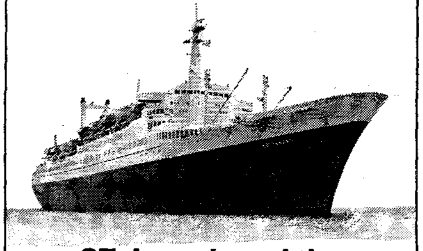

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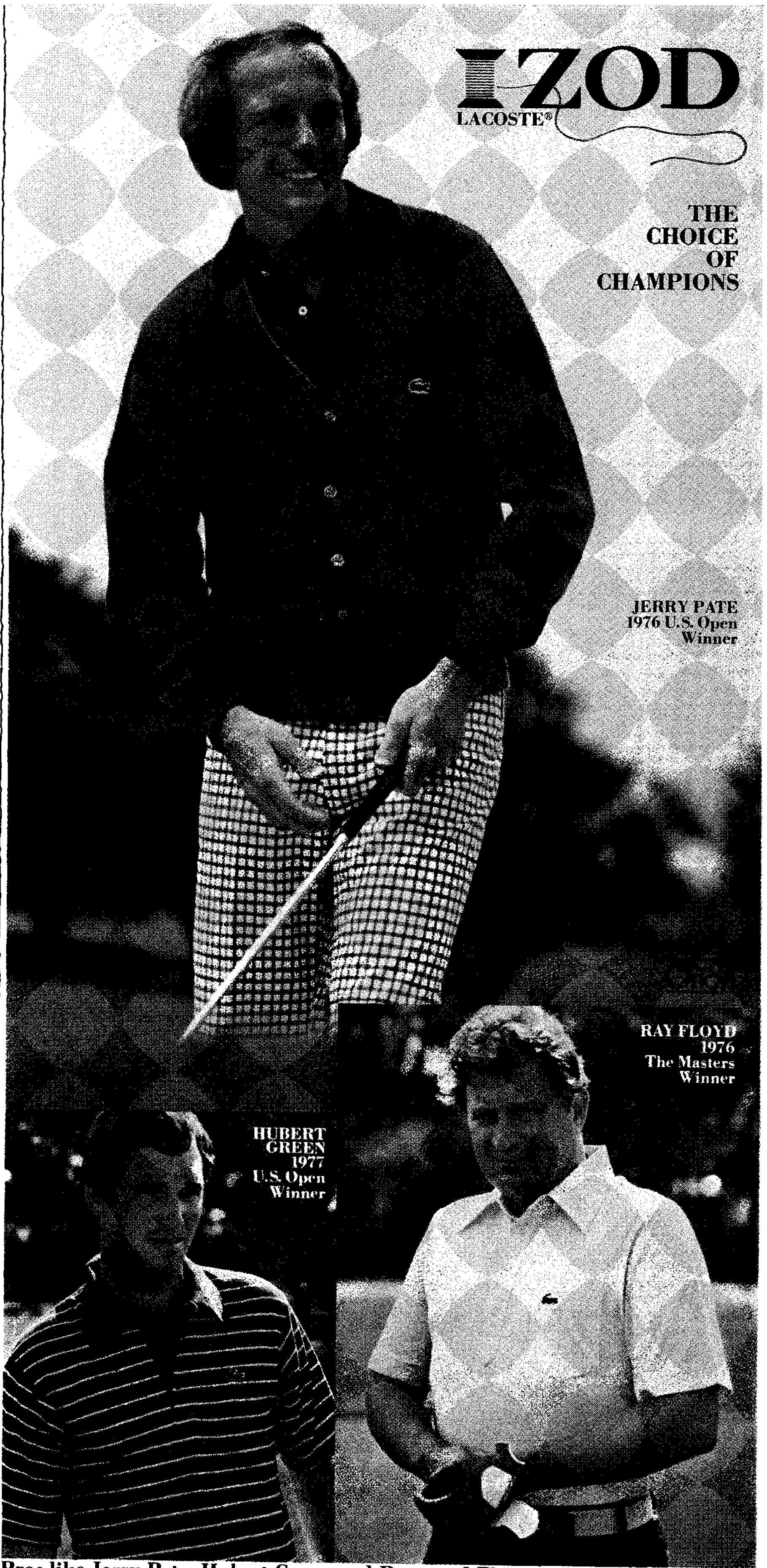
I think he means it when he says it, you know. I think they should put that on Ahmet's tombstone—'He Meant It When He Said It.' "

THERE was a brief vogue for David Geffen. David Geffen was seen with Cher. David Geffen went shopping with Cher. David Geffen shared a cover article in *Esquire* with Cher. "Who's Man Enough for This Woman?" *Esquire* asked. David Geffen struck out on a new career. He left the record business and went to work for Warner Bros.-Seven Arts, Ltd. It was rumored that his first project would be a movie with Warren Beatty that would be very explicit sexually. Later on, David Geffen broke up with Cher and Cher began to go out with Gregg Allman, and Ted Ashley came back to work at Warner Bros.-Seven Arts and couldn't get along with David Geffen and so David Geffen left. (Later still, David Geffen accepted a Hoyt Fellowship at Yale, lecturing about the music business while he looked at his options.)

ENTRY IN A DIARY: Went to party in Beverly Hills given *by* Ahmet *for* the Rolling Stones *at* the house of Diana Ross. One of the new, triple-barrelled parties. The Duke of Bedford invites you to a dinner for Lauren Hutton at the home of Billie Jean King. Triple-barrelled parties always for the press in the end. Never really convincing. Diana Ross's house almost all tennis court. Every inch of land cleverly arranged for a leisure activity. Backgammon inside. Diana Ross wearing a caftan. "I've spent the whole day with the guest list," Diana Ross said. The force of aspiration makes things right sometimes. Sometimes not. At some point, doubt begins to creep in and spoils the simplicity of the aspiration. Diana Ross and the Supremes. Who could fault the aspiration of the *Supremes*? "Supreme" being a nice word. "I've spent the whole day with the guest list" leaves a little room for doubt, and for quarrels.

Nothing happened at party. Juxtapositions simply not possible in Beverly Hills. Berry Gordy there. Berry Gordy, head of Motown, responsible for the best nervous music. Has left Detroit for Los Angeles. Wearing madras jacket. Unknown quantity when he was in Detroit. Out of range of Ahmet. Everyone. Maybe *ahead* of Ahmet, everyone. Ahead no longer. Unknown no longer. Madras jackets well understood by Ahmet. Ahmet has better jackets.

Most interesting person was Bianca



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Jagger. Carried a little cane. Her aspirations a little tougher, cut a little higher.

Ahmet talked with Berry Gordy. Their first meeting. Ahmet told Berry Gordy that he thought Motown had made the great music of its time. Berry Gordy told Ahmet he only sought to emulate Atlantic. Very courtly.

I SAW Ahmet and Mica at another dinner, given for George Weidenfeld. Jacqueline Onassis was there. Ahmet talked with Mrs. Onassis for a minute. "Do you know what she said?" Ahmet said to me. "She said something was 'de*lish*.' She said it was 'de*lish*.' I love that. 'De*lish*.' "

I SAW Ahmet at a large party given by an established businessman and his wife in an expansive apartment, where they had entertained expansively for a number of years. They were giving the party because they were giving up the apartment. The apartment, which had three floors and a ballroom, bore a legible mark: not the mark of the group that established itself on Fifth Avenue before the turn of the century but the mark of the *next* rich group—the group that had established itself off Fifth Avenue, and especially on Park Avenue and Sutton Place, during the nineteen-twenties. Once they begin to decline, of course, all groups begin to seem Old Guard, and it was clear that to the people at the party this apartment was as much of another era as the James B. Duke house. In fact, the apartment stood exactly between the James B. Duke house and the most representative of contemporary apartments and houses (among which one would number the Erteguns' house on Eighty-first Street). The Duke house had been meant to establish a place within a hierarchy and had been meant to be inhibiting. It may even look a little foolish for that reason. This apartment made reference to the known hierarchy (and the known inhibitions) without coming down clearly on their side. The Ertegun house stands outside the traditional hierarchy altogether, appropriating only its luxury.

I talked with Ahmet briefly, and he told me he was very pleased, because it looked as though he were going to re-sign Ray Charles to Atlantic.

AHMET and Mica gave a dinner for George Weidenfeld at their house on Eighty-first Street. This was shortly after George Weidenfeld (who had been a knight) was created a baron. Jacqueline Onassis was asked to this dinner and went.

LAST year, Ahmet and Mica gave a dinner for fifty people in a private room at Gallagher's Restaurant, which is a restaurant with an athletic flavor. Mr. and Mrs. William Rayner were there, and Kenneth Jay Lane, and Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Eberstadt, and Andy Warhol and Maxime McKendry, and Bill Wyman, of the Rolling Stones, and Baby Jane Holzer and Rupert Lowenstein and Diana Vreeland.

Mr. and Mrs. Rayner discussed the burning, by arson, of a Canadian fishing camp where they and Ahmet and Mica had been guests the preceding spring. The arsonists, Mr. Rayner said, had come by snowmobile, spread fuel all about the house, and set it afire.

Maxime McKendry, who was once the Countess de la Falaise and is sometimes still called by that name, said that she was very tired, because she had been working on a column she was writing for a Japanese newspaper. "I've been writing about cowboys," Mrs. McKendry said. "I think the Japanese are interested in cowboys. I was a little thrown because Andy Warhol told me that cowboys have always been gay. Andy read that somewhere, I think. In any case, it confuses and clouds the cowboy issue."

Ahmet was seating the dinner. He moved with concentration from table to table. From time to time, he conferred with Mica. I went up to him. I had not seen him in some time. I was surprised, as I had been surprised before, to find that I was very glad to see him. "There is a lot to tell you," Ahmet said. "One or two amusing things. I was the chairman of the Istanbul Music Festival. And I'm an adviser to the Department of Near Eastern Studies at Princeton University." Ahmet rolled his eyes in a way that was jaunty and ironic. "And we've re-signed the Stones, and it's definite that we'll re-sign Crosby, Stills & Nash. And I think we will sign Ray Charles. You and I should have lunch," Ahmet said, turning one or two seating cards in his hands. "I mean, it's a little hard to talk . . . right now."

Later, at dinner, Mrs. Rayner told, in a simple, direct way, something of the recent history of her family as it had to do with a fishing camp maintained by them on the Au Sable River in Michigan. Her family's camp, she said, lay along a stretch of river which had been bought by the rich families of Toledo. Access to the camp had been most easy by railroad, she said—it had been possible to hitch a private car onto a train of the Ann Arbor Railroad. "My family lived in a town called Perrysburg, outside Toledo," Mrs. Rayner continued, "in a house called La Lanterne, which was an exact copy of a French hunting lodge called La Lanterne, in Versailles. During the Depression, we lost the house, and my grandmother had a difficult time. She had a German couple who were very, very loyal. My grandmother gave our camp to them, and they run it now for paying guests. I've been, and they serve quite good food." Mrs. Rayner said that her grandmother, now in her eighties, had kept her health and had recovered her fortune and is now in the process of rebuilding La Lanterne according to the original plans, but in Haiti. "Better than Perrysburg," Mrs. Rayner said. "Perrysburg is a dead town now. Completely dead."

AFTER dinner, Ahmet and Mica and their guests went across the street to Roseland, the enormous dance hall, to see the Trammps, a group of black singers who were signed to Atlantic and were popular in discothèques. Ahmet and Mica and their guests went down a long corridor and across the vast central room to a special little area (marked off by an iron rail) to one side of the dance floor. It was not easy to see the stage from this special area without standing, which most of Ahmet's guests declined to do. The Trammps, who had been together as a group for fifteen years, began their show with jabs of energy and special effects. There was smoke and something that looked like fire. They used the "power" salute of the nineteen-sixties in conjunction with their choreography.

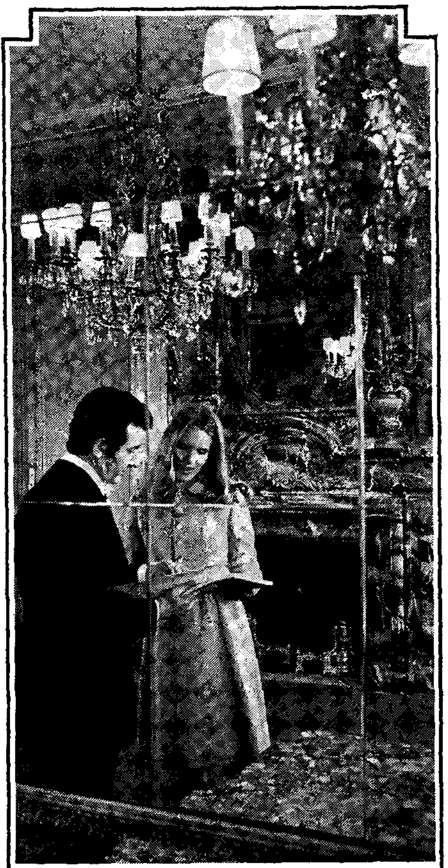
"Oh," said Andy Warhol, who, because he was standing, was able to see a large sign over the stage. "They spell it with two 'm's. I thought they spelled it with two 'a's."

"Are they black or white?" Rupert Lowenstein asked. Rupert Lowenstein was seated.

"Oh, black," Andy Warhol said.

One of the Trammps addressed the audience over a microphone. "Are you ready to disco?" he asked excitedly.

"I think we are *always* ready to



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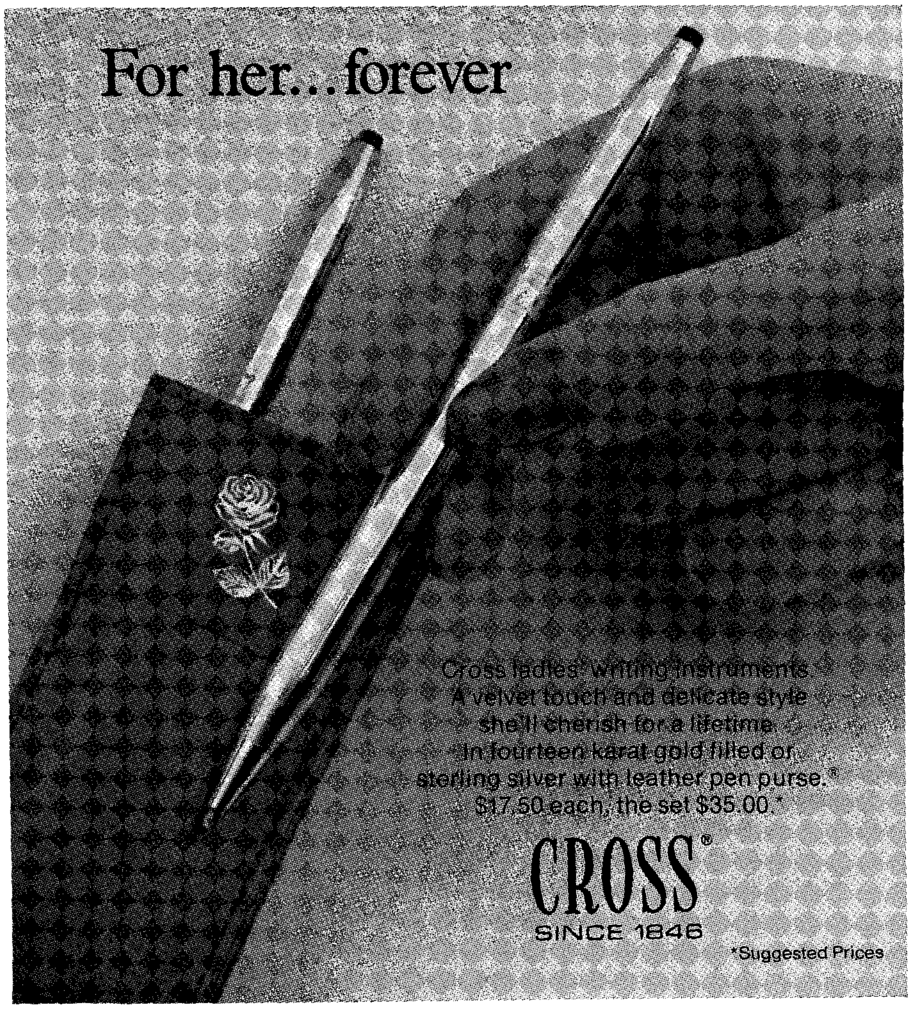

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disco," Rupert Lowenstein said in a tone of resignation.

"Oh!" Andy Warhol said. "I almost forgot to turn on my tape."

"How could you listen to it *twice*?" Rupert Lowenstein asked.

"Oh, I never listen to my tapes," Andy Warhol said.

The Trammps chanted one phrase over and over. The phrase was "Let's go—disco."

On the enormous floor, two young homosexuals danced to the music of the Trammps. They were dressed almost identically, in short-sleeved plaid shirts and olive-green Army pants bloused at the boot. Another young man wore a motorcycle suit. Another had a monkey wrench in his belt. A young black man wore tan jodhpurs, a pair of good jodhpur boots, and a modest polo shirt with an alligator on the chest. There were several black girls in espadrilles and many, many people in berets and plastic-framed glasses.

FROM *The Atlantic Weekly*, a public-relations pamphlet, May 9, 1977:

### AHMET ERTEGUN RECEIVES CONFERENCE OF PERSONAL MANAGERS' HUMANITARIAN AWARD

Atlantic Records Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer Ahmet Ertegun accepted the 6th annual Humanitarian Award from the Conference of Personal Managers East last week, presented at an exclusive luncheon in his honor at the St. Regis Roof in Manhattan.

More than 500 recording, entertainment industry, and society figures were on hand to celebrate.... Highlights during the luncheon were numerous, beginning with the acappella rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner" by Cotillion Recording artists Sister Sledge.

Among the many stars on the dais ... were Roberta Flack, Ringo Starr (with fiance Nancy Andrews), Herbie Mann, Hazel Scott, and Connie Francis. An even wider range of guests included Turkish Ambassador to the United Nations Ilter Turkmen, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar de la Renta ... Mr. Jerome Zipkin, and Mr. Mario Santo Domingo....

A highlight of the afternoon took place when Alan Gorrie and Steve Ferrone of the Average White Band made a surprise presentation to Mr. Ertegun on behalf of all the artists whose careers he has furthered over the years. In thanks, they presented him with a rare leather-bound edition of *Estampes Representantes Differents Nations du Levant*, an historically important volume of engraved plates illustrating Turkish costumes of the era, published in England in 1814.

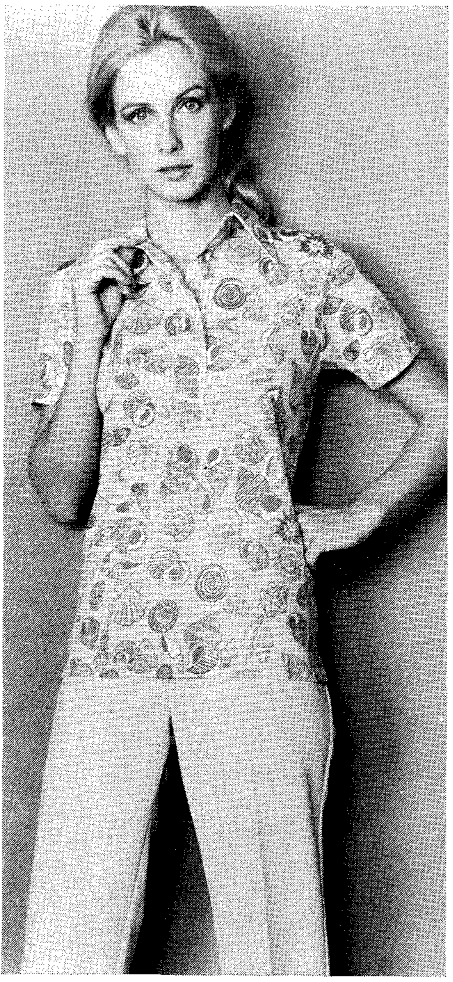
I WENT to see Diana Vreeland at her apartment. Mrs. Vreeland was going to a party at the Italian Consulate. "You know, I think it's quite remarkable about the consulates," she said. "There is something going on. I was *never* an embassy girl. Never. And now! The French! The Persians! The Italians! Of course, we all know that the wops are all over the city. Marina Schiano! Those delicious little Rattazzis! Now, you understand, I see *only* Italians. And I am constantly at the consulates—which is interesting, I think, because I was never an embassy girl. Never."

I asked Mrs. Vreeland when she had first come to know the Erteguns.

"I had them to dinner before anyone you know had them to dinner," Mrs. Vreeland said. "Ten—*more than ten*—years ago. Why? Now, why did I have them? It must have been through Chessy Rayner. But Chessy was so young then. But it must have been through Ches, whom I've known forever, of course. But why did I ask them *back*? It was the *energy*. Of course, it was the *energy*."

THEN Ahmet and I met for lunch at the Carlyle. The restaurant of the Carlyle, I was aware, reflected an important aspect of the sensibility of the moment, and reflected as well the taste of the Erteguns. I thought about an afternoon I had spent with Ahmet in his house on Eighty-first Street shortly after I first met him.

Ahmet had sat on a small gold chair in the third-floor library and gone slowly through a pile of records. The room was elegant, severe, and predominantly white. The walls were white; the sound system next to Ahmet was encased in white. On a nearby desk was a white telephone; on a nearby table was a piece of pure-white quartz. Ahmet was wearing a pair of slacks of cavalry twill and a white silk shirt. His belt was a Brooks Brothers belt of the kind that was dominant during the nineteen-fifties—narrow, elastic, blue with red stripes. Ahmet wore velvet slippers with the initials "AE" worked in at the toe (where less ambitious velvet slippers have a fox head). Ahmet, as a favor to me, played the records he most liked. First he played a record of music by Johnny Dodds. The record was new, and Ahmet was obliged to free it from its plastic wrapping. He slit the wrapping deftly with a letter opener. "It has made me sad since I was the age of twelve that I never saw Johnny Dodds in person," Ahmet said. As the record played, Ahmet imitated the sound of Johnny Dodds' clarinet. "Da da doo," he sang. "You have no idea," he said. "Dodds was not as



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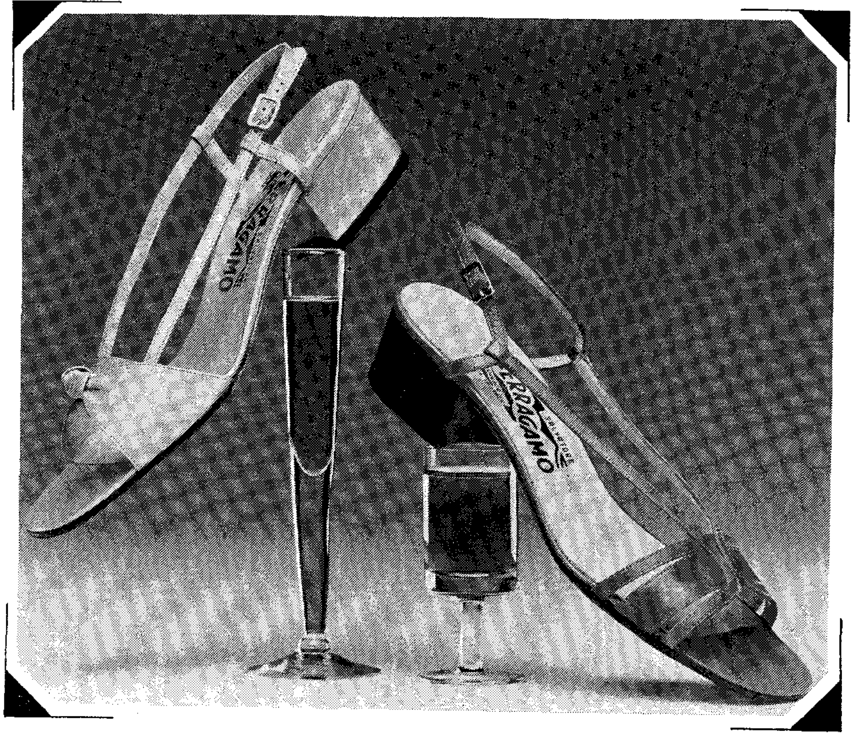

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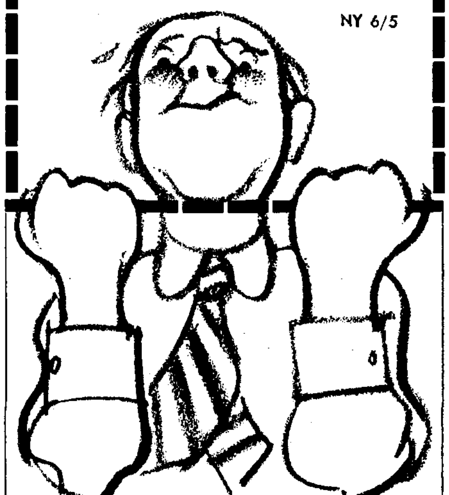

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powerful as Louis Armstrong, but in some ways he was more soulful. This record was made in 1925." Ahmet took the needle off the record and slit open another. He played a song by Lovie Austin and Her Blues Serenaders and sang with it. "It takes a brown-skin man to satisfy my mind," Lovie Austin (and Ahmet) sang. Ahmet took this record off and opened another—by the King Oliver band, with Jelly Roll Morton. "I knew Jelly Roll Morton in Washington," Ahmet said. "By then, he was already old-fashioned for blacks." Ahmet gave a moment of deep attention to Jelly Roll Morton playing with the King Oliver band. "What they are playing here is the birth of swing," he said. "Fifteen years later, Benny Goodman played that and was hailed as the King of Swing."

Ahmet played "King Porter Stomp," by King Oliver. "This was the inspiration of every white musician in Chicago," Ahmet said. "That's Louis Armstrong and King Oliver playing together. That's the greatest thing in jazz. When I was a kid, I paid forty dollars for a 78 of this song. King Oliver was elegant, damn it."

Ahmet played songs by Louis Armstrong and His Hot Seven. Then he played, just for a moment, music by Frank Teschemacher, Bix Beiderbecke, and the white jazz musicians of Chicago. Ahmet paused. Suddenly he began to talk about people who had *not* recorded, about music of which there was no record. "You used to hear these legends, you know, of people who were great. They'd say So-and-So was greater than Louis, you know, but *he never made a record.* There was a guy named Monk Hazel, who was a drummer and cornet player in New Orleans, and I went to see him in 1949 or 1950. And he used to talk about Emmett Hardy. Now, Emmett Hardy—nobody ever heard him play, right? Except Bix Beiderbecke, who was dead, and Monk Hazel. And Monk Hazel spent his life looking for old Edison cylinders on which Emmett Hardy was supposed to have played. . . . There is that thing, that possibility, about music that has been lost."

Ahmet turned back to his stack of records. He played blues by Tampa Red, Cripple Clarence Lofton, and Cow Cow Davenport, slitting each wrapping with the letter opener, finding exactly the cut he wanted on each record, playing that cut for as long as it held his interest, then going on to the next. Sometimes it was the music that held his interest; sometimes it was the lyrics. He played "Can't Get That Stuff No More," by Tampa Red. "Used to sell hair grease. Got in trouble with the chief of police," Tampa Red sang.

"It's incredible how black music stayed black when most black artists tried to be white," Ahmet said.

Ahmet shuffled through the stack of records. "You know what?" he asked. "You know who my favorite is?" Ahmet put on a record of "Songs by Fred Astaire." Fred Astaire sang "Puttin' on the Ritz," and Ahmet moved his shoulders, jauntily, with the beat.

WARNER COMMUNICATIONS made Ahmet president of the New York Cosmos soccer team. One evening, Ahmet took busloads of people out to the New Jersey Meadowlands to see the Cosmos play. People from *Women's Wear Daily* were invited. Some people on the buses were critical of Ahmet, because they thought he was exploiting his social friends to publicize his soccer team. "This group is beginning to look like Le Riffraff," a woman said who had been infatuated with Ahmet and then disappointed. There was a party after the game in a room under the stadium. Ahmet had arranged for a band—the Jazz All-Stars. Among the musicians in the band was Clarence Hutchenrider, a musician whom Ahmet has admired since he was a boy. "The first time I saw him, I was fifteen years old," Ahmet told me. "I wanted to get his autograph, but I couldn't get up on the stage to get it, so at one point they asked for volunteers from the audience to do a magic trick, or something, and I volunteered, and when I got up on the stage I went over to Hutchenrider and said, 'Can I have your autograph?,' and they kicked me off the stage. That was at the Warner Brothers Earle Theatre."

THEN Halston, the designer of loose, unstructured clothes, gave a birthday party for Bianca Jagger. This was not long after Bianca Jagger was on the cover of *People* ("Bianca Jagger: She talks bluntly about husband Mick, their love affairs and her need for independence"). Halston's party was given in his house in the East Sixties, which may be the last private house to have been built in Manhattan. The house presents a façade of smoky glass. Inside, there is a large white space, with a rail-less stairway ascending to a balcony. It is a space for the observation of poses. The party for Bianca Jagger had for its duration the air of a party still assembling. Because Halston dislikes plates and knives and forks, he did not serve dinner but provided, rather, many elaborate hors d'oeuvres. These were served by that new breed of young man who has recently taken an interest in catering and who serves food impeccably—without reference to any authority that could be perceived as inhibiting.

Diana Vreeland was there. A young man without much conversation introduced himself to Diana Vreeland as someone who was interested in sandals. "You know, that's a very interesting subject—sandals," Mrs. Vreeland said. She told a long story that involved a high official under Mussolini, the brothel at Pompeii, a tiny gold slave necklace, and, ultimately, a pair of ancient Roman sandals preserved in lava. "With just one thong," Mrs. Vreeland said. "Pulled back like *this*. I had several pairs made up for me in Capri. Later, I went to my friend Mr. Maxwell in New Jersey and he copied them. Mr. Maxwell made a lot of money from that sandal. He made so much money he *died*."

Pat Cleveland and Sterling St. Jacques were there. At first, they stayed up on a little ledge against the west wall; later, they went up to the balcony. Pat Cleveland and Sterling St. Jacques are very striking black models. Some people remark that they are the new Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Other people claim that that story began with Pat Cleveland and Sterling St. Jacques themselves. Pat Cleveland may play a part in a movie about Josephine Baker. Sterling St. Jacques wore black leather pants and a silver-and-turquoise belt.

After a while, Halston told his guests that the party was going to move to Studio 54, the new discothèque on West Fifty-fourth Street. "Bianca is going to ride a white horse with a nude man," Halston said.

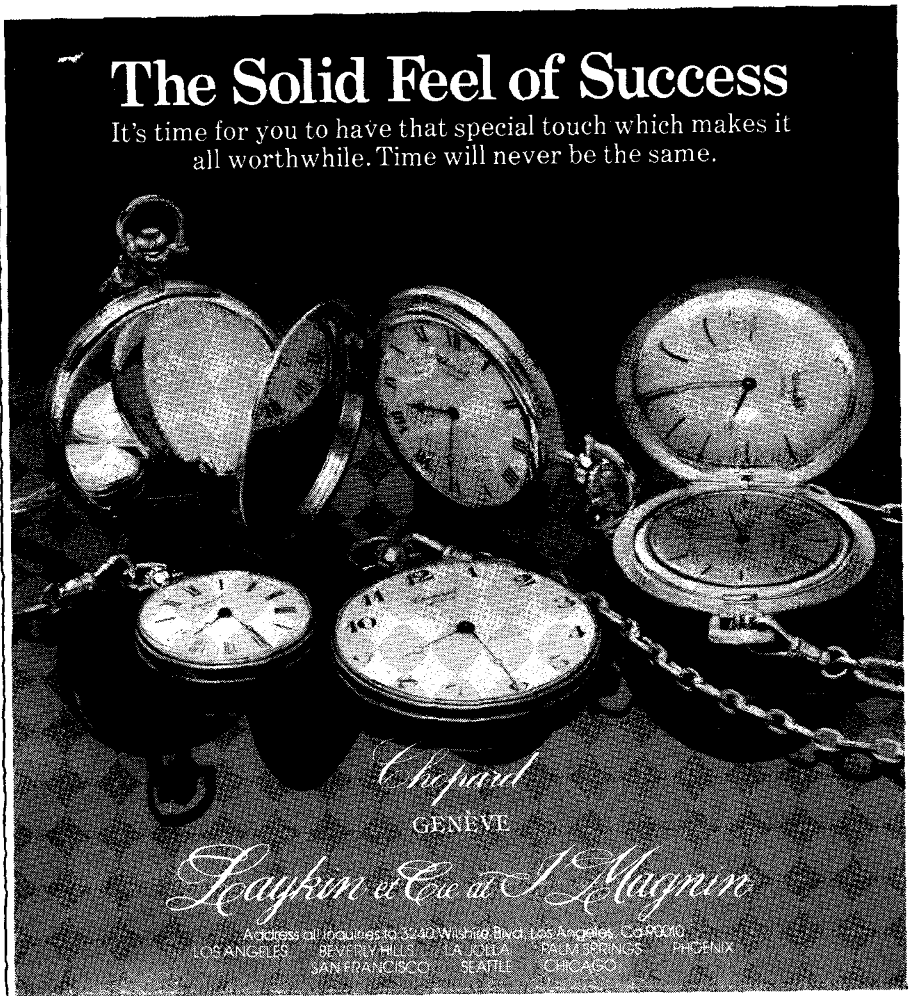
Sterling St. Jacques kissed Mrs. Vreeland twice. He told her that she had to come to Studio 54. "It's very futuristic," he said.

"Bianca is going to ride in on a white horse with two nude men," said Joe Eula, who is a friend of Halston's.

Marina Schiano, who represents Yves Saint Laurent in this country, said that she, too, thought Studio 54 was futuristic. She said that the elaborate lighting at Studio 54 constituted "an art form."

"I've never understood that—about art forms," Mrs. Vreeland said. "People say a little Schiaparelli design is an *art form*. Why can't it just be a very good dress?"

Rupert Lowenstein was at Halston's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party for Bianca Jagger, but he left early and did not go to Studio 54. Ahmet and Mica arrived late at Halston's and then did go on to Studio 54.

STUDIO 54 is one of the new breed of discothèques and is done in a style that is eclectic, reminiscent, and perverse. Studio 54 makes it a point to stress pleasure with an edge to it. The street was deserted as cars began to arrive at Studio 54 from Halston's house. Some people were puzzled and confused about the address.

Diana Vreeland, puzzled, went up to two black men who were standing near the curb drinking whiskey. She asked them if they knew where the party was.

The black men smiled. "Must be *there*," one of them said, pointing a little way down the block.

"Righto!" said Mrs. Vreeland cheerfully, and she went off down the block.

Ahmet stood with Halston in front of a silver scrim on the dance floor of Studio 54. There were sharp-angled lines on the scrim, reminiscent of the sharp-angled lines associated with the term Art Deco. In front of Ahmet and Halston, there were twelve poles clustered with lights. From time to time, these poles descended from the ceiling toward the floor and then ascended again. There was loud music. Unpleasing, contrived, eclectic, monotonous discothèque music, the last murky result of the amalgam of black and white musical motifs—the background against which the tiny dramas of white and black misapprehension are nowadays played. Ahmet, more than Halston, moved with the music, but he didn't move much. Mica got a glass of champagne. "I didn't think the white wine could be good," she said.

A woman, an intelligent and social woman who had been infatuated with Ahmet and then critical of him, sat on a banquette (formed of inflated silver elements) and watched Ahmet against the scrim. "Of course, he can't stand to be alone," she said. "And, of course, he's not at all secure. But the most remarkable thing, I think, is that there's no one he doesn't feel snubbed by. Basically, I think he loathes anything *established*, even though he will court it. Which is why sometimes he will pound a wall or make an awkward move, on purpose, in public or under a table." She paused for a moment, continuing to look at Ahmet. "The person who has his number is Rupert Lowenstein," she said. "I have watched Rupert put him

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through hoops. I remember Rupert talking about a party he was going to take Ahmet to—a really tacky party. Rupert kept saying, 'Of course, it's quite chic. Not all your guests will be able to come.' Anyone could have gone to that party."

Bianca came in on a white horse. The horse was led by a young man and a young woman who had circus costumes *painted* on their bodies. Bianca wore a red dress. She was quite remarkably good-looking.

I went to talk with Mrs. Vreeland. "The thing about Bianca is the *patrician* quality," Mrs. Vreeland said. "A little bit of this, a little bit of that—from where? Nic-a-*ra*-gua, is it? But *patrician*. Always patrician. And, of course, there is the skin. That incredible skin." Mrs. Vreeland started to leave to talk with Mick Jagger. "Mick is the most attractive man in New York when he's had one or two days' *rest*," she said.

A new scrim came down on the stage. It showed the man in the moon and a spoon. The bowl of the spoon was rimmed by lights, and so was the nose of the man in the moon. It was possibly the first discothèque scrim with a cocaine motif.

Ahmet came up to me. "What the hell are you doing here?" he asked. After a moment, he told me that his deal with the Rolling Stones had finally been settled, that it meant a lot to him that Mick Jagger would continue to be associated with Atlantic Records, that he was going to fly to the West Coast that week to re-sign Crosby, Stills & Nash, but that the re-signing of Ray Charles to Atlantic was in some doubt. "I listened to the tape he sent," Ahmet said. "We can't put out that tape."

In the end, Atlantic did re-sign Ray Charles. His album, released under the title "True to Life," peaked at seventy-eight on *Billboard's* chart and then dropped back down. The album is filled with unsuccessful songs, but one, "The Jealous Kind," is a classic song—a classic Ray Charles song, a classic Atlantic song, a song of the kind that Led the Field in Rhythm & Blues.

—GEORGE W. S. TROW, JR.

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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DEWITT, Iowa—DeWitt's Sabers may not have an overwhelming offensive basketball team, but they've outscored their opponents in every game they've won this year—five total, all in the Big Bend Conference.—*Davenport (Iowa) Quad-City Times.*

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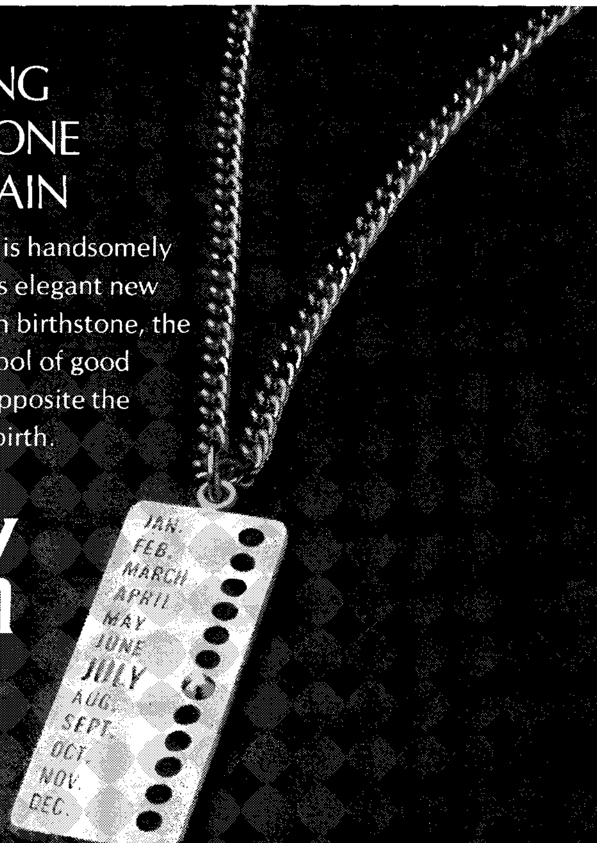

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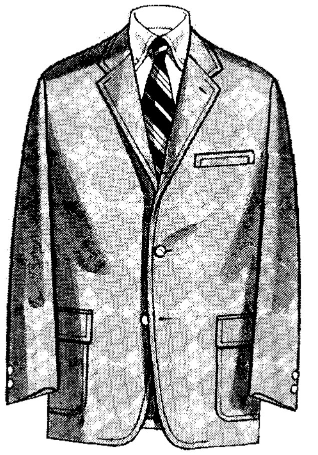

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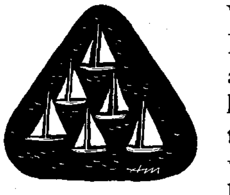
# AROUND CITY HALL

### BRAMBLEBUSH

THE Carter Administration must have felt that it was facing crises enough in this country and abroad during the past few weeks without having to send the Secretary of the Treasury up to this city to administer to a roomful of powerful New Yorkers what the *News* called "a touch of the lash." There was apparently nothing else for it, however. By direction of both the executive and the legislative branches of the federal government, numerous problems concerning changes in state law, negotiations of local labor costs, and the question of who, besides Washington, would lend the city the money to keep it going had to be resolved before action would be taken to pass the congressional bill giving the city up to two billion dollars in federal loan guarantees, thus saving it from bankruptcy for the second time in just under three years. If such an arrangement should not be in effect by June 30th, when the present program of revolving federal loans expires, the city would within a few days run out of cash to pay its bills. As the deadline grew closer, however, the news that reached Washington was that everybody up here was still busy backing, filling, dithering, and trading insults, seemingly out of touch with congressional time and fiscal reality. In February, Secretary of the Treasury Michael Blumenthal had informed the city of all the matters that New York must put in order before the Administration could assure Congress that it was appropriate to pass the legislation critical to the city's financial survival. In the same month, a unanimous report outlining a similar list of tasks was issued by the Senate Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee, which will play a key role in the fate of the legislation. Its chairman, Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire, was so exasperated by what he judged to be the city's continued dilatoriness and improvidence that he had refused even to call committee hearings on the rescue bill. "Let's not kid ourselves. Right now, so far as the city is concerned, Proxmire *is* the United States Congress," Victor Gotbaum, the executive director of District Council 37, which is the largest local municipal union, said recently. The House Banking, Finance, and Urban Affairs Committee approved the city legislation early in May, but Speaker Thomas O'Neill announced that it would not be put to the full House until there was some sign of movement in the Senate. House members would not then have to be encouraged to go on record on the side of this unpopular city in an election year if their counterparts in the Senate were going to be allowed to dodge their responsibilities entirely.



The February report from Proxmire's committee called on local officials to complete a four-year financial plan by April 1st, to line up the four and a half billion dollars in capital funds that the city will need over four years, to arrange for passage of the state legislation necessary to the funding of the plan, and for the extension of the life of the Emergency Financial Control Board, the state agency that was set up during the last local fiscal crisis, in 1975, to direct the city's financial priorities. Proxmire was especially concerned that by April 1st there should be a settlement with the municipal unions, since the terms of their contract could throw the city's financial plan out of balance. Each aspect of New York's complex assignment was tied to all the other aspects, and it was sometimes referred to as "another package deal"—for the President's Middle East program linking the sale of planes to Israel, Egypt, and Saudi Arabia was being thrashed over during the same months. There was wide agreement, however, that settling the union contracts was the place to begin.

Although most municipal employees' contracts do not expire until June 30th, those for the local Transport Workers Union ran out on March 31st, and City Hall and the municipal-union leaders all agreed that the terms won by the transit workers—who are technically state employees—would set a pattern for the local unions. But when a T.W.U. settlement was reached on that date, what Mayor Edward Koch had announced as a six-per-cent raise over two years turned out to be about a nine-per-cent raise, and it was discovered that the cost of extending its terms to more than two hundred thousand municipal employees could run to eight hundred and fifty million dollars. At that point, the Mayor disavowed any linkage between the contracts. He offered the municipal unions a six-per-cent raise, amounting to six hundred and ten million dollars, with the proviso that they agree to "givebacks" of a number of fringe benefits won in previous contracts.

Gotbaum complained that Koch had shown an utter lack of sensitivity to the feelings of the non-transit workers and had "challenged their manhood." A few days later, apparently having been accused of a certain insensitivity himself, Gotbaum said that Koch had "challenged their personhood." On being asked early in April if there was any possibility that the city would come up with more money than the six hundred and ten million, the Mayor said, "No. No. No. No." That continued to be his message. All negotiations ceased. Jack Bigel, the financial consultant to most of the municipal unions, commented, "Clausewitz once defined peace as the absence of war. I suppose you could say we're at peace." (One of the problems that management may face in dealing with a leader of today's labor proletariat is that he will sometimes quote a source that management will have to go and look up.) The Mayor said that the unions would have to come around eventually, because not to do so would be "self-immolation." Gotbaum said that the Mayor was an expert on self-immolation. Early in May, seeing only a continued absence of action, Barry Feinstein, the head of the Teamsters' local, took off for Scandinavia, and Albert Shanker, the president of the teachers' union, took off for Europe and West Africa. This kind of news was not well received in Washington. On May 8th, Proxmire sent a letter to the *Times* noting that not a single one of the specified prerequisites to the federal legislation had been taken care of.

Two days later, Secretary Blumenthal, temporarily abandoning such problems as inflation, tax reform, and the fall of the dollar on the international market, took the shuttle up to New York. Here he met with a group that included Mayor Koch, Governor Hugh Carey, most of the top city and state officials, among them the majority and minority leaders of the State Assembly and the State Senate, all the important union leaders who were still in town, and the board chairmen or heads of many of the city's largest financial institutions. This last contingent of invited guests included Walter Wriston, of Citibank; Ellmore Patterson, of Morgan Guaranty; and David Rockefeller, of Chase Manhattan. The group of about fifty (the principals took their aides along) had been summoned to the office of the local head of the Federal Reserve Bank, on the tenth floor of the Federal Reserve building, at 33 Liberty Street. One of those on hand

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said later that Blumenthal had "read us the riot act." The conditions were in fact the very opposite of those covered in the British statute, which allows any justice of the peace, sheriff, or mayor of a town to read the terms of the 1714 Riot Act to any twelve or more persons unlawfully assembled who fail to disperse. The purpose of the Secretary of the Treasury, of course, was to persuade the New Yorkers in the room to assemble lawfully and somehow work things out. He reminded them that there was little congressional enthusiasm for helping the city, that it often took months to get legislation through Congress, and that if no solution was reached by June 30th he did not know what could be done about New York's future finances. The prospects, he said, were bleak indeed.

The Mayor and the Governor sat on either side of the Secretary, and while Blumenthal was speaking Carey, who had been staying aloof from the current crisis, apparently in response to election-year complaints of upstate voters that he thinks only of the problems of his native city (he was born and raised in Brooklyn), reached around behind Blumenthal and handed the Mayor a note. The Mayor's public position had seemed to be that there was no hurry. Possibly, he had feared that if he admitted any critical time element the unions would think they had him over a barrel and would increase their demands. (A few weeks ago, in fact, he suggested to Congress that it go ahead and formally pass the federal-loan-guarantee legislation. Then, he said, Congress could always call the whole thing off if its members didn't like the terms of the city labor settlement.) Carey's note asked if a deadline could be set. After some consultation among the Mayor's people, a note came back suggesting midnight on May 20th. When Blumenthal had finished speaking, the May 20th deadline was proposed, and Blumenthal went around the room asking each of the major figures there whether it was plausible. Although months had gone by with no visible progress of any kind, each of those in the group—essentially the power structure of a mighty city and state, each member pathetically grateful that someone was finally taking charge—answered that it was plausible, though a few added "in principle." In a moment of exuberance, Bigel suggested that if someone would lock the door and all present would stay where they were, the labor settlement would fall into place in a few hours. Blumenthal said, however, that the problems were local ones, with which he could not be involved, and that anyhow he had to get back to Washington. Before he left, he put in a call to Proxmire, and the Senator agreed to start holding committee hearings on May 24th if the city could get its package deal straightened out by the agreed-upon deadline. But as the days passed, there were no encouraging new developments; instead, some new obstacles cropped up. At the end of that week, Felix Rohatyn, the Lazard Frères partner who is head of the Municipal Assistance Corporation—the state agency set up in 1975 to sell the bonds that no one would any longer buy directly from the city—remarked to Lee Dembart, of the *Times*, that Blumenthal's meeting here had brought about a euphoria that concealed the difficulty of finding the necessary solutions. "Sadat went to Jerusalem, and they're still negotiating," he said. "Blumenthal came here, and the problems remain."

ADDED to the problems here was the effect that the continued local disarray was bound to have on those members of Congress from other parts of the country who are either actively hostile toward the city or indifferent to its fate. New York's inability to settle the questions that it had been informed months earlier must be settled

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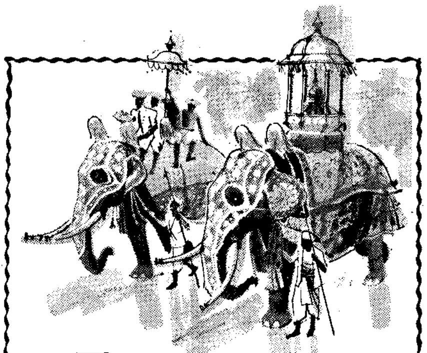
could only reinforce a view of the city as a hopeless mess, better left to flounder about on its own. None of the city's non-friends in Washington, it was clear, had been won over by Mayor Koch's statement at a House subcommittee hearing this spring that Congress must help out here because "New York is not a problem. It is a stroke of genius!"—a line borrowed from his inaugural address. There was some hope that the city might benefit from the New York delegation's new policy of occasionally voting for the special interests of other members of Congress, such as farm-price supports and Western water projects, on the theory that next time there would be trade-off votes that would help the city—a game whose simple rules, some claimed, the self-centered New Yorkers in time past had not grasped. So far, members of Congress from the Sun Belt have shown no signs of being impressed by the argument, urged upon them by New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, that generations ago, when the nation's wealth was concentrated in the Northeast, vast amounts of the taxes paid by residents of this area, including then prosperous New York City, were expended to improve the lot of the Dust Bowls and Tobacco Roads of America, and that now, when the geographic center of national wealth has moved southward and westward, a little reciprocation is in order from those living in the newly affluent territories.

Fortunately, some local citizens are in a position to remind the country's President that in the days when he was lining up local votes for the Democratic Presidential nomination he mentioned this aspect of American history and his hope of repaying the historic debt. In a speech here in June of 1976 before members of the New York State Democratic Committee (two other Presidential candidates, Arizona's Representative Morris Udall and California's Governor Jerry Brown, spoke after him, and both received much bigger hands), Carter referred to the recent economic troubles of the Northeastern states and to the difference that the policies of President Franklin D. Roosevelt—"who had been your governor"—had made to the Carters and other Southern families in the Depression years. "I hope if I become President that I can do as much to unify our nation to be as sensitive to the needs of all those who live in your area as Franklin Roosevelt was when he changed my life," he said. In "Dasher," James Wooten's biography of Carter, Lillian Carter is quoted as saying



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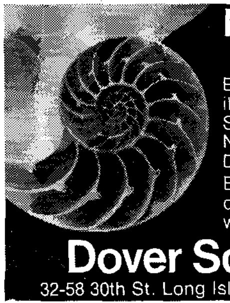

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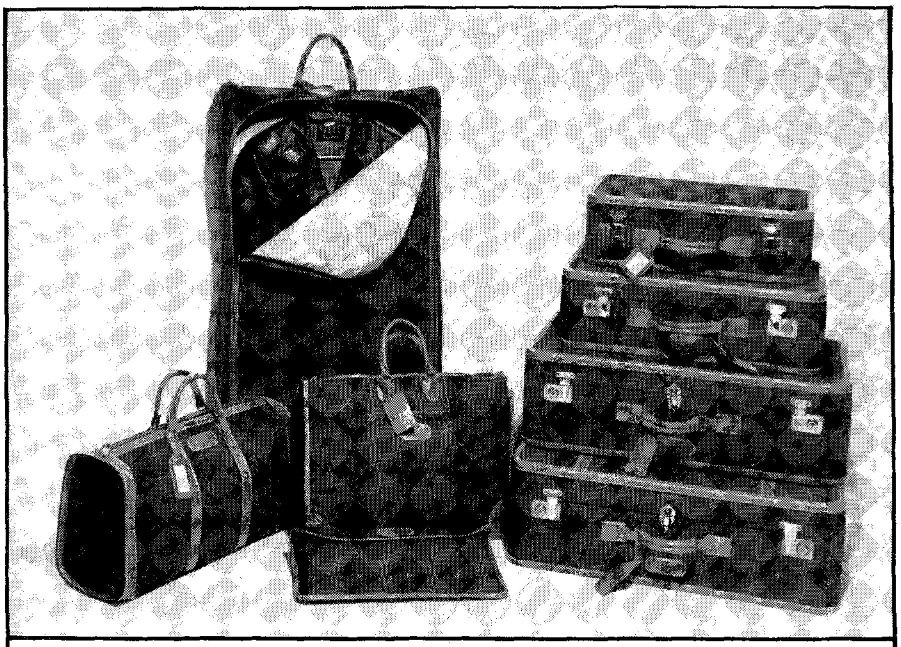
that the senior Carters had joked about naming their younger son after F.D.R., "since we both thought he was the man who had helped us out of the Depression." They chose the name Billy instead.

Carter will surely not back away publicly from his stand that keeping the city out of bankruptcy is a major priority of this Administration. Nor is he likely to renege on the promise to lobby members of the House and Senate in behalf of the loan-guarantee program once the city gets past the preliminaries. The Presidential commitment should be some comfort, for when Washington last saved this city from default—in December of 1975—it was Gerald Ford who, having concluded that telling New York, in effect, to drop dead was not a winning strategy after all, did the arm-twisting, particularly of Republican legislators, that put the bill over by a narrow margin. It can be called to Carter's attention that the failure of a Democratic President to achieve a similar result with a Congress that is two-thirds Democratic would represent a considerable loss of Presidential face. In addition, the progress of Carter's urban-aid program (about which the Administration did some considerable dithering of its own) has been painfully slow, and letting New York go under would be counted as a dramatic example of the Administration's indifference to urban Americans—whose votes, as their political leaders constantly point out, had much to do with putting Carter in the White House. The President may also be reminded that a period when he is trying in all possible ways to reassure the American Jewish community—traditionally Democratic—that his Middle Eastern package deal did not mean an end to America's "special relationship" with Israel may be no time to allow bad things to happen to the largest Jewish city in the world.

IN these past few weeks, as New York politicians made frequent public statements about the President's sacred obligation to keep the city out of bankruptcy, Carter may have noticed that the city's representatives in Congress felt no similar obligation to help the Administration in critical congressional votes—particularly those involving foreign policy. On May 3rd, the House International Relations Committee voted on a bill, strongly supported by the Administration, that would end the American embargo on arms for Turkey—an embargo imposed after Turkey's 1974 invasion of



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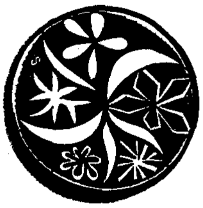
Cyprus. The proponents of the embargo, led by Representative Benjamin Rosenthal, whose Queens district includes a large bloc of Greek-Americans, had argued that, in violation of an agreement, the Turks had used American arms for aggressive purposes and had blocked negotiations for peace in Cyprus. In the recent vote, the opposition to ending the embargo was also led by Representative Rosenthal, who made the same points. The reasons the Carter Administration urged an end to the embargo were that various forms of retaliation by the Turks were interfering with American monitoring of Soviet movements and that the current decrepit state of Turkish arms made it almost impossible for Turkey to fulfill its responsibilities to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The Administration bill on the embargo won in the House committee by a single vote, but a little over a week later it was defeated by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—with the only New York member, Jacob Javits, voting against the White House. At the meeting of NATO leaders in Brussels the third week in May, Turkish representatives grumbled about the power of "the New York Greek lobby," deplored the end of what they called their country's "special relationship" with the United States, and implied that they might have to pull out of NATO. General Alexander Haig, the NATO commander, later said that the military consequences of the continuation of the embargo could be "incalculable."

The day before the House International Relations Committee voted on the Turkish-embargo bill, twenty-two of the thirty-seven committee members sent a "resolution of disapproval" to the President deploring his package deal to sell fighter planes to the Middle East. The drive to gather the signatures denouncing the President's position was led by the four New York City members of the committee: Rosenthal; Lester Wolff, also from Queens; Jonathan Bingham, of the Bronx; and Stephen Solarz, of Brooklyn. With a population of under eight million, this city is clearly overrepresented on the committee—no doubt because the issues that come before it are of passionate interest to local citizens, many of whom are only a generation or two removed from the Ellis Island experience. There are no New York City representatives on the House Public Works and Transportation Committee, which has much to do with the choosing of sites for federal construction projects around the country. A remark made last winter by Representative Solarz has often been quoted lately. "In my district," he said, "getting money for Israel . . . is the functional equivalent of getting money for a dam out West," and he acts accordingly, although his Brooklyn district could no doubt make good use of federal money for jobs, housing, crime control, or their functional equivalents. After the resolution of disapproval had been delivered to Carter, Solarz announced that it proved that the Carter jet-sale bill would not pass. The following week, an 8–8 tie vote in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee sent it to the full Senate.



Again, despite considerable negotiating by the White House in search of a compromise that Javits could accept, he voted against the Administration, and he and Moynihan were then among the leaders of the unsuccessful fight to defeat the bill on the Senate floor. Javits accused the Carter Administration of wanting "to cut the legs out" from under Israel, and Moynihan, to counter the White House contention that the Israeli government had long been dictating American foreign policy in the Middle East, said that such policy was now largely in the hands of the Saudi Arabian royal family. With the exception of Senator Abraham Ribicoff, of Connecticut, all the senators from the metropolitan area—that is, from New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut—voted against the President's plan. Ribicoff, for his part, not only called upon his regional colleagues in the Senate to face "the new realities" but, in a private meeting with them, warned them against allowing "ethnic politics" to influence the country's foreign policy. "If a senator can criticize a President, he certainly should be able to criticize the Prime Minister of Israel," Ribicoff commented after the vote. His stand was considered so revolutionary for a politician, and particularly for a Jewish senator from the Northeast, that there was immediate speculation that Ribicoff had decided not to stay in the Senate and might instead resign to accept an ambassadorship from Carter—although surely not to Israel. Not one of the thirty-seven prominent Jewish Americans who late in April expressed their distress over what they regarded as Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin's interference with the hopes for a Mideast peace that seemed so promising last November—a distress that President Carter has made it clear he shares—was a politician.

IT was just as well that during the first couple of weeks in May the city seemed to have given up actively trying to satisfy the terms Washington had laid down for the passage of the rescue legislation, since city leaders had other matters on their minds then. Prime Minister Begin's eight-day visit—his fourth to the United States in less than a year—ended May 8th. He spent four of these days in New York, and the Mayor and other local officials rarely left his side as he attacked the Carter Mideast policy at gathering after gathering. At one luncheon, at the Waldorf-Astoria, sixteen million dollars was raised for the Israeli cause—a fact that prompted a letter writer to the *News* to ask whether the same people couldn't have a similar fund-raiser for the hard-pressed city they live in. During his visit here, Begin stayed at Gracie Mansion, as what Koch, who had invited him, described as the "house guest of the people of the City of New York." No other head of a foreign state has ever been so honored.

It would undoubtedly be appreciated at the White House if, as a kind of trade-off for Carter's commitment to help the city (a move that will be seen in Nebraska, for example, as gross indulgence of big-city sinners), a few of the local Jewish politicians would feel that they could help repair the damage to the President's political prospects—and to his future ability to raise campaign funds—by publicly expressing mild opposition to the headlined charges here that Carter's plane deal destroys any hope of peace in the Middle East. (The President, of course, feels that it does exactly the opposite.) Such a gesture seems unlikely, however. Even before the Senate vote, California's Governor Brown, who at the moment is considered to be the Democrat with the greatest interest in challenging Carter for the 1980 Presidential nomination, took a firm stand at Begin's side. During the Israeli Prime Minister's visit to California, the former seminarian embraced Begin so warmly before a gathering of eleven thousand members of the state's Jewish community and made such a strong speech in support of Begin's position that the master of ceremonies for the event—Monte Hall, the television host of "Let's Make a Deal"—assured the Governor that, whatever his future might be in this country, "there will always be a place for you in the Knesset."

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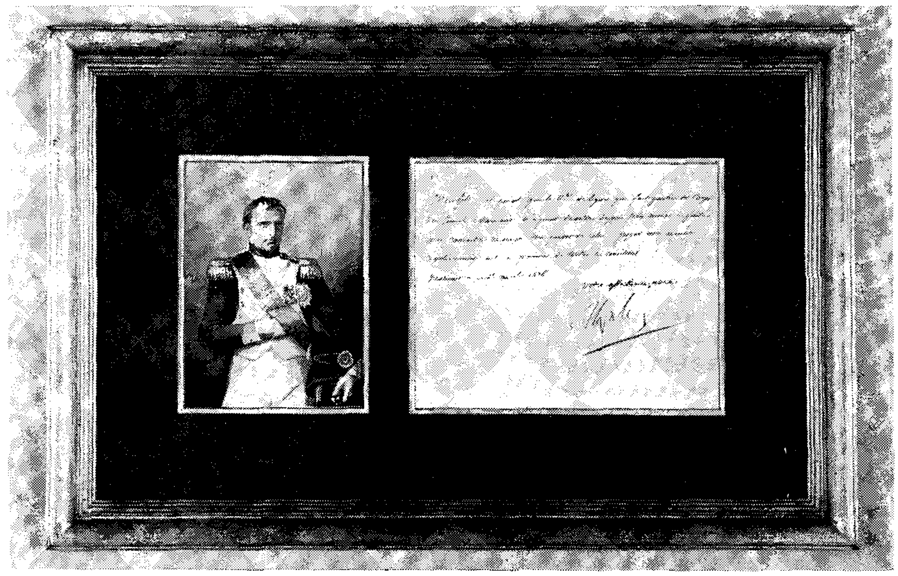

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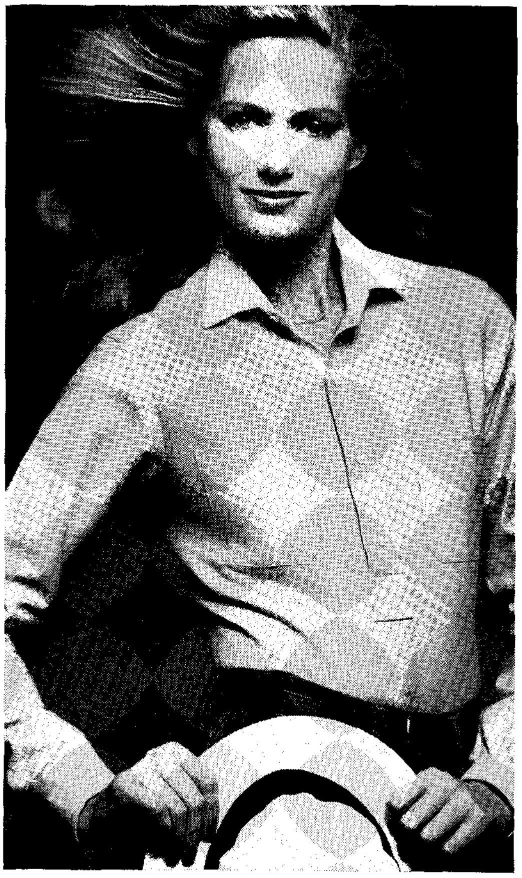

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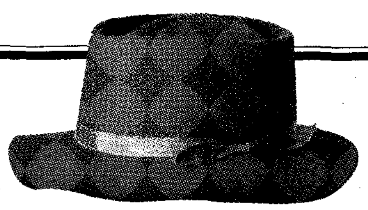

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Senator Lowell Weicker, who is thought to have some interest in the 1980 Republican Presidential nomination, delivered a speech before a Jewish group in Washington. His message (the Washington *Post* called it "disgusting") was that Carter Administration policies were based on anti-Semitism and, he implied, were reminiscent of those in Hitler's Germany. Reinforcing the Administration's impression that New York City is not where its friends are, two days after the Senate vote fifteen hundred local citizens, including some rabbis and a large number of Jewish college and high-school students, chartered a Metroliner and went down to Washington to publicly "mourn the moral death of the White House," as they described it. During a mass gathering in front of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, seven of the rabbis briefly handcuffed themselves to the fence. Before that, they had stopped off at the Capitol, where they had met with Senator Weicker and Representative William Green, of Manhattan—also a Republican—who, amid signs that read "God Forgive Us for Voting for Carter," congratulated them for their stand.

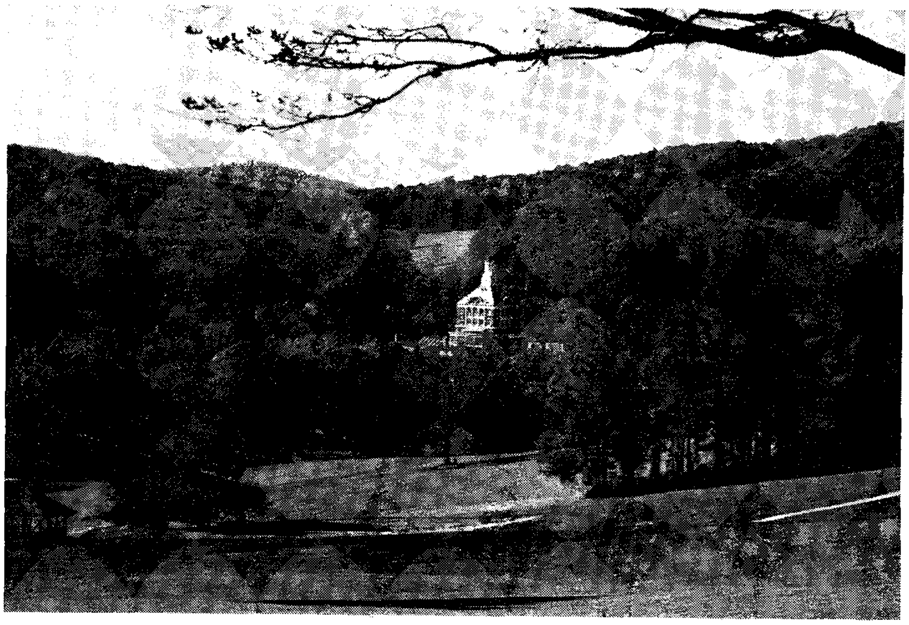
On the day after the Washington demonstration, Vice-President Mondale came to New York to address the annual dinner of the American Jewish Committee. Although he assured his listeners that the "special relationship" between the United States and Israel would continue forever, and mentioned that over the past four years this country had sent Israel ten billion dollars in arms and other aid—more than it had given to any other country—his reception was cool. The Vice-President stayed around long enough that evening to attend a fund-raising party for Representative Solarz. It was held in Manhattan. Even enthusiastic supporters of a Brooklyn congressman, it appeared, didn't want to go to Brooklyn—a problem that is not in the purview of the House International Relations Committee. The Sunday after the Senate vote on the Middle East jets (which was the day after the city failed to meet its self-imposed deadline for getting all parts of its financial package in good order for the federal government), Carter's counsel, Robert Lifschutz, was heavily booed at a rally on behalf of Soviet Jewry held at the Battery, and some in the crowd chanted "Dump Carter Now!" Immediately afterward, Republican Senator Robert Packwood, of Oregon, another likely Presidential hopeful in 1980, got loud and frequent applause as he declared that Carter was the captive of "long-standing and blatant" anti-Jewish prejudice in the State Department, and likened the jet sale to the appeasement of Hitler at Munich.

JUST before Governor Carey left the May 10th meeting with Secretary Blumenthal, he warned others in the company (whom Rohatyn had called "the parties to the play") not "to hold out to get the last inch" in the coming negotiations. "If you do, you may force the city to walk the last mile," he said. Although in May the State Legislature was unable to override the Governor's veto of the death-penalty bill, thus giving Carey what was technically a political victory, it is evident that, as is true of Carter's recent victory on his Mideast arms bill, Carey's veto of the capital-punishment bill will be the one inescapable issue in his campaign for reëlection this fall; death-penalty imagery is therefore much in the Governor's mind. Negotiations between the municipal unions and city representatives began two days after the Blumenthal meeting, but once again they went nowhere. It wasn't until May 17th that the Mayor stopped saying no and raised the city offer to an eight-per-cent increase—four per cent over each of the two years of the contract. The unions turned it down, however, and at 6 P.M. on May 20th—six hours before the deadline—negotiations were adjourned for the weekend.

By that time, the State Senate had adjourned in Albany. Two specific actions by the Legislature were essential to the readying of the city package for Washington. The municipal-employee pension funds had served as the city's bankers since 1975, and their coöperation was also being relied on in the lining up of commitments to buy the four and a half billion dollars in bonds necessary to cover the city's capital expenses for the next four years. Although the pension-fund trustees had bought city bonds in the past, they had taken the position this spring that such investments were too risky. MAC Chairman Rohatyn had suggested that instead they buy MAC bonds, which are backed by specified city revenues, including the sales tax, as well as by the "moral obligation" of the state. However, the bonding authorization for MAC, passed in 1975, had been nearly exhausted, and in order to accommodate the new arrangement and also the sale of future securities for the city's four-year plan the Legislature was asked to increase MAC's borrowing authority from five billion eight hundred million dollars to eight billion eight hundred million. Some of the union leaders then apparently concluded that it would be to their advantage not to have the MAC bonds available while contract negotiations were in progress, on the theory that seeing the threat of bankruptcy as even more imminent than everyone had feared might encourage the city to raise its wage offers. In early May, therefore, several union leaders travelled to Albany, where it is also an election year, and persuaded the lawmakers to delay the MAC legislation. This accommodation so enraged Rohatyn that he described the legislators as "pathetic" and accused them of "horsing around" with the city's survival. Though an apology was demanded, he said only that out of frustration he had lost his temper, and that he regretted this, since it was not "elegant"—although elegance has not been a prominent attribute of the city's fiscal struggle. By the time the May 20th deadline was set, the members of the Republican-controlled State Senate were taking the position that the increase in MAC borrowing authority was a threat to the financial stability of the state. This was the way things stood when, on the eve of the May 20th deadline, the State Senate quit for the weekend.

The other critical issue that remained in abeyance while the Legislature stood adjourned was the nature of the Emergency Financial Control Board that would replace the one expiring at the end of the year. The banks, supported by Blumenthal at the May 10th meeting, insisted on a board that would be empowered to keep the city in line for the life of any bonds that were sold—perhaps as long as thirty years. The unions, understandably, favored a board with a much shorter life and with far less control over what they might win at the bargaining table.

There was only one sign of progress toward meeting the long list of obligations that the city had agreed to get out of the way by May 20th. The city's commercial banks, which, contrary to the general impression, had not bought any city paper directly since 1975, had agreed on May 17th to buy half a billion dollars in bonds to help the city meet its four-and-a-half-billion-dollar goal. Blumenthal had immediately said that this was insufficient. The following day, after a group of local insurance companies and savings banks committed themselves to buying half a billion more, he noted that this, too, was far less than



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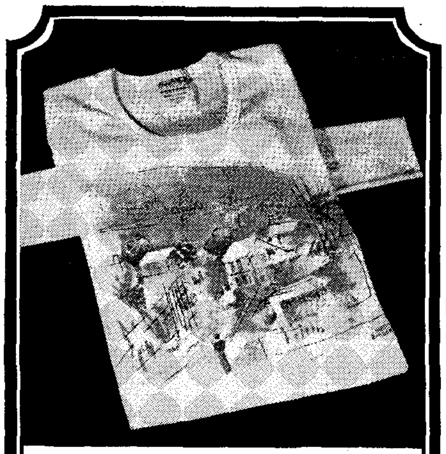

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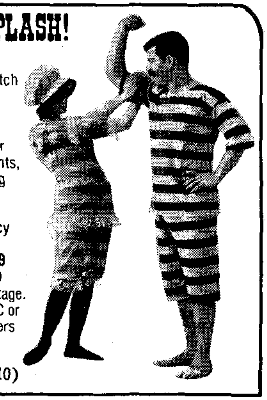

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had been hoped for. During much of the spring, Rohatyn and Blumenthal and members of their staffs had been back and forth on the phone dozens of times a day. (As it happened, to the two men working so vigorously to pull New York City through, references to Nazi tactics would not have been political abstractions, painted on waving signs. Both escaped from Nazi-occupied Europe as young boys in the nineteen-thirties.) After the deadline had passed, Blumenthal said that things might still work out, but Rohatyn commented that the city might be worse off than ever, having publicly set a deadline and failed to meet it, and having then gone down "with a whimper."

ALTHOUGH there were many scornful comments from Washington about New York's again having failed to measure up, Congress itself has not established an enviable record lately for disposing of complex and controversial combinations of issues with efficiency. The two-per-cent increase in wages that the Mayor hesitated to come up with will cost the city perhaps a hundred and sixty million dollars more each year, which it cannot afford. Yet a four-per-cent-a-year raise must surely not seem outrageous to anyone studying the inflation rates. As for the MAC increase in borrowing power and the questions raised about it (except that no one was offering any other solution), if it is fully used it could cost the city two hundred and ninety million dollars a year for the next thirty years, reducing by that sum the money that would otherwise be available for services that could make the city a place where people would want to continue to live. In addition, the unions argue correctly that under a rigid Control Board collective bargaining could be almost an irrelevance, and yet it is considered elsewhere to be an essential labor tool—certainly not one that should be casually surrendered. And Senator Moynihan said recently of the New York City situation, "I am most discouraged that no one laments the absolute loss of our self-government. The Emergency Financial Control Board is appointed by the Governor, the financial future is in the hands of the Senate Banking Committee. That just has to bore in on you when you're waiting in the office to talk to the Senator from Wisconsin."

In the days after the critical deadline passed, negotiations between the city and the unions were renewed and broke down again. Gotbaum complained that "we don't know where

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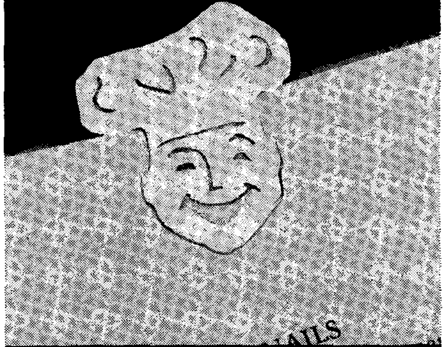

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the power is," and urged the Governor to take charge of things, as he had in the 1975 fiscal crisis. Secretary Blumenthal returned to town and settled into a suite at the Regency Hotel, where he met again with many of the parties to the play, one by one, again urging that accommodations must somehow be reached. On May 24th, declaring that "the games are over today," the Governor called the principals together once again for another summit meeting, this time in Albany. After a long series of caucuses that lasted until four-thirty the next morning, a shaky compromise seemed to have been achieved on the Control Board issue, encouraging hopes that the other related items of the package could be taken care of before many weeks—perhaps even days—had gone by. If this should happen, no one could be sure whether the solutions the city and the state had so painfully reached would be acceptable to congressional leaders or whether they would then conclude that it was their turn to take their time and to play political games with the city's financial survival. The Mayor, insouciant as ever, kept saying that he was a born optimist and mentioned that in the nine years he was in the House of Representatives before he became mayor, he learned that, when Congress wants to, it can move a bill in twenty-four hours. Unfortunately, there was no feeling outside the Mayor's office that many people in Washington had a strong sense of urgency about the city's situation. Noting the missed deadline, Senator Proxmire called off his committee's scheduled hearings on the city-rescue bill. The House leaders decided to go ahead and hold hearings, but, according to one theory, this was because they wanted to make sure that if the city went bankrupt the Senate would have to take the blame. Proxmire and others in Congress continued to predict that if they should pass a bill granting the city a program of federal loan guarantees it would be an invitation to cities all over the country to spend themselves to the verge of bankruptcy in the expectation that Washington would then bail them out, but a member of the House Banking Committee, just after he voted to help New York, said he doubted whether any other city would "want to get into that bramblebush of controls." Indeed, it seems doubtful whether any government would choose to let itself in for the ordeal that the city has been going through in the last months—so perilous, so costly, and so tiring to attend to.

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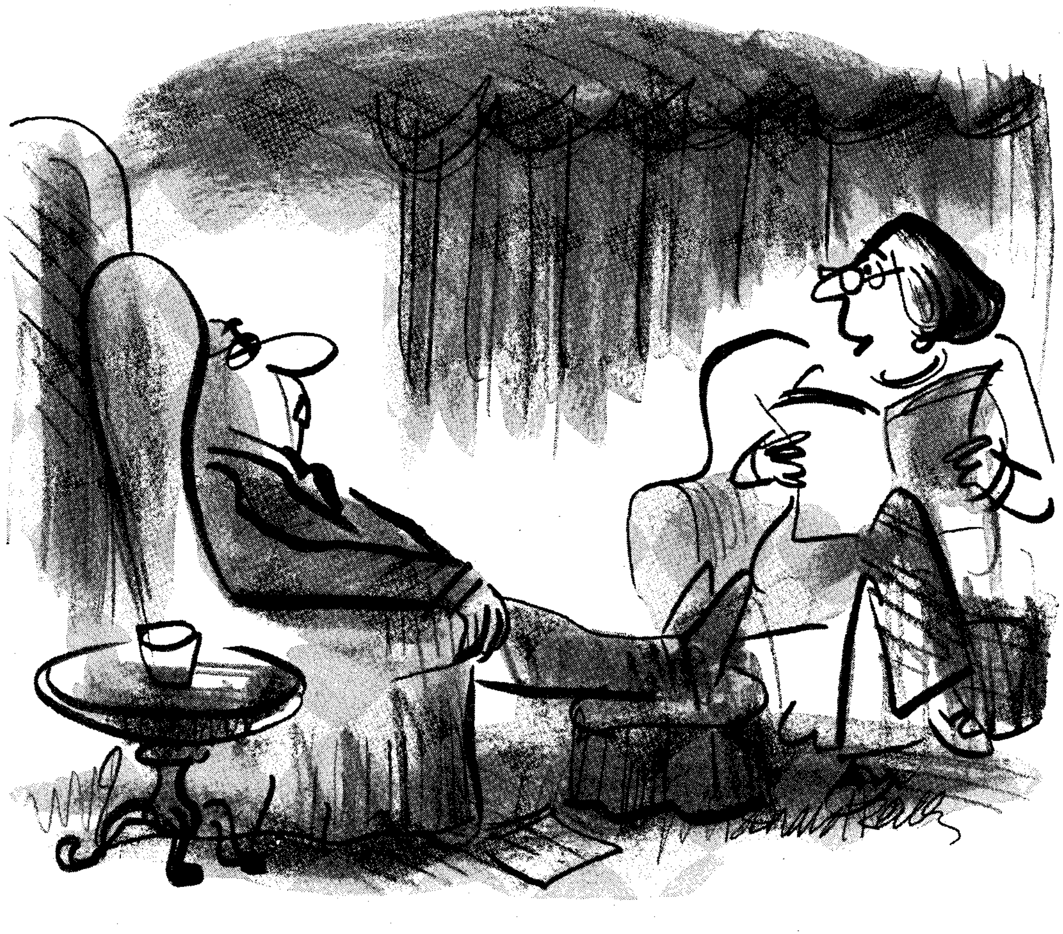
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *The Tide As It Turns*

IN Kenji Mizoguchi's shapely and most kindly "A Geisha," which was made in 1953 but is only now being publicly released here, the notion of the geisha is somewhere described as one of Japan's national treasures, comparable to the *no* theatre, the tea ceremony, and Mount Fuji. We shall see. Mizoguchi wonders about it.

The superb film opens in Kyoto, with a pan overhead shot of a mass of buildings. A young girl named Eiko (Ayako Wakao), all of sixteen, with nowhere to go, is hurrying along a narrow street carrying a suitcase that looks out of keeping with her kimono and obi. Her mother, now dead, was a geisha. Her mother's best friend was a woman named Miyoharu (Michiyo Kogure), and Eiko is looking to her as a substitute for her dead parent. Miyoharu works in a teahouse as a geisha. Eiko's mind is bent on learning how to be a good geisha. How else is a badly-off girl, undirected, uneducated, to earn a living in the Japan of the fifties? She comes to be more and more like Miyoharu, even adopting her ideogram. Mizoguchi often photographs the two women together, in the same frame: this chubby-faced innocent—whose flab-spirited father has refused even to be guarantor for her tutoring—together with her already tired but still young mentor. Eiko is a lark of steel. She survives every humiliation, and has the youth to be proud of the teahouse, which calls itself the best in Kyoto. Her training takes a year, on money somehow put up by Miyoharu. One might think, from her zest, that she was approaching some innovative venture. Mizoguchi knows that Eiko is probably prolonging a cruel old tradition in which women arrange themselves for men as carefully and frugally as they are taught to arrange flowers. We see the girls being instructed in having their faces painted white, their hair dressed, their hands and spirits bent to learning how to play musical instruments and to dance in rigorous slow motion, as if in a frieze, so that one's muscles tremble in sympathy with the control demanded. On Eiko's first day of training, her alarm clock goes off and she races to work in her awkward wooden shoes and cramping skirt as if she were a mill child of the Industrial Revolution getting up before dawn and hurrying to the mill gates in the belief that they are the doors to her first dance. In between stints of training for graciousness, Eiko scrubs floors. No matter. The best must lie ahead.

No one has prepared her for what is to happen. She is, after all, only sixteen: no one has told her the physical ignominy that all this training in elegance and obeisance is going to lead to. She will have to deal with lechers; with drunken flirts; with men who demand politeness, however crass they are; with customers who expect their tea and their *sake* to be poured for them with a self-effacing decorousness of hand and an attentively bent neck; with men who want their cigarettes lit for them; with men who believe they are conferring an honor on girls by providing themselves as what are euphemistically called patrons. One of the many moving moments in this subtle film comes when a suitor who seems genuinely in love with Miyoharu pours *sake* for her. The geisha is truly shocked for a second. The reversal of roles runs against all her training. But then it proves the unlooked-for: that here, for once, is a client with feeling for a woman, even if he has bought her.



"I've forgotten, Robert. Just how many boards do you decorate these days?"

Again, though, Eiko is only sixteen. She is naturally rebellious—not as docile as a geisha should be. She has a would-be benefactor called Kusuda, a businessman, who asks her to go to Tokyo. Eiko does not understand the real point of this journey, which is to seduce her while Miyoharu attends to an important client of his in an adjoining room. The deceit repels Eiko. The collusion between business and sex is a hideous vulgarity to this girl trapped through poverty in the Old Japan but ready for everything that the New Japan can provide to help her forget about bygone social degradations, bygone wars. Eiko physically attacks the purblind businessman Kusuda, in a violent sequence shot in one low-key take. Both women lose their jobs in Kyoto because of the revolt, which the older woman has watched with a mixture of resignation and unspoken support. Mizoguchi seems to know

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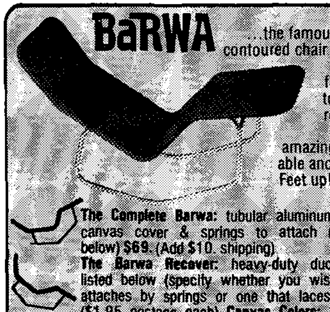

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everything about women's capacity for accommodating to the impossible—like the accommodation that made Jane Austen write her novels under a piece of blotting paper as though she were doing her correspondence—but he is also sympathetic toward men in a predicament between the sexes which is obviously discomfiting, and toward the split between the ways of the Old Japan and the new ethic of business success. Eiko's father, one of the most touching people in this troubled film, is a failure according to the new ethic, and has to come begging to the teahouse, shaking from nerves and perhaps from *sake*, to ask for a loan from the very woman—Miyoharu—whom he has already allowed to help his daughter financially beyond the bounds of her friendship for his dead wife. He says sadly of himself that poverty makes one vulgar. He is deeply in debt, and one knows that he will never get out of it. He is oddly proud of the resourcefulness of the girl who at sixteen has run into life head-on. Life, such as it is.

This film is some sort of companion to Mizoguchi's great "Sisters of Gion" (1936). Its understanding of the relationship between Miyoharu and Eiko is tacit and remarkable. Everything is to be read in their faces. The older woman is sometimes half hidden behind a gauze curtain. Young Eiko's face expresses inexperience, optimism, a curious obduracy under the geisha's obedient mask. There are repeated shots of the narrowness of the Kyoto streets, the train corridor, which are like the constriction of a geisha's clothes and like the hobble-skirted gait that is the only way she can walk through life. Again and again, quiet shots are reiterated, pulsing through the rhythm of a film that is not only one of Mizoguchi's masterpieces but also one of the few perfectly tuned works of sensibility in the twentieth-century visual arts. The shots tremble like cherry blossoms about to drop, like words waiting to be spoken.

AND, from the Soviet Union, a splendid and innovative work of poetic biography. It is a truism that nothing is more difficult to transmit than the workings of an artist. It is another truism that nothing is more difficult to get through the barricades of Soviet ideology now than the story of someone unorthodox. Both truisms are quietly countered by Georgi Shengelaya's "Pirosmani," which tells the story of the great primitive Georgian painter Nikola Pirosmanishvili, known as Piro-

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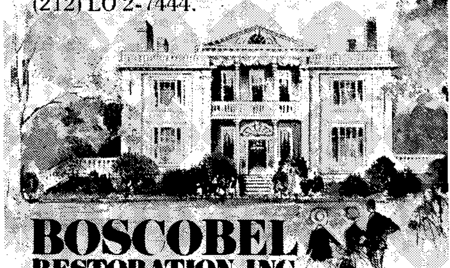

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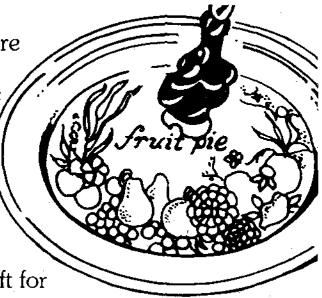

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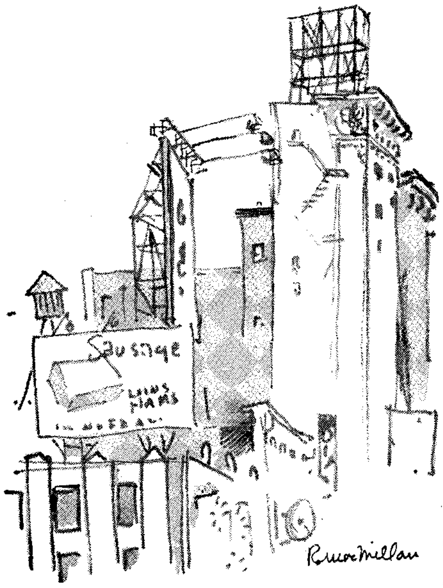
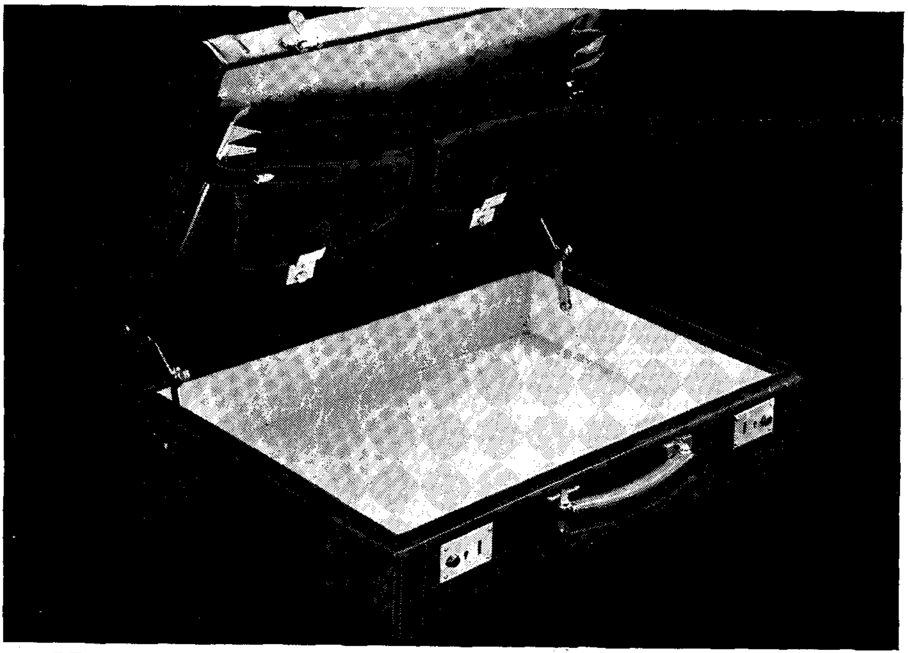
smani, who lived from 1862 to 1918. The film shows him as a tall, bearded, crouch-shouldered figure with the sort of haughty modesty that distinguishes Russia's eternal students. He lives in Tbilisi. He persuades his goddaughter's father to help him open a business of his own. Among his first customers are an old woman who buys on credit and a servant of a local prince. Then his sister and her husband make off with some of the goods. He doubles his prices for the prince and gives the old woman as much as she can carry, only to be besieged by droves of the poor, to whom he gives his whole stock away.

The film is full of marvellous images composed like Pirosmani's paintings. There is a scene in which three peasant women are arranged as if for a plate-camera photograph, all three facing front, the outer ones with their hands spread on their knees, the middle one with her hands folded in her lap. The actor who plays Pirosmani, Avtandil Varazi, was one of the film's two art directors. The coloring is full of shades of blue and brown; the compositions are simple shapes against white walls. The camera, by hardly ever moving between cuts, imparts tranquillity and careful thought. We are aware of detail through the painter's eye and ear. Women sewing, the squeak of a door, the old woman hovering in the shop entrance that silhouettes her against the Georgian light outside. The shop, set up in the middle of nowhere, is typically placed dead center in shots of it, and it looks like a Rousseau in the Georgian landscape, where oxcarts move very slowly in the background. Pirosmani, at the start of things, puts up two of his paintings of cows on the outer wall, one on each side of the shop entrance: "They gave us milk and butter." He serves milk out of a tin measuring can,

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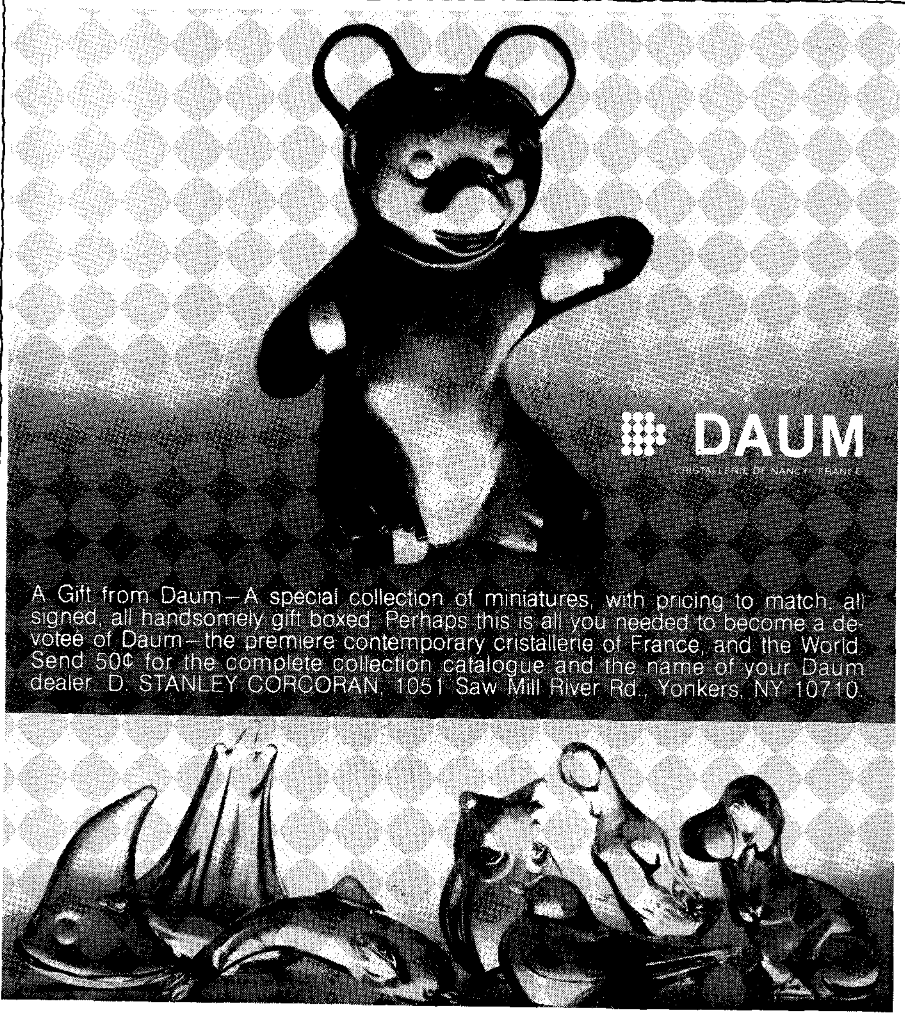
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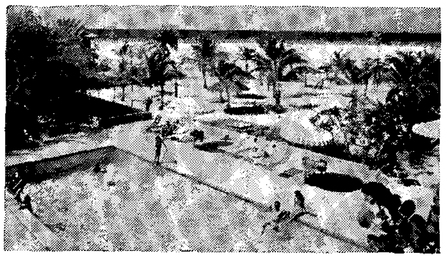

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loads the basket of the prince's cook with honey and cheese and butter, and then takes them out again, because the cook says that they cost too much.

Pirosmani's life is based on the idea of dignity held by the poorest Georgian: that one should leave a trace of oneself on this earth. In a cellar café, he proposes a toast to all the disinherited: to all the widows and orphans. He is fascinated by a scene he comes upon in a music hall, with a girl singing in French. His own way of life, drinking, watching, puzzles him: it neither swallows him nor lets him loose. Sometimes he feels as if he were suffocating from the solitude and mediocrity of it all. In the director's stilled compositions, there seems always to be a great deal of floor: the floor to which Pirosmani fears he will sink. Painting keeps him upright. So powerful is this film about an out-of-step man seen by the director as being almost Christlike that we believe that he was in all truth a driven artist who could identify himself with goodness on earth. His paintings were of joy and neglect. Just before Easter, he is locked in a cellar by well-wishers, who know that to paint is the only thing that revives him. He works for three days, a lone genius painting. They let him out on Easter, and the painting he has completed shows a child with balloons, tables of people at picnics, arranged like the Apostles in the Last Supper but in a mood of easy conviviality. He returns to his shack. "Who is in there? What are you doing?" says a peasant well-wisher come to investigate. "Dying," this eremitical poet says. "No," says the peasant. "Christ is risen. The whole world celebrates Easter." "Christ is risen," people say to one another, in the traditional Russian way, kissing one another on both cheeks. This, out of Soviet Russia. This picture of a lonely master stumbling against the tide of things, out of Soviet Russia. Pirosmani's friend refuses to let him die, and, in an otherwise empty cobbled street, helps him to a cart while Easter goes on. He has his paintings with him, and his paints. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE SLATES HEARING ON TIMING PROPOSALS

The Senate Subcommittee on Taxation and Debt Management has scheduled a March 17 hearing on a bill (H. R. 7320) to effect eight separate changes in tax law timing requirements. The hearing will begin at 2 A.M. in Room 2221 of the Dirksen Senate Office Building.

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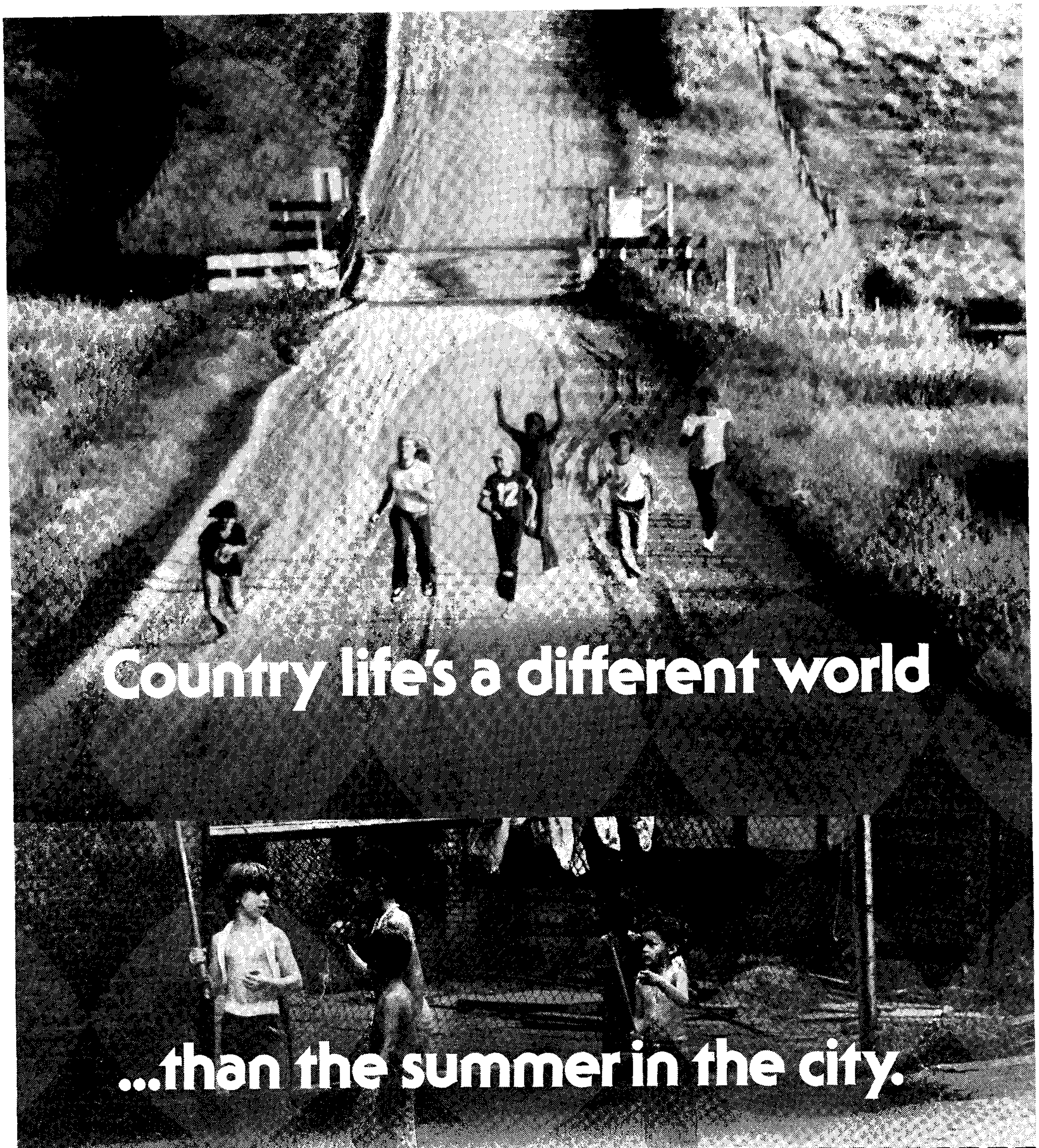
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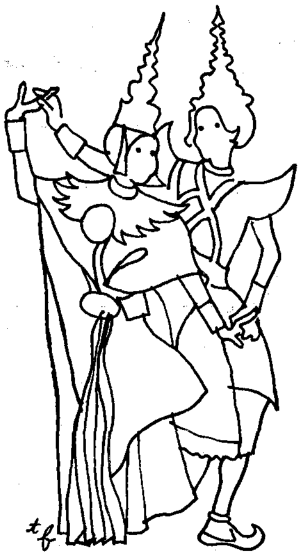
# DANCING

## *The Children of Sixty-sixth Street*

OVERCAST skies, dankness, gloom. A spiritless tribute to the French nation, "Tricolore" is a ballet to forget as quickly as possible. The New York City Ballet, which introduced it this season out of some misbegotten loyalty to the virtue of finishing what you've started—in this case, a trilogy of nationalist extravaganzas which already included "Stars and Stripes" and "Union Jack"—seems to forget it in performance. The dancers look as if they hated it quite as much as the audience does; their dour little faces and dutiful movements tell us that they won't help the least bit, even with a turkey that they know will fold. I understand the feeling, although I don't think it is the place of professional performers to let such feelings show. Whether on the stage or off, we are all miserable at "Tricolore," and there's a certain comfort in the universality of the experience. The ballet, a failure in every department, turns out to have no partisans—none. In the audience, an élan of dejection starts to take hold. The ballet's makers hear the evil quips, laugh, and pass them on. "Tricolore": this is what it's like to be totalled at the New York City Ballet.

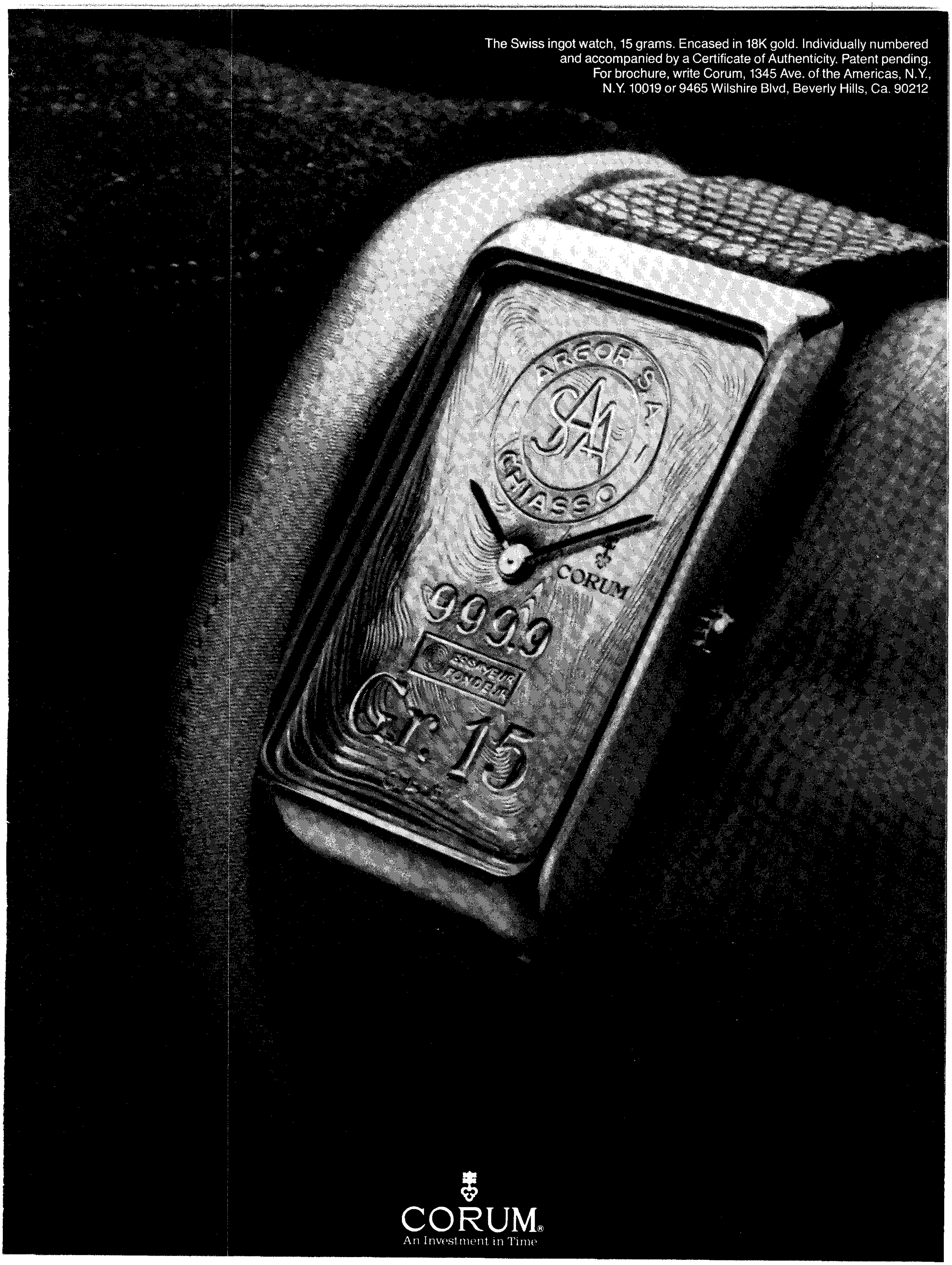


Four days later, the scene changes. The School of American Ballet gives its annual workshop performances. The sun is actually shining, and on a vintage crop of new dancers, too. The school, which was founded by George Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein, feeds graduates into the New York City Ballet and other companies around the world, and has been holding annual recitals for the past thirteen years. In the nearly ten years that I have been attending, I can't recall a bigger concentration of talent or a higher level of achievement. I see by comparing programs that many of the dancers who impress me this year also appeared at last year's recital. I can remember two or three of them well enough to notice the improvement in their work; the others didn't register at all. A year in the life of a fifteen- or sixteen-year-old can make a big difference. What seems to have happened during the past year is that all at once a generation of great promise has burst into its first flowering.

The performances—two, on the same day—take place in an atmosphere of serene excitement. The comfortable little Juilliard Theatre is packed out with relatives, friends, students, professional dancers, dance professionals. Lynn Stanford, a school pianist, plays the opener, the pas de trois from "The Guards of Amager." (For the rest of the program, Stephen Colvin, a second-year Juilliard student, leads the Juilliard Conductors Orchestra.) This Bournonville selection, which was the dance highlight of the remarkable 1871 ballet that was performed here for the first time by the Royal Danes only two years ago, scarcely looks the same dance. Long-lined American bodies stretch it into new but no less congenial shapes. S.A.B.-style Bournonville was invented by the distinguished Danish teacher Stanley Williams for his American pupils. With male pupils, it's almost as wonderful as the real thing. With females, it's getting to be an independent form of expression—a unique and spectacular outgrowth of the old Danish tradition. The New York City Ballet has already mastered that tradition in its "Bournonville Divertissements." Now, with strong replacements in casting such as Sandra Jennings in Merrill Ashley's difficult role and Peter Schetter in the Pas de Sept, it is showing the process of assimilation which mastery rests upon. The deeper in the ranks those replacements come from, the more clearly the fact of assimilation emerges. Jennings graduated from the school in 1974, Schetter in 1976. The way this year's graduates Victoria Hall and Jerri Kumery float through the "Amager" trio with Cornell Crabtree makes the transition from Copenhagen to New York complete. American dancers everywhere are taking Bournonville more seriously than they used to, if only as a fortifier of technique. I saw a very presentable "Napoli" suite, staged by Toni Lander, with the "Flower Festival" pas de deux as the centerpiece, done by young dancers at the Riverside Dance Festival, in March. They were members of the Ballet Repertory Company—the junior wing of American Ballet Theatre—and only a few years older than the dancers of the workshop performances.

The workshop program is carefully designed to display versatility. The main choreographers besides Bournonville are Balanchine and Robbins. A contribution by Alexandra Danilova is a workshop tradition. This year, she produces an engaging suite of dances to Glazunov's "Les Scènes du Ballet." Danilova sets different challenges for boys, for little girls and big ones, for aspiring soloists, for partners in an adagio. Each challenge methodically incites a different kind of dance "scene." In the finale, everyone comes together in a lightly sociable polonaise; as this last picture forms, one suddenly understands what the "scènes du ballet" are all about. Throughout the ballet, the pace is moderate, the spacing of the dance figures is nice and wide; there is plenty of time to concentrate, to fill out one's place and plan the next move. Danilova teaches old Russian virtues; she inculcates an understanding of genre. And it is in Danilova's grand adagio for five couples that we get our first extended view of this new generation's nuclear group of girls—all with small heads and waists, full thighs, and astonishing long legs that sweep the sky like the beams of searchlights. The model is obviously Suzanne Farrell, but Farrell as she really is—not the perilous exaggeration of her type which was popular a few years ago. The new girls have strength and precision; though they're soft, they're never bland. The technical sophistication doesn't seem fanatical or premature. These are Balanchine women, and they're right where they should be—poised for entry into the next phase, which will turn them into Balanchine dancers.

Intermission. A general reckoning that the girls this year, as so often before, are better than the boys, but the boys are better on the average than usual. A few boys and many of the outstanding girls have already been taken into the company. The star of last year's workshop, Patrick Bissell, was far above the male average. He has since joined American Ballet Theatre and in the current New York season has successfully partnered Martine van Hamel in "La Bayadère" and Cynthia Gregory in "Theme and Variations." Bissell is over six feet tall, and a genuinely gifted dancer. His nearest counterpart is Peter Martins, at the New York City Ballet, but the dancer he



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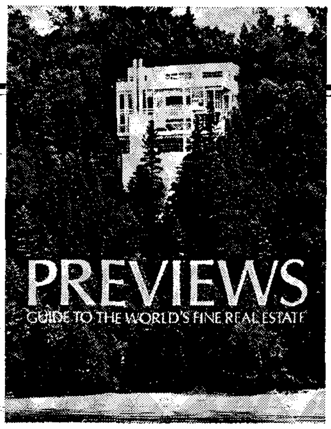

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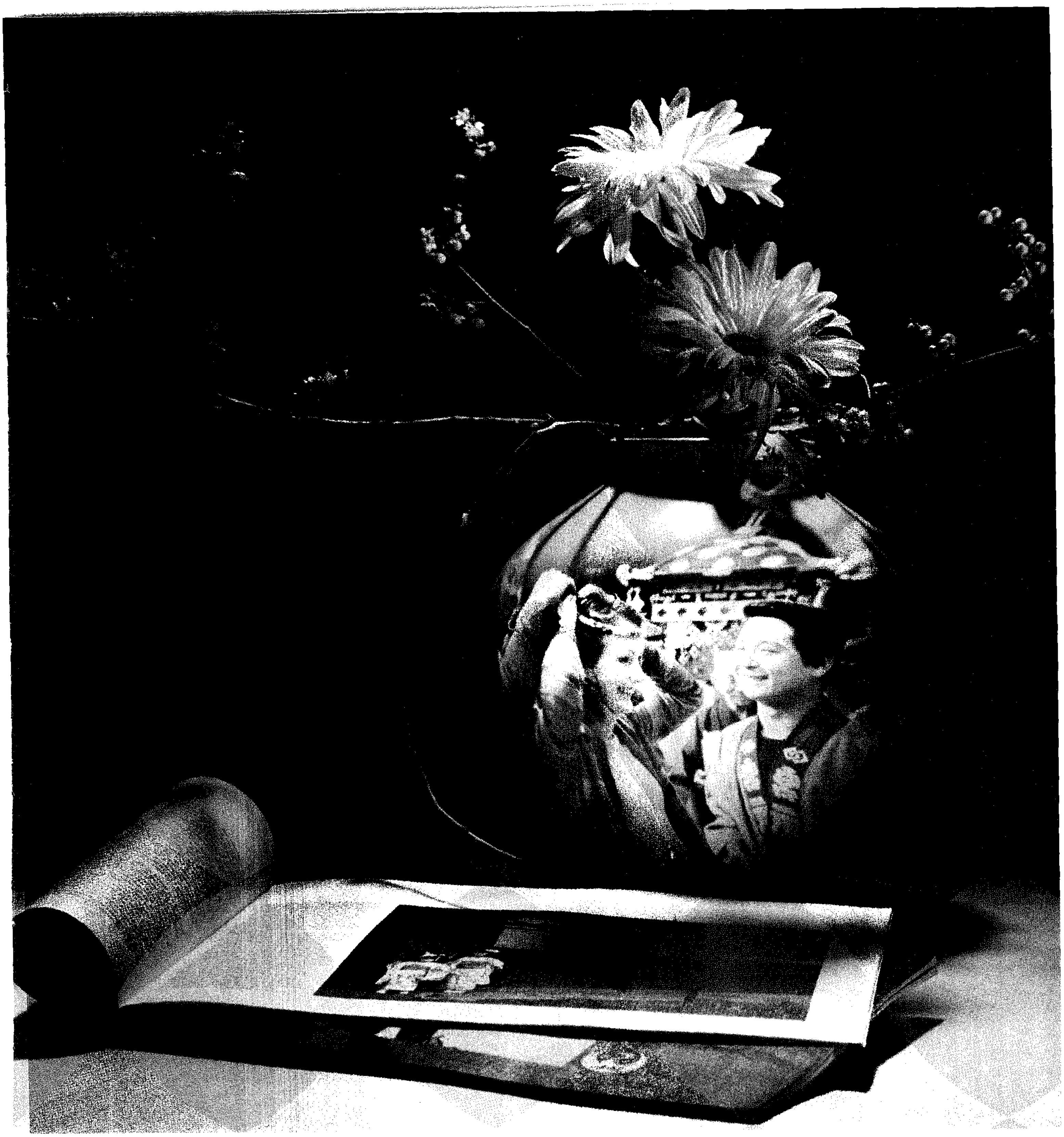
most reminds me of is the Bolshoi's premier of the fifties and sixties, Nicolai Fadeyechev. Bissell has the same sunken chest, wide hips, and long feather-light legs, the same soft landings, the same accommodating manner toward a ballerina. He is also handsome, with a mane of curly dark hair, bright dark eyes, and dimples. In the classical adagio of "Graduation Ball," he partners Leslie Browne (S.A.B., 1975), who has been gaining strength this year and is now the best of the company's second-rank soloists.

The Robbins ballet, "Interplay," is so well danced that Robbins has asked the cast to repeat the performance on an N.Y.C.B. program. The manners in "Interplay" are dated and the jazz is sedate, but it is a soundly constructed ballet on a classical base, and its progression is a joy to watch. Each time I see it, I love it more and dancing more. A perfect vehicle for young dancers, it demands athletic drive and strictly correct style. Not every cast can satisfy both demands while holding them in balance (and, in fact, the boys in this production aren't uniformly great at it). As long as this remains true, "Interplay" will remain in repertory. Timothy Fox, the most advanced of the boys in the workshop, manages five double tours without preparations (the maximum everywhere has been four) at the matinée. In the evening, he does the leading male role in Balanchine's "Divertimento No. 15;" Roma Sosenko, the lead girl in "Interplay," does the principal ballerina.

"Divertimento" done by kids! The week before, the Pennsylvania Ballet showed its new production of this supremely delicate and difficult Balanchine-Mozart ballet at the Brooklyn Academy, and I admired the company's verve and, as always, its savvy. The Pennsylvania doesn't dance Balanchine in Balanchine's style, but it knows how to convert Balanchine ballets to its own idea of classicism. This idea involves an emphatic attack, a clipped phrase, a rhythm more or less squarely timed to the music. Above all, it stresses poses as climactic elements in a phrase—the arrival, not the journey, matters. I *think* the style conceals most of what is appealing in Balanchine, but other values come through—solid, comfortably rooted burgher values. The Pennsylvania's "Divertimento" is "Viennese," while Balanchine's is "Italian." Although a few of the Pennsylvanians—William DeGregory (Theme), Tamara Hadley (Fourth Variation)—look as if they'd be very fine in the lighter, more fluid Balanchine style, the others look happy just as they are. It is a serious, enthusiastic production, very successful on its own terms. The S.A.B. students, on the other hand, dance "Divertimento" in Balanchine's way, or at least in the way it was set for them by Suki Schorer, a former company soloist who is now an instructor at the school. If it is not the airy invention we sometimes get in company performances, that's because the dancers are young, not because their technique is; their wildcat energy—so different from the relaxed power they will have five years from now—pours unmodulated from the stage. Separate and all but equal sets of soloists are provided for each performance, with only the excellent and beautifully formed Barbara Seibert (Third Variation) and the Theme boys (Robert Weigel, Christopher Fleming) repeating their assignments. Roma Sosenko isn't one of the tall beauties—she's small, with a large head, like Tenniel's Alice (I hope nobody makes a ballet), shapely limbs, and intimations of personality. To many, her precocity inevitably recalls Gelsey Kirkland's at the same age.

Precocity of a near-shocking order is seen in the set of ballroom dances that Jean-Pierre Bonnefous has fashioned for eight children who cannot be more than eleven or twelve years old. Bonnefous doesn't condescend to the children; "Quadrille" consists of tiny versions of nineteenth-century adult party dances, with themes of courtship and etiquette taken straight. The girls cast intriguing over-the-shoulder glances; the boys do grands jetés and pirouettes, a little numbly. The whole ritual, in "Nutcracker" dress, is elaborately varied and rhymed to "Fledermaus" excerpts—a very skillful piece of choreography. If I had the workshop on videotape—and I wish I had, because two performances are, as a rule, all we ever get—I suspect that this is the part I would run over and over, for all that it reveals of instinct and artifice in dancing, of sexual character, of the beginning of wisdom and the end of innocence. And I would run the whole tape years from now, when whatever is in store for these young dancers has come to pass. Why don't they make a movie about the children of Sixty-sixth Street? The tradition is rich enough; the dedication is as sterling, the accomplishment as exhilarating as in any



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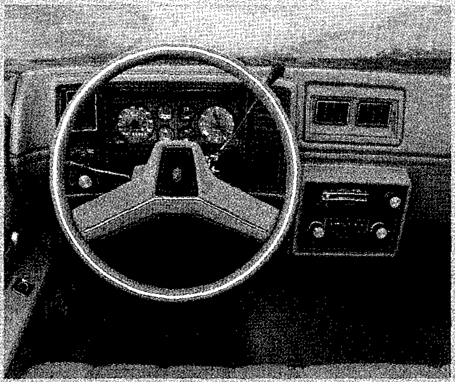

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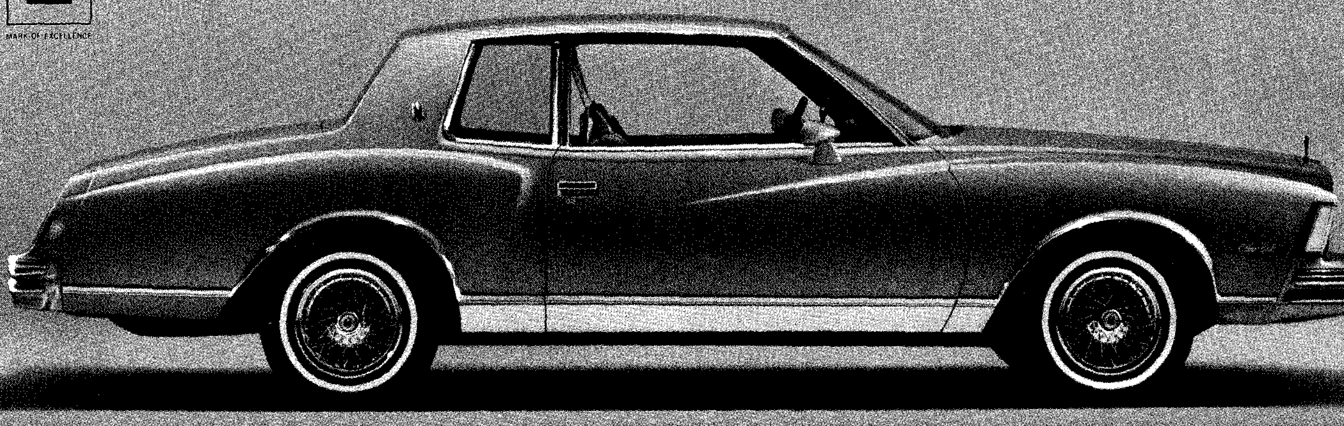

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of the great ballet centers of the world. And the possibilities for sequels are practically endless.

IN the Pennsylvania production of "Symphony in C," phrases are meticulously cut into steps, and this overclarified way of moving seems to be the subject of Benjamin Harkarvy's new ballet for the company, "Signatures," which seeks to isolate the dancers' personal characteristics for choreographic comment and development. I suppose that this objective and the overclarification of the movement supply a programmatic focus for audiences unused to modern choreography, and I don't underestimate the need for such a focus, but "Signatures" is really like any other expository piece designed to present a company ("Fanfare" comes to mind several times)—and one that would have been twice as good at half the length and without the tendentious score, by the company's music director, Maurice Kaplow. The version of "Symphony in C" is the shorter, and to me sweeter, version that we used to see at N.Y.C.B. before Balanchine inserted all the musical repeats. But Francia Russell's staging of "Divertimento," like Miss Schorer's, is the up-to-date Lincoln Center one, which modifies the many beautiful entrances and exits conceived by Balanchine for the smaller stage of the City Center. On the stage of the Juilliard or the Brooklyn Academy, those effects could have been restored.

As for "Tricolore," let the record show that the choreographers of its various sections were Peter Martins, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and Jerome Robbins, who were substituting for Balanchine after he fell ill earlier this spring. No one could have made more sense than they did of the sour, vaporish score, by Georges Auric—not even Balanchine himself, who commissioned it. And if the music hadn't defeated them the scenery and costumes would have—miles of starched lace and tat from Rouben Ter-Arutunian's workbasket. Unfortunately, the company had already announced a program called "Entente Cordiale." As things are now, plan to spend Part II in the bar, drinking vast amounts of New York State champagne.

—ARLENE CROCE

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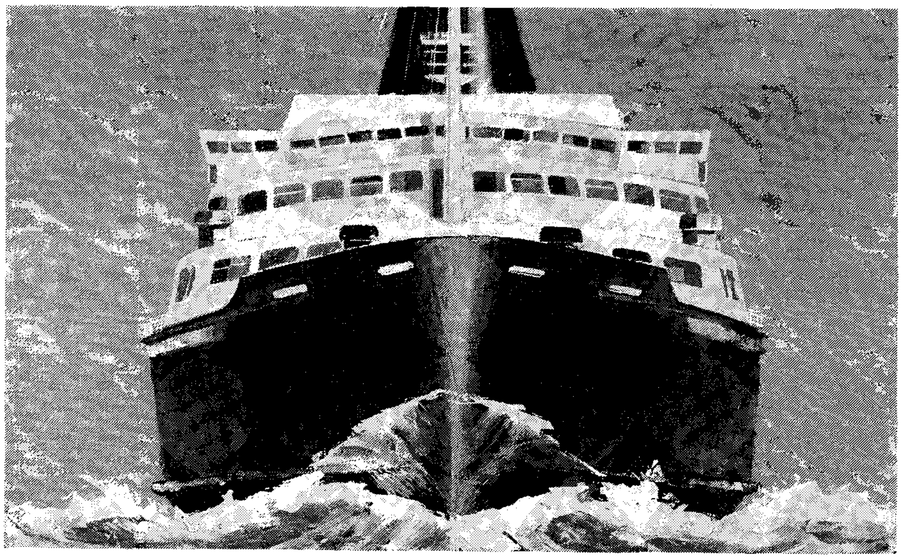

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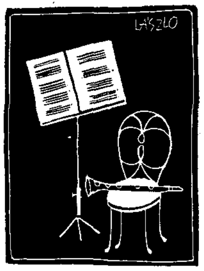
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Harmonious Numbers*



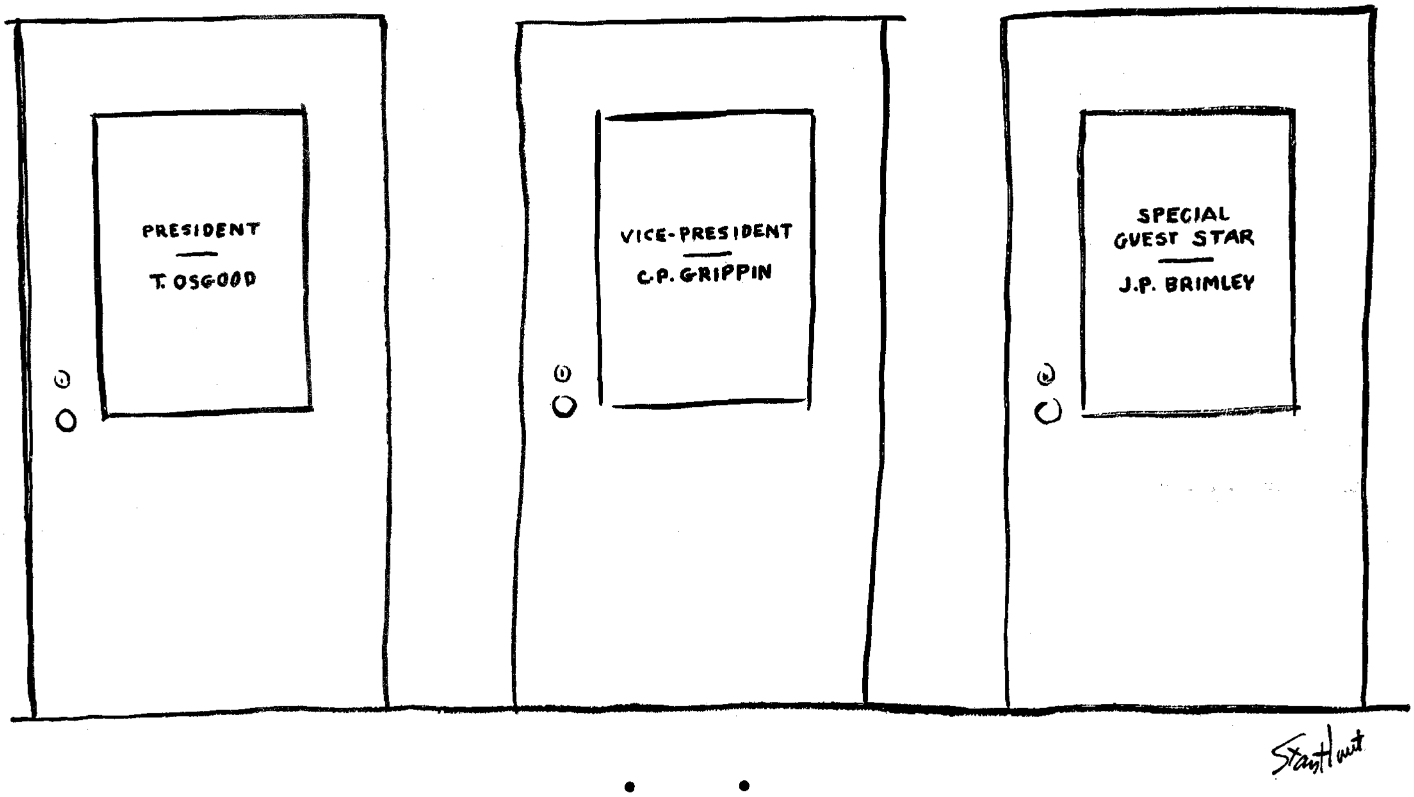
SPECULUM MUSICAE, in Alice Tully Hall last month, played two twentieth-century classics, Edgard Varèse's "Octandre" (a gleaming, secure performance) and Alban Berg's Chamber Concerto (with Ursula Oppens, piano, and Rolf Schulte, violin, as the cogent, impassioned soloists). And between them it gave what may have been the first public performance of Henry Cowell's Quartet Romantic (composed 1915-17) and the first performance of Seymour Shifrin's "The Nick of Time" (completed earlier this year and dedicated to Speculum). The Quartet Romantic and its companion work the Quartet Euphometric (composed 1916-19) are early experiments in what Cowell called "rhythm-harmony" compositions. Harmonies can be expressed as rhythmic ratios. If A is sounding at four hundred and forty cycles per second, the E a perfect fifth above it will sound at six hundred and sixty cycles per second; and if that perfect fifth is lowered in pitch and slowed down so far that the original A and E can be heard no longer as tones but only as pulsations, the pulsations will be rapping out a rhythm of three against two. A perfect triad—A, C-sharp, E, or C, E, G—similarly lowered will produce a rhythmic "knocking" of six against five against four. And, provided that one overlooks the adjustments needed to produce equal temperament (for the purposes of these pieces Cowell did overlook them), any combination of notes can be expressed as a ratio of pulsations. If the value one is assigned to the C below the bass staff, the C above that, the first harmonic, will be two; C-sharp will be two and two-fifteenths, D will be two and a quarter; D-sharp two and a third; and so on. To each note of the chromatic scale a figure can be assigned: nine against seven and a half against six will correspond to a G-major triad on the treble staff.

To create the first section of his Quartet Romantic, Cowell composed an eight-bar chorale theme in C major, harmonized it in four parts very simply, and then repeated it with rhythmic variations and in rich chromatic harmonies. The first measure of the chorale is a chord of C major four beats long—C on the bass staff, middle C, the E and G above that—corresponding therefore to a pulse pattern of six against five against four against two. Each beat of the chorale is expanded into a measure of the quartet: in the first measure, the top part plays six equal notes, the next five notes, the next four, and the bass voice two. It is as simple—and schematic—as that. But it is not at all simple for the performers. The fifth beat of the chorale melody is an A, whose ratio to the unitary fundamental C is six and two-thirds; and so into the fifth measure of the quartet the player of the top line must fit in six and two-thirds quarter-notes. The value of the F-sharp above middle C is five and three-fifths. The first time this F-sharp occurs in the chorale, the quartet player is required to divide the corresponding measure into twenty-eight parts, and play six notes whose lengths correspond to 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, and 3 of those twenty-eight divisions. (Two further complications. That five and three-fifths is not always laid out with the fractional part at the end; the patterns 2-5-5-5-5-5-1 and 4-5-5-5-5-4 also occur. And when a single beat of the chorale is divided into two eighth-notes of different pitch, the corresponding measure of the quartet is similarly divided; half the measure may have to be distributed between, say, two and a half notes, and the other half between two and a quarter.)

In short, Cowell has mechanically converted his chorale into a rhythmic matrix, waiting to be filled with notes whose lengths—but not pitches—have been determined in advance. (One could do the same with a Bach chorale, with any hymn tune, with the sixth movement of Beethoven's Opus 131; the more chromatic the harmony, the more complicated the resultant rhythmic patterns.) Cowell's choice of pitches to be played seems to have been governed by no system but only by an ear concerned to make agreeable, interesting sounds, shapes, and melodies. In a preface to the score (which was published by C. F. Peters in 1974), the composer says, "Since I used all twelve tones freely, the pieces are atonal. But unlike the atonal styles then developing abroad (with which I only became acquainted later), the melodic lines are more often conjunct than not, and the vertical combinations use consonance as well as dissonance. . . . The musical intention was flowing and lyrical, not severe or harsh, or ejaculatory."

His intention is realized in a flowing and lyrical piece. The four parts were scored for two flutes, violin, and viola. Since the lines in the chorale never cross, it follows—from what has been said above about the process of converting harmony into rhythmic patterns—that the top line, the first flute, must always play in shorter note values than those of the second line, the second flute, which in turn plays in shorter note values than those of the violin, below it, while the viola moves in longer notes still. Since there are no rests in the chorale, all four instruments move non-stop in a kind of moto perpetuo. (To be precise, the top two lines of the chorale coincide on a unison, halfway through, and at the corresponding point in the quartet Cowell does allow each flute in turn a measure's rest.) Since the beginning of most measures is marked by simultaneous entries on three or all four of the instruments, and since the measures are of equal length, the listener can follow them, hear where the bar lines fall, and enjoy an attractive effect as of four companions keeping abreast as they proceed—but one (the viola) taking long slow strides, and the three others increasingly short and rapid steps. If just the viola and first-flute lines were played, the result might suggest a man and a frisky terrier moving together, each with uneven gait, across a meadow.

This account of simultaneous but not synchronous motion, of varied pacing within the same measures, is likely to bring Elliott Carter to mind, and certainly some of the time experiments that have sounded in Carter's music since the Cello Sonata (1948) are kin to those that Cowell was trying in 1915. (There is the difference that Cowell's elaborate rhythms are arrived at by a simple system whereas the source of Carter's elaborate rhythms remains—to me, at any rate—mysterious and beautiful.) By comparison with the metrical intricacies of Carter's Third String Quartet, those of the Quartet Romantic may seem slight, but in fact they are pretty well comparable. For a metrically precise performance of the last measure of Carter's quartet, the four players must divide the one and a quarter seconds it lasts into, respectively, seven, five, nine, and six equal parts. A machine controlling the ensemble would divide the measure into six hundred and thirty equal parts, bringing in first-violin notes on the counts of 181, 271, 361, 451, and 541 and cello notes at the counts of 106, 316, and 526. Choosing at random a measure of the Quartet Romantic, Measure 29, I find that the first flute must divide the two and two-fifths seconds it lasts into twen-



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ty-eight equal parts, the second flute and the viola into nine, and the violin into ten. A machine controlling the ensemble would divide the measure into twelve hundred and sixty equal parts, bringing in first-flute notes at the counts of 1, 226, 451, 676, 901, and 1126, and viola notes at the counts of 1, 567, and 1121. The Carter quartet, which has far greater variety of rhythmic figurations and frequent changes of time-signature and metronome marking, must be the harder to perform. The first movement of the Cowell is ruled out in a basic 4/4 (variously subdivided) throughout, at a steady quarter-note=100.

At the time he composed them, Cowell realized that his "rhythm-harmony" quartets were "obviously unperformable by any known human agency" and "thought of them as purely fanciful." But in 1964, when he wrote the preface for the score published ten years later, performances no longer seemed inconceivable: "If the day should come when the first movement of the 'Romantic,' with all its rhythmic complications, is actually playable, I should like to point out that it was conceived as something human that would sound warm and rich and somewhat *rubato*. Whatever the electronic or other means used for it, its composer hopes that it need not sound icy in tone nor rigid in rhythm." It was brought to performance at last by the human agency of four members of the Speculum ensemble (Paul Dunkel and Susan Palma, flutes; Rolf Schulte, violin; John Graham, viola) assisted by a mechanical device: a "click tape"—a four-track tape clicking out to each of the players his or her rhythmic patterns. With their metrical paths, as it were, thus clearly plotted before them, the Speculum quartet recorded the work for New World Records (NW 285); in the studio, the players could not hear one another; balance was supervised in the control room. There are no indications in the score, for the first movement, of dynamics, phrasing, expression, or accent; the players must supply them of their own musicianship, and the Speculum players did so convincingly. (Flutists have to draw breath at times; flute lines that Cowell left unbroken for pages on end were given articulation.) In the Tully Hall performance, each player had a track of the click tape playing into just one ear, while the other ear could be attentive to balance and ensemble. And it was, I think, an even more romantic and "human" performance of the work. It did sound "warm and rich and somewhat *rubato*."

The Quartet Romantic as plotted on the tape lasts seventeen minutes and six seconds. It is in two unequal movements. The first, and longer, begins with the transformation of the chorale. Then there is a central section metrically derived in similar fashion from a little contrapuntal exercise in 4/4 and in G. Again, each beat of the exercise becomes one measure of the quartet. (The first note is a B, the fifth harmonic above a fundamental G, and so in the corresponding measure of the quartet a single instrument plays five equal notes.) In choosing the free pitches to fill this new rhythmic matrix, Cowell writes a free canon, on a theme that opens with a distinctive octave leap and constantly changes its note values to fit the rhythmic matrix. Then there is a third section; decoding a few measures to discover the underlying progression that supplies its rhythms, I found a toccata-like piece with an active top line over simple harmonies. (The chorale in C and the contrapuntal exercise in G are set out in the preliminary matter to the score.) First and second sections are then repeated, and there is a brief coda. As the underlying harmonies become simpler, so, of course, do the corresponding rhythmic relationships—and in that way the harmonic tensions and resolutions of the original pieces *can* be sensed in the quartet as rhythmic tensions and resolutions. The coda of the "toccata" ends with repeated tonic octaves, four deep, and so the quartet movement ends with a simple rhythmic pattern of eight against four against two against one. Rhythm and harmony satisfyingly coincide when Cowell leads his free part-writing to close in final octaves. The short second movement is a span of calm four-part counterpoint, lyrical, atonal, conventionally notated, and built on a theme that is slightly altered at each entry.

The Quartet Euphometric, composed for string quartet (and recorded by the Emerson String Quartet on New World Records, NW 218), lasts just under two minutes. It represents the transformation of a simple C-ma-

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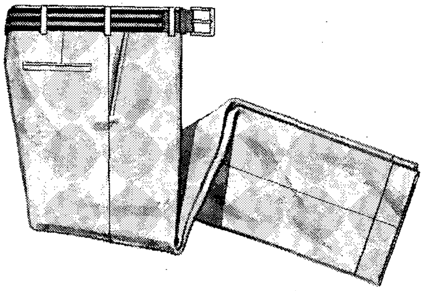

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jor four-chord sequence (with passing notes) into rhythms by a different method. The first chord—C, G, E—sounds the second, third, and fifth harmonics of a fundamental C; the quartet begins (after a *largo* introduction) with the metres 2/4, 3/4, and 5/4 superimposed. But in this work the notes retain their "real" values: five notes are not squeezed into, or three notes stretched across, a fixed 4/4 measure, but in each part the bar lines themselves are shifted; after two measures of 5/4 in the first violin and five measures of 2/4 in the cello, the two instruments coincide again on a first beat. Again, the choice of pitches is free; only the rhythmic patterns are predetermined.

Enough of mathematics. Bruce Archibald, in notes that accompany the record of the Quartet Euphometric, calls these compositions "essentially student works that systematically explore a particular new musical idea." Are they more than that? Are they worth performing? It seems to me that they are. They produce pleasing and beautiful sounds.

SHIFRIN's "The Nick of Time" is a substantial, two-movement piece—lasting about twenty minutes—for flute, clarinet, piano, violin, cello, bass, and percussion. It takes its title from "Walden":

> In any weather, at any hour of the day or night, I have been anxious to improve the nick of time, and notch it on my stick too; to stand on the meeting of two eternities, the past and the future, which is precisely the present moment; to toe that line.

The composer suggests that that may cast some oblique light on the composition—but continues the Thoreau quotation: "You will pardon some obscurities, for there are more secrets in my trade than in most men's, and yet not voluntarily kept, but inseparable from its very nature." "The Nick of Time" is one of the most "difficult" yet one of the most arresting and engrossing of Shifrin's compositions. (I wish Speculum had played it twice.) Through most of the first movement, there runs a long line, a lyrical thread. It can be followed—but not easily, for it passes from instrument to instrument. The performers would probably have to play the work many times—and listeners hear it many times—before it began to yield all its secrets. At the Tully Hall performance, most of the individual phrases were sounded in an eloquent, lyrical fashion—especially by Ben Hudson, violin, and Jerry Grossman,

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cello—but (or so it seemed to me) the effect of the long progress was sometimes abrupt and ejaculatory when it could have been smooth and continuous. Shifrin is fond of suddenly disturbing his surface with a ripple, of throwing a sudden flash or flicker across his scene. It means that his music is full of incident; it can also make it seem scrappy, incoherent, if the performers do not present all its details in very precise balance. Although it is absurd for a critic after one hearing to try to assess a performance by expert players who have studied the work carefully, I cannot quite suppress a feeling that Speculum will in time play "The Nick of Time" still better; and I hope the ensemble is invited to record it. Admiration for the piece was increased when I got hold of a score. What the performance did make clear was the eventfulness, the sharp colors, the intensity—the "knife edge" quality—of the music. The first movement comes to an end, through an almost Bartókian episode for soft solo percussion, in quietness and stillness. The second movement begins as if in the same still moment. Strands of gentle melody begin to form. Then the attention is drawn to individual details—represented by solos or duos—of the scene. At last, everything clusters toward a climax.

In his program note, the composer remarks on the difficulty of finding words to tell of music: "Everything set down mocks all that is left unsaid and, in the process, more often than not, the effort that is the piece dwindles and may be belittled." Finding words to describe "The Nick of Time" *is* hard. Let me end with a simple affirmation. It seemed to me a rich and imaginative stretch of music, one I would like to hear again. —ANDREW PORTER

## CONCERT RECORDS

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IN 1770, Mozart, then fourteen, composed for the Ducal Theatre in Milan an opera seria called "Mitridate Ré di Ponto." It involved the services of two skilled castrati, two sopranos, and two tenors, plus the largest orchestra Mozart had so far encountered—some sixty musicians—and he was delighted by its size. With the help of some of the finest of today's singers, the Orchestra of the Mozarteum in Salzburg has now reproduced the work on records for the first time, under the baton of Leopold Hager, and its recording is a landmark in the resuscitation of early Mozart opera (Deutsche

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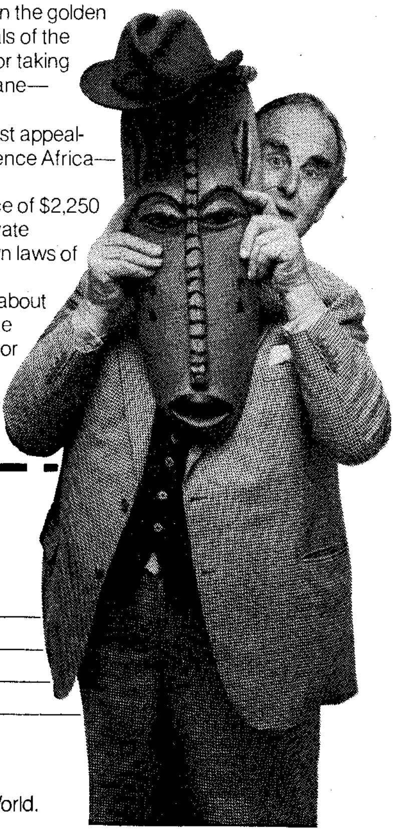

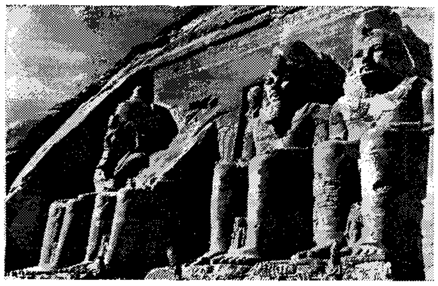

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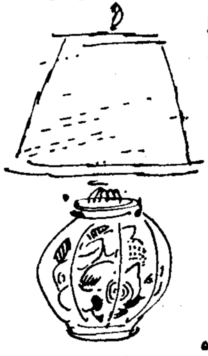

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Grammophon 2711 021; eight sides). Mozart had already written at least two operas, so "Mitridate Rè di Ponto" is not the work of a tyro, in spite of the composer's age at the time. On the contrary, it is a tremendous achievement, showing Mozart's uncanny gift for characterization through music, his unfailing melodic fertility, and his incredible knowledge of just what the human voice (in this case, unique human voices, for he tailored his work, as was his custom, to the abilities of each singer) can do. The result is more than three hours of some of the most spectacular singing to be found anywhere on records. The vocalists are Werner Hollweg, tenor; Arlene Auger, Edith Gruberova, Agnes Baltsa, Ileana Cotrubas, and Christine Weidinger, sopranos; and David Kübler, in a smaller tenor role. The story, derived from a play by Racine, is about Mithridates, the king of ancient Pontus and an enemy of the Roman Empire, who is betrayed by his sons, decides to kill himself after a battle, but has the satisfaction of seeing the Roman fleet destroyed by one of those same sons just as he is dying. Don't let the term "opera seria" bother you. This is one of the most exciting examples of the genre.

HAYDN'S opera "L'Isola Disabitata" ("The Uninhabited Island") is perhaps a bit weaker than the other Haydn stage works that Antal Dorati has been busy reviving on records. It is, of course, like the others, sung in Italian. The performers—aside from Mr. Dorati, who conducts—are Norma Lerer, Linda Zoghby, Luigi Alva, and Renato Bruson, along with the Orchestre de Chambre de Lausanne. There is no chorus. The story involves a shipwreck near a Caribbean island, during which the hero, his wife, and his wife's little sister are able to get ashore. Shortly thereafter, the hero is kidnapped by pirates, but his wife thinks that he has abandoned her. She brings up her sister to hate all men, but the hero returns with a friend, and the sister, not knowing what a man is, falls in love with the curious creature who is the friend. It all ends happily. There is a perfectly splendid finale, but the bulk of the work seems comparatively uninspired (Philips 6700 119; four sides).

About thirty-five years after he had given up writing opera, Gioacchino Rossini managed to write a Petite Messe Solennelle, a very pleasing religious work composed originally for a very limited group of performers—a soprano, an alto, a tenor, a baritone, a small chorus, a harmonium, and two pianos. (Later on, he orchestrated the harmonium and piano parts, but reluctantly.) In Europe not long ago, the Petite Messe was recorded in its original form by Wolfgang Sawallisch as conductor; Kari Lövaas, Brigitte Fassbaender, Peter Schreier, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau in the solo roles; the Munich Vocal Ensemble as chorus; Reinhard Raffalt on harmonium; and Hans Ludwig Hirsch as second pianist (RCA ARL2-2626; four sides). Sawallisch plays the first piano as well as conducting. One can easily see why Rossini was reluctant to make it into a big, booming affair, because it is a delicate work of many subtleties, which tend to become lost in the orchestral version. It has a few patches of conventional writing, but it also contains some truly superb moments. Like all Masses by opera composers, it is slightly operatic in character.

Gustav Holst's finest composition is not the overplayed suite "The Planets." To my mind, at least, the honor belongs to his "Hymn of Jesus"—a deeply moving work, which has been recorded, along with his "Short Festival Te Deum," his "Choral Hymns from the Rig-Veda (Group 2)," and his "Ode to Death," on a recent release by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, St. Paul's Cathedral Choir, and the London Symphony Chorus, conducted by Sir Charles Groves (Angel S-37455; single disc). Holst actually took the trouble to learn Greek and Sanskrit in order to make his own translations of the "Hymn of Jesus" and the "Hymns from the Rig-Veda" (most of the "Hymn of Jesus" was taken from the "Apocryphal Acts of St. John," written in Greek). There are one or two spots of out-of-tune singing by the choral groups, but the general level of performance is very high.

Mozart's Oboe Quartet, K. 370; his Adagio and Rondo, K. 617; and his Quintet, K. 406, have been recorded by an odd assortment of players including Heinz Holliger, oboe; Herman Krebbers, violin; Aurèle Nicolet, flute; Karl Schouten, viola; Judith de Munk-Gerö, viola; Jean Decroos, cello; and Bruno Hoffmann, glass harmonica (Philips 9500 397; single). I say "odd assortment" because K. 617

demands the glass harmonica, which is played with wet fingers, just as music is sometimes played on wineglasses, and because K. 406 is done in Mozart's own arrangement for oboe, violin, two violas, and cello. K. 370 has been recorded frequently, but the others are quite rare. The performances are excellent. One sympathizes with Mr. Hoffmann, whose instrument seems incapable of any kind of attack, though once it gets going its sound is beautiful.

VIVALDI'S Five Oboe Concertos, RV 451, 453, 455, 457, and 461, have been recorded by Heinz Holliger and I Musici (Philips 9500 299; single). These are slight works, but they are performed magnificently, with Mr. Holliger's well-known musicality and variety of tone. Brahms' Two Sonatas for Clarinet and Piano are beautifully played by Gervase De Peyer, clarinet, and Daniel Barenboim, piano, on a recent Seraphim release (S-60302; single). De Peyer's clarinet playing is outstandingly sensitive. Luigi Boccherini wrote no less than a hundred and two string quartets, most of which have been forgotten. Three of them, Opus 6, Nos. 1 and 3, and Opus 58, No. 2, are superbly performed by the Quartetto Italiano (Philips 9500 305; single). They turn out to be lovely quartet music, quite dramatic in spots.

Antal Dorati is not only a conductor but also a composer, and his Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra, along with the Suite from György Ránki's opera "King Pomade's New Clothes," have been recorded by the Louisville Orchestra, under Jorge Mester, for Louisville Orchestra Records (LS 759). If you hadn't guessed, the Ránki work is satirical. Both compositions are written in a post-Bartók, tonal style, and both are worth listening to. Leonard Bernstein and the Boston Symphony have recorded Liszt's "Faust" Symphony, along with the Prologue to Boito's "Mefistofele," with Kenneth Riegel, tenor, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 100; four sides). I have always found the "Faust" Symphony an overblown, pompous affair, but Bernstein does wonders with it, as well as with the rather unskilled orchestration of Boito's Prologue.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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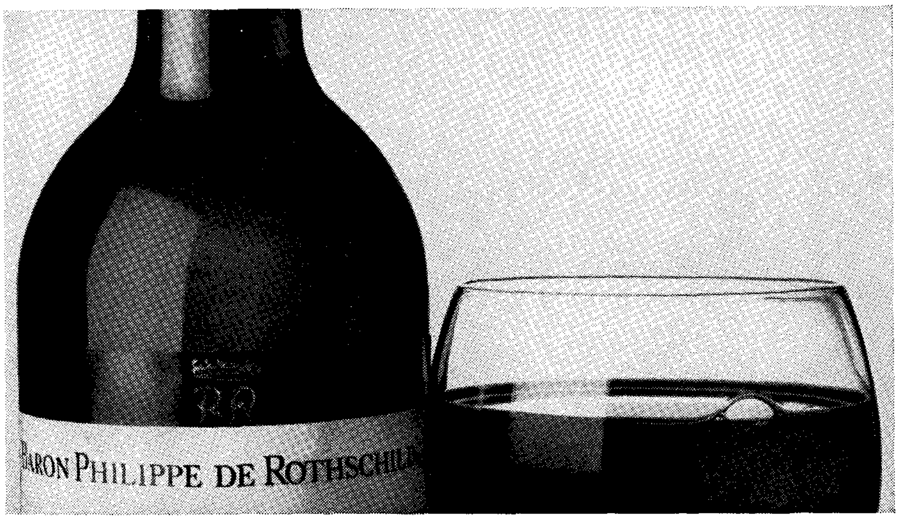

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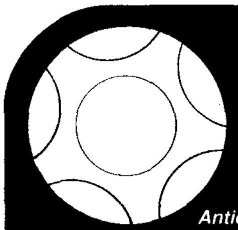

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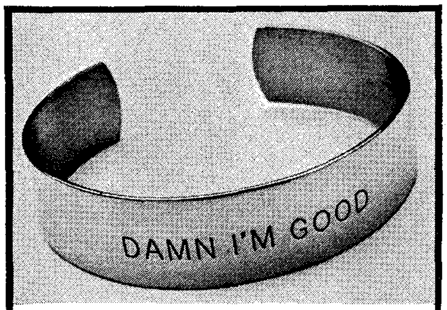

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# BOOKS

## *Fires at Sea*

AT the heart of Romanticism lies William Blake's equation between energy and delight. Throughout Europe, the period from 1789 to 1848 was one of explosive energy, of an upsurge of political, military, social, and emotional forces that had been pent up by the long inertias of the *ancien régime*. When the detonation came, it carried all before it. The blaze of heightened being leaps out of Jacques Louis David's painting of the young Bonaparte crossing the Alps. An absolute purpose streams from the eyes and panting mouth of the rearing charger. The conqueror's cloak races like red flame toward victory. The very rocks from which the hooves strike light are instinct with resolve. The same eruptive energy hammers at us out of the lives of Byron, Victor Hugo, Berlioz, Liszt. Witnessing the ponderous, serenely mundane armies of the old German princely courts in their impotence before the French Republican levies at Valmy, in September, 1792, Goethe proclaimed the beginning of a new epoch for man—by which he meant that time itself was breaking into a gallop, that a completely novel nervous and physical rhythm would animate public and private behavior. History had burst upon ordinary life. Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, said Wordsworth.

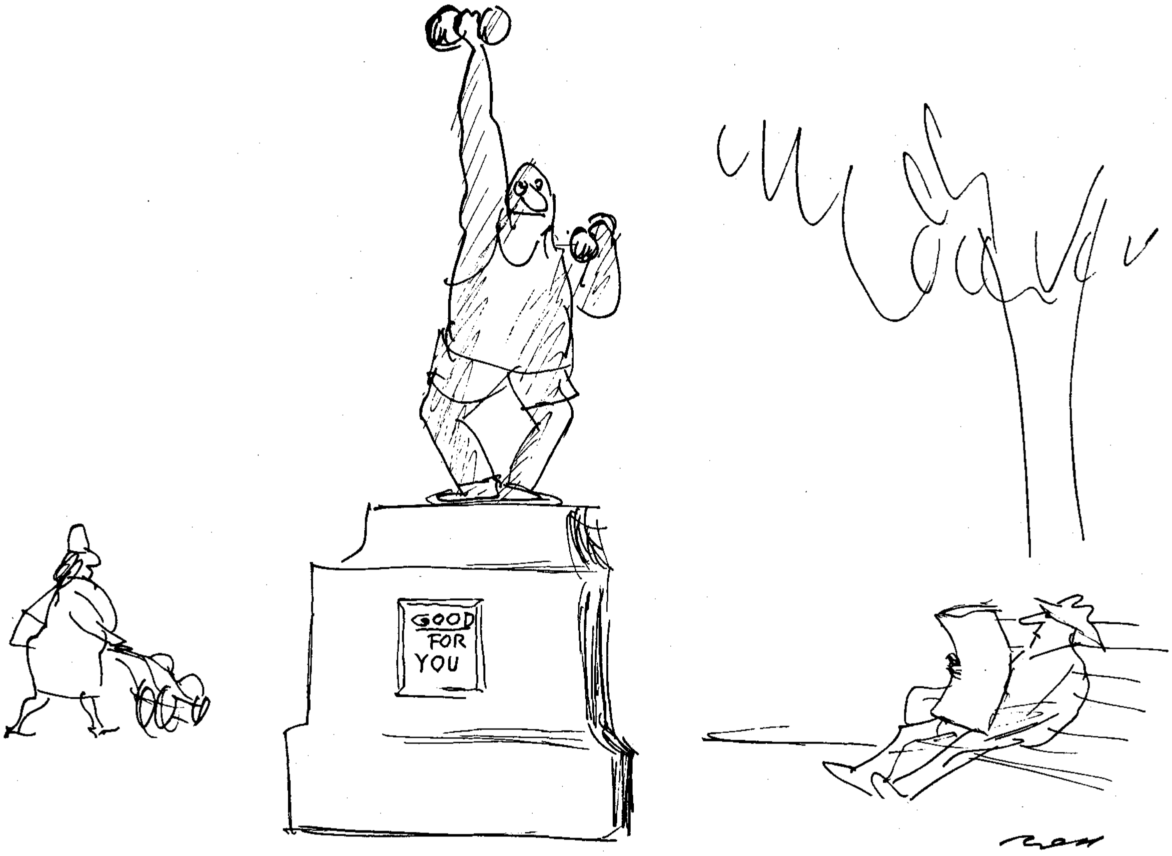
Romantic literature, art, and music produced summarizing images of unleashed impetus. Blake saw the fall of the Bastille as morning light incandescent, as a solar flare arching out of the eclipse of tyranny. Hoofbeats pound everywhere: in Mazeppa's crazy ride across the steppes (a motif that obsessed Romantic poets, painters, and composers), in the Devil's cavalcade as we hear it thundering through Goethe's and Berlioz's "Faust," in the paintings of Géricault where cavalry steeds and thoroughbreds are elongated to become abstract counters of the raging wind, and in the actual lives of Romantic men and women. (The night in which Hegel completed his "Phenomenology," that master document of the Romantic discovery and exaltation of the self, he heard, careering past his scholar's window, the drumming hooves of horses ridden by Napoleon and his staff on their way to the Battle of Jena.)

The Romantics discovered the bracing mystery of high mountains; to a classic sensibility the Alps had, characteristically, been nothing but "horrid piles." Avalanche and cataract, rockfall and ice flow dramatized the new appetite for strength in motion. Rousseau may have been the first to solicit vertigo at the edge of a precipice. After him came the romantic Faust, Manfred, and a host of high dreamers. Some symbols were taken from antiquity: Prometheus chained to his rock could stand for Napoleon on the sea cliffs at St. Helena, his titular eagle turned against him, or for Victor Hugo in imperious exile on the isles of Guernsey and Jersey, or, as in Shelley, for an image of the human spirit struggling against political reaction.

But the equation between energy and delight, between the titanic forces in nature and the dynamics of the ego, seemed to find specific expression in a symbiosis of fire and water, of flame and sea foam. The Romantics were the first to observe the braided fire in the breaking surf, the torch blaze in the moonlit sea, the fire storm in white water. They were the first to note the frost smoke on the winter tide.

The demon motions of flame on the sea surface, in the hiss and serpentine lunge of mountain streams, in the shot silk of cascades are Turner's signature. Flames dance and flicker from the pages of the two-volume *catalogue raisonné* "The Paintings of J. M. W. Turner," compiled by Martin Butlin and Evelyn Joll (Yale University Press; $120). The work is a sumptuous product of the close alliance between the Yale University Press, the Tate Gallery in London, and the new Yale Center for British Art, in New Haven. No student of Romanticism or of the greatest of English painters will want to be without it.

Ruskin, striving to articulate the Turner experience, to make of his own prose an enactment of the energies radiant from the canvas, fixed on a constant threading of fire and water. Turner, like no man before him, said Ruskin in his commentary on "The Harbours of England" (an 1856 volume of engravings from marine drawings by Turner), "had seen the sea feed her white flames on souls of men." Ruskin's account of a Turner painting he himself owned, "Slavers Throwing Overboard the Dead and Dying—Typhon Coming On,"



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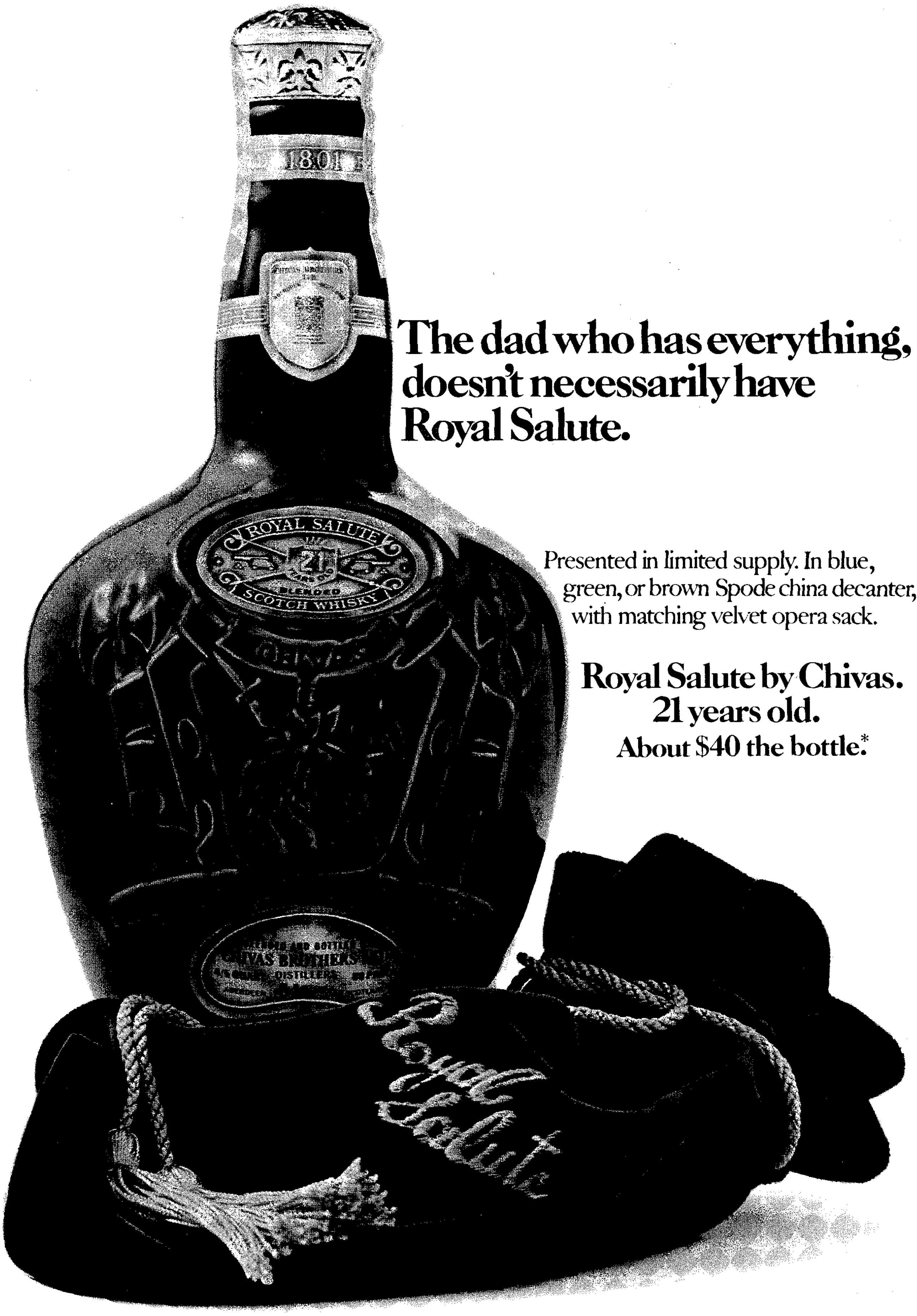
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of 1840, is an endeavor, itself arch-Romantic, to compel the two warring elements into cohesion:

> Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labours amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, and cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.

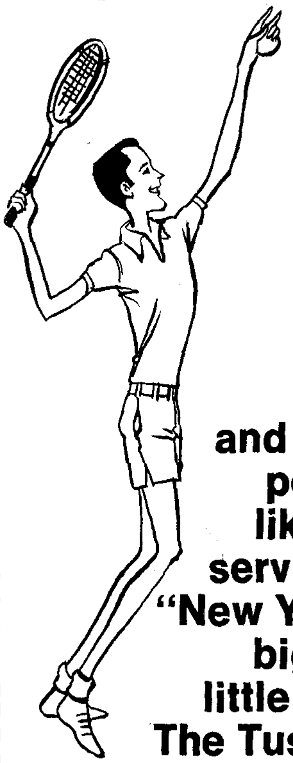
The lightning is "of the sea," its jagged incineration blazing from within. The "flaming flood" is the smoldering of the setting sun on the waters but also the sheen and stab of fiery lights from underneath the "sepulchral waves." There is an unmistakable hint of "singe" in "signs"—itself, very possibly, suggested by the notion of "branding." "Incarnadines," with its reference to irreparable crimes and pollution in "Macbeth," contains and asserts the blood red of the tongues of fire lapping on and inside the slavers' sea. At another point in Ruskin's essay, Turner's seas are described as "crushed"—the term is incomparably exact—"not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast." Again, there is a Shakespearean allusion, to "yeasty waves," but there is also an attempt to find a verbal correlative for the sense of heat, of fermentation, of pulsing combustion which gives to Turner's innumerable depictions of water their fiery base.

While this pairing is emblematic of Romanticism, Turner's own use of fire and water has special classical overtones. Like Berlioz, whose temperament was in many respects strikingly similar to his, Turner was deeply marked by certain motifs in classical mythology and ancient history. It was to these that he sought to give a contemporary presentness, crowding antique episodes and settings with the tensed spirit of the revolutionary and Napoleonic age. A vivid, albeit ambiguous, political metaphor underlay this practice. Revolutionary and Imperial France claimed for itself the inheritance of Rome. The new Caesar saw himself as the destined successor to republican and consular phases of history, precisely paralleling the Roman past. Seen from this angle, Britain was a latter-day Carthage, a locus of mercantile greed and corruption to be purged from the seas.

Viewed from Dover, on the contrary, it was Napoleon who, with his Mediterranean provenance, with his rapacious traverses of the Alps, with his state theocracy, most assuredly embodied Hannibal and the menace of new Punic Wars. Turner and his generation, moreover, as direct heirs to the Augustan age in English letters and to the formidable expansion of the British Empire, often saw themselves as modern Romans. These contrastive political identifications and codes of allegory found authority in Vergil, whose Aeneid was as pivotal to Turner as it was to Hector Berlioz. The result is a fascinating amalgam. Turner read his Vergil through Augustan eyes. He knew in detail to what large extent Pope's translation of Homer, on which he also drew for inspiration, was a Vergilian transposition of the original. He steeped himself in the Vergilian bucolics and the mythological scenes of Poussin and of Claude. He noted the Vergilian canons of gesture and coloration in Tiepolo. But he brought to these elements a vehement disquiet and a political edge.

Pondering Britain's role in the slave trade, her exactions from lesser maritime nations, and the brutal ostentation of Regency London, Turner came, at least in part, to accept the hostile identification of Britain with Carthage, but a Carthage paradoxically victorious over its hereditary foe. It is this tangle of sentiments which can be seen in such paintings as "The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire" (1817), the partly destroyed "Dido Directing the Equipment of the Fleet" (1828), the troubled and troubling "Regulus," of the same year, the "Claudian Harbour Scene" (1828?), and the four paintings on themes from the Aeneid which were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1850. It is this same complex of associations which makes of "Snow Storm: Hannibal and his Army Crossing the Alps" (1812) Turner's first absolute masterpiece, and of "The Burning of the House of Lords and Commons, 16th October, 1834" one of the greatest, most deeply felt of all his works. The flames leaping across and literally into the smoldering Thames, like the incendiary gashes of sunlight on the smoking seas in the Aeneid series, tell of an anxious meditation on the opulence that can doom Albion as it doomed Carthage, on the arrogance and myopia that might relate the fires of London to those of burning Troy (itself, of course, linked to Dido's Carthage through Vergil's epic).

Turner knew that the riches and arrogance of British society after the defeat of Napoleon sprang less from military good fortune than from the new industrial technology. Blake's



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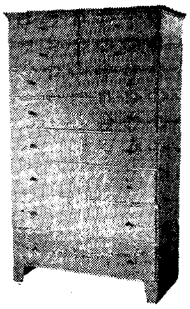

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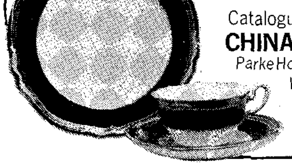

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"dark Satanic mills" were breathing smoke and flame across England's "green and pleasant land." Blake himself saw this metamorphosis of Britain into the world's arsenal and assembly line with a sense of utter desecration. Turner was spellbound. Indeed, there was something industrial, something of the new genius of mass manufacture, in his own output: some six hundred canvases; nineteen thousand drawings, including the contents of two hundred and fifty sketchbooks at the British Museum; over seven hundred engravings of Turner's work published in his lifetime. In the new industrial landscape, in the world of pistons and open hearths, Turner saw incarnate the agencies of will, the play of Promethean fires which characterized a Faustian era.

Long before Marinetti and his Futurists, Turner set out to paint pure speed. The *Morning Chronicle's* account of "Rain, Steam, and Speed—the Great Western Railway" when that astounding picture was first shown, in 1844, cannot be bettered. Turner actually succeeds in placing a railroad engine and train before you, which are bearing down on the spectator at the rate of fifty miles an hour. How these wonderful effects are produced it is beyond the power of man to say. How men appear with vermillion shadows, and trees of salmon colour; how engine fires blaze where no one ever saw them blaze . . . all may imagine who are familiar with Mr. Turner's pictures.

*Fraser's Magazine* declared that Turner had made this picture "with real rain" and that the fire in the engine "looks as if it were red" but might in fact have been painted with "cobalt and pea-green." Fire and water reached their dynamic juncture in steam. At one brilliant stroke, piston rods and boilers had entered the lyric imagination. (In a few years, Dickens would use death by railroad in "Dombey and Son.")

In "Keelmen Heaving In Coals by Night" (1835), a study of industrial processes, Turner suggests mythological associations as ancient as Vulcan's forge and the never quenched fires of Avernus. Flame and sea struggle and conspire again in what are perhaps the two most uncanny of Turner's large-scale pictures: the "Fighting 'Temeraire,' tugged to her Last Berth to be broken up, 1838," exhibited in 1839, and "Peace—Burial at Sea," of 1842. Even Ruskin could not do justice to the marriage of fire and water in these visions—to the ways in which the reddening fires of the setting sun in "Temeraire" consume the water, whose

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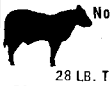

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fire sheen, in turn, reflects the burning smoke from the stack of the tugboat, while the blaze of sun, sea, and engine room cast on the doomed ship a valedictory twilight, a red and gold of battles long ago.

The great series of Venetian harbor scenes of the eighteen-forties, so different from some of Turner's "realistic" versions of Venetian life, carry to a logical climax his obsession with burning waters. Like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, Turner knew that where a

> ship's huge shadow lay,
> The charmèd water burnt alway
> A still and awful red.

Lashed to the mast, sketch pad in hand, Turner, too, had observed

> The water, like a witch's oils,
> Burnt green, and blue, and white.

He was persuaded that whatever moves on and in the brine leaves "a flash of golden fire."

These two regal tomes—unconvincing only in respect of the fidelity of reproduction in several of the color plates—cannot, however, take one to the most private, experimental facet of Turner's art. It is, to be sure, in the canvases, with their often awesome dimensions, that we experience energies commensurate with the French and Industrial Revolutions, with the saga of empire and technological speed. But it is in his watercolors, not included here, that Turner's eye, to use Paul Klee's expression, thought most deeply. Nothing outside Chinese painting matches the pellucid economy of the late aquarelles of Swiss hills and lakes. In Turner's views, the light on the Rigi ranges from lemon-white and pale gray to hot carmine. But it seems to come from inside. The successive washes dissolve into the grain and weave of the paper, eliciting light, as it were, from behind it.

The 1974-75 Turner exhibition in London, whose catalogue was the forerunner of these two volumes, included a very small watercolor, of circa 1835, entitled "Two Figures on the Sea Shore." Two black dots, two minute fragments of Chinese calligraphy, move with intense life against an immensity of wind-lit sea and sky, an immensity both unbounded and concentrated within a small square of paper. Whistler and the pointillists were to follow, as was Monet, so much of whose technique is like a set of variations on Turner's late color studies. In several of the cloud sketches, in the uncanny "Three Seascapes," which is thought to belong to 1827, the sug-

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gestion is that of a Rothko. So far, these haunting studies, and the later aquarelles in general, have defied adequate reproduction.

—GEORGE STEINER

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

A FAMILY FORTUNE, by Jerome Weidman (Simon & Schuster; $10.95). The very considerable fortune accumulated here was founded in Minneapolis shortly after the First World War by a young Jewish deserter from the Austrian Army and his bride and collaborator, a young Jewish Hungarian milkmaid. Mr. Weidman opens his story in the present (1976), as the fortune's founder, the now elderly Max Lessing, lies incapacitated by a stroke in the penthouse of a Miami Beach apartment, with a hurricane raging up the coast and the news just in that his grandson and heir has been kidnapped. Then we go back to Austria, to the steerage passage across the Atlantic, to the illegal entry into the United States, to Max's rude beginnings as a bootlegger of homemade wine, to his first profitable murder, to his rise in the underworld, to his second profitable murder, to his timely ascension to legitimate business, to his intimacy with F.D.R., to his third profitable murder, to his mistress, to his disappointing son, and so on. Then back to Miami and the hurricane. Mr. Weidman's novel, like Max's machinations, can bear very little close scrutiny, and it is burdened by annoying anachronisms (there was no Morgan Guaranty Trust Company in 1939, and the catch phrase "Be my guest" was not in use in 1932), but this has nothing to do with its narrative strength and its non-stop flight into high-voltage entertainment.

A PRINCE OF A FELLOW, by Shelby Hearon (Doubleday; $7.95). Avery Krause, the heroine of Shelby Hearon's fifth novel, is a morning radio disc jockey with a natural interest in the difference between how things appear or sound and what they really are—a curiosity that pertains to her hope, at thirty, of finding a true lover, to her unsettled family loyalties, and no less to the cultivation of her trade. The setting is a small town in central Texas founded by German immigrants, the population of which is now half German and half Mexican. ("Otto, my sidekick, who gives the news and weather in heavy German accent, is really a forty-five-year-old Mexican, with Pancho Villa mustache, who works afternoons . . . as the cemetery sexton.") The story, much of which unfolds in one or another of the town's nine graveyards, has to do with Avery's impulse to abandon a crummy though reliable illicit affair with the mayor of San Antonio in favor of a decidedly indefinite alliance with an elusive and dissembling writer. But the book is less important for its plot than for the thorough portrait of a woman that rises out of Mrs. Hearon's short and sweet account of most particular people living and working in a most particular place.

THE EIGHTH SIN, by Stefan Kanfer (Random House; $8.95). Stefan Kanfer has arranged the seven deadly sins to suit his story (told in the first person) of a gypsy named Benoit, who, as a child, survives the Nazi purge. Benoit progresses through the first six sins as he moves from London to New York with his adoptive parents, and then into and out of thievery, marriage, and success (as a portrait painter). Wrath is Benoit's seventh sin; in wrath he tracks down and kills Eleazar Jassy, a fellow-gypsy in the concentration camp who had helped the Nazis maim, torture, and slaughter his own kind. Benoit flees to Europe, where, he tells us at the end, he has written this story as he wandered. Mr. Kanfer inserts documents—evidence given at trials, eyewitness accounts of prisoners and officers, and such—into the narrative; the reader can understand why Benoit often seems brooding and distracted, shocked into remembrance of crimes past by a chance phrase or remark. In falling prey to wrath, Benoit is saved from "the eighth, the deadliest sin: the sin of forgetting." The killing of Jassy and Benoit's consequent fate are hard to believe, but then so are the recorded facts. Avoiding both polemic and melodrama, Mr. Kanfer has written a story that cannot easily be dismissed.

NOTE: V. S. Pritchett's "Selected Stories," many of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Random House ($10).

GENERAL

THE VIOLET DOTS, by Michael Kernan (Braziller; $7.95). Mr. Kernan, a reporter for the Washington

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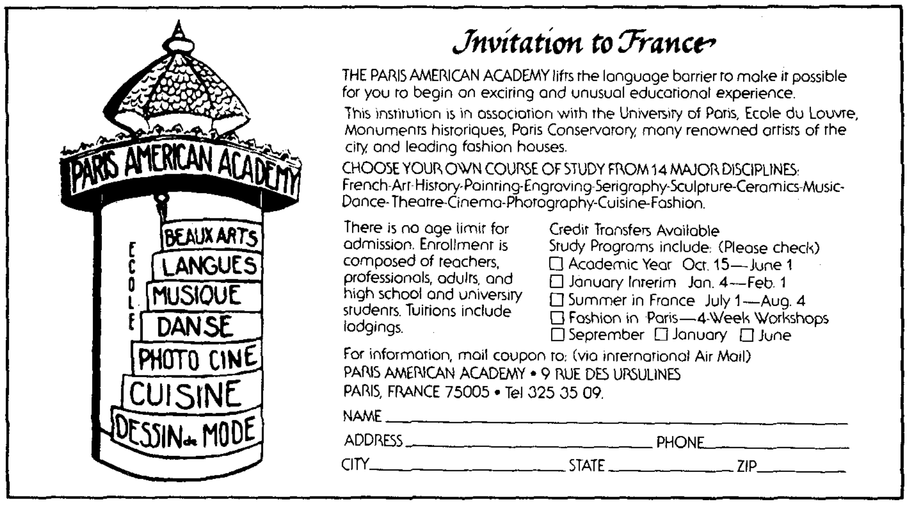

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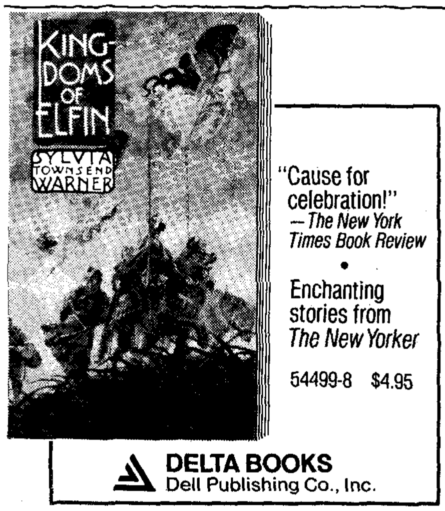

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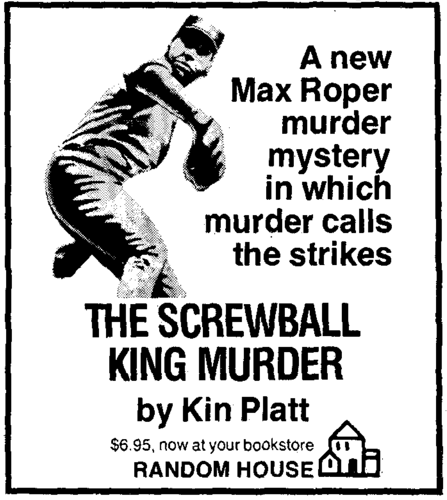

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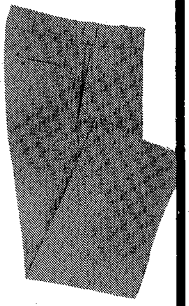

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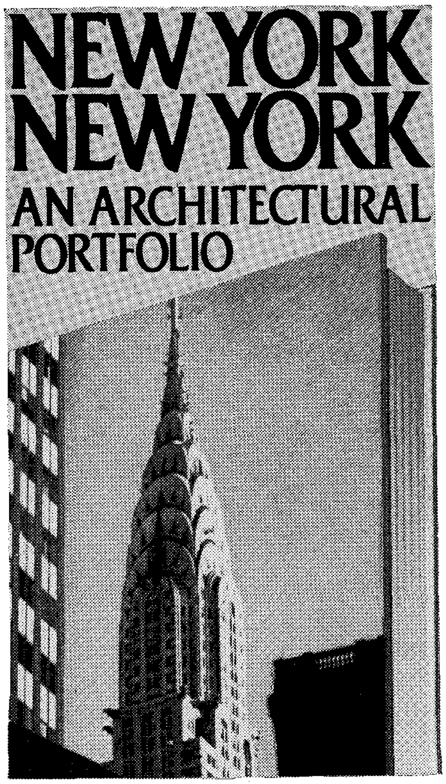
*Post*, had the good fortune several years ago to become acquainted with an elderly Englishman (born in Northumberland in 1896) named Tom Easton, and this book—drawn from conversations, diaries, and other sources—is a portrait of Easton and his times. Easton's life has been both long and eventful: his grandfather and father were coal miners, and he went into the pits at an early age; he served throughout the First World War with the Tyneside Scottish and survived the Battle of the Somme; he returned to the mines and became a leader in his union; he served as an officer of his church, he was active in the British Legion, he was elected a county councilman; he played in a regional orchestra, he was an ardent gardener, wood-carver, and cyclist; and in 1977 he was awarded the order of Member of the British Empire. He was—and is, as Mr. Kernan makes warmly clear—a man of character, high integrity, strong affections, and no nonsense. His most intense years were his war years, and they form the heart of this book; the fieriest of his memories are of the debacle of the Somme, where British losses in the first day totalled more than fifty-seven thousand. "I kept shouting for my MOTHER to Guide me," he recalls. "Mother help me. Not the Virgin Mother but my own maternal Mother, for I was then only twenty years of age." Easton is a man to admire, and his friend has written an admirable book about him.

THE DEATH OF WOMAN WANG, by Jonathan D. Spence (Viking; $10.95). Mr. Spence—George Burton Adams Professor of History and chairman of the Council on East Asian Studies at Yale—throws open a window on life as it was endured (and sometimes enjoyed) in a rural Chinese community in the third quarter of the seventeenth century: T'an-ch'eng County, in the province of Shantung. His view, he tells us, is chiefly drawn from three sources. These are "Local History of T'an-ch'eng" (circa 1673); a memoir and handbook of office compiled by a magistrate named Huang Liu-hung in the sixteen-nineties; and the tall tales and scandalous stories of a local writer named P'u Sung-ling. They provide a remarkably comprehensive prospect. It embraces the labyrinthine bureaucracy of the period (which included an Inspector of Humble Professions, with supervision over "for-



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tunetellers, diviners, physiognomists and graphologists, jugglers, conjurers, actors . . . women dentists . . . firecracker makers, tea sellers"); a dramatic recital of the endless ravages of flood and war and banditry and locusts; a hundred anecdotes (realistic, mythic, magical) illuminating every cottage and every manor house; and an examination of the position of women (a husband could, in time of need, sell his wife), which culminates in the gruesome case of Woman Wang, an unfortunate adulteress. Much of what we are shown here is peculiar (the conceptions of the natural world, the ideas of honor, the ritualized behavior), but Mr. Spence makes certain that we see none of it as quaint or as precious—or as anything but people struggling with life. It is a vigorous and a virtuoso performance.

JANUS, by Arthur Koestler (Random House; $10). Arthur Koestler is a master polemicist. This book, which he describes as "a summing up," is a polemic for a new philosophy of science that would include the paranormal and other outer shores of the human mind. It is written, like most of Mr. Koestler's books, with brilliance—almost too much brilliance. What he wishes to prove he simply assumes—the existence of paranormal phenomena, for example—and the opposite is dismissed as childish or ridiculous. Various prominent scientists are quoted selectively, often in such a way as to give the impression that they share his views. Mr. Koestler is always worth reading, but let the reader beware.

NOTE: "Look Who's Talking!," a report by Emily Hahn on recent research in animal communication, has been published by Crowell ($8.95). Much of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, in somewhat different form.

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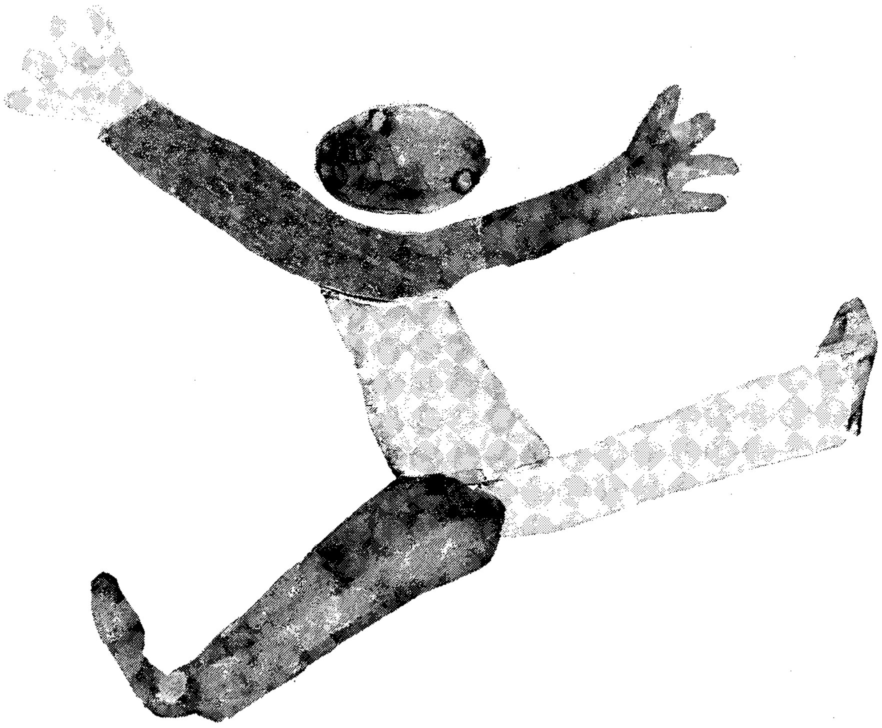

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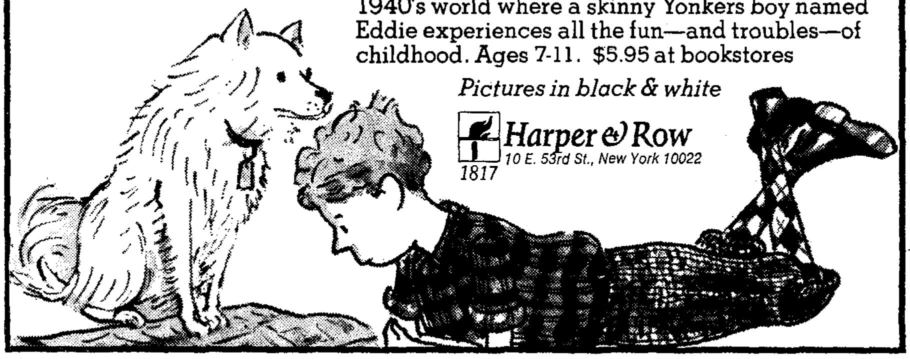

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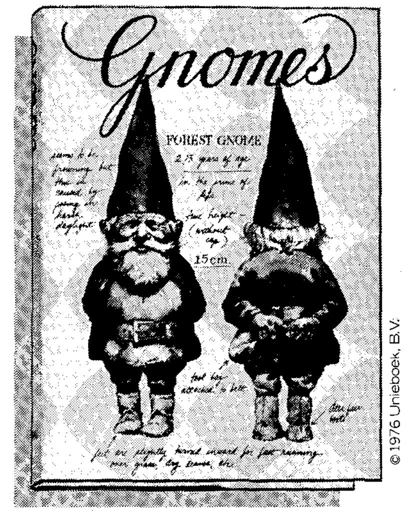

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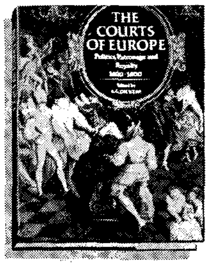

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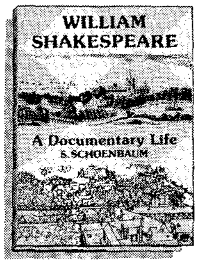

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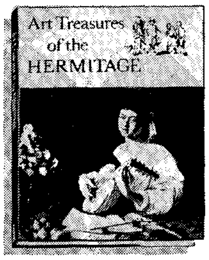

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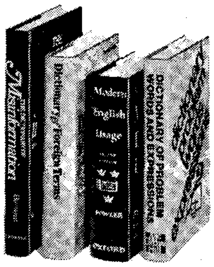
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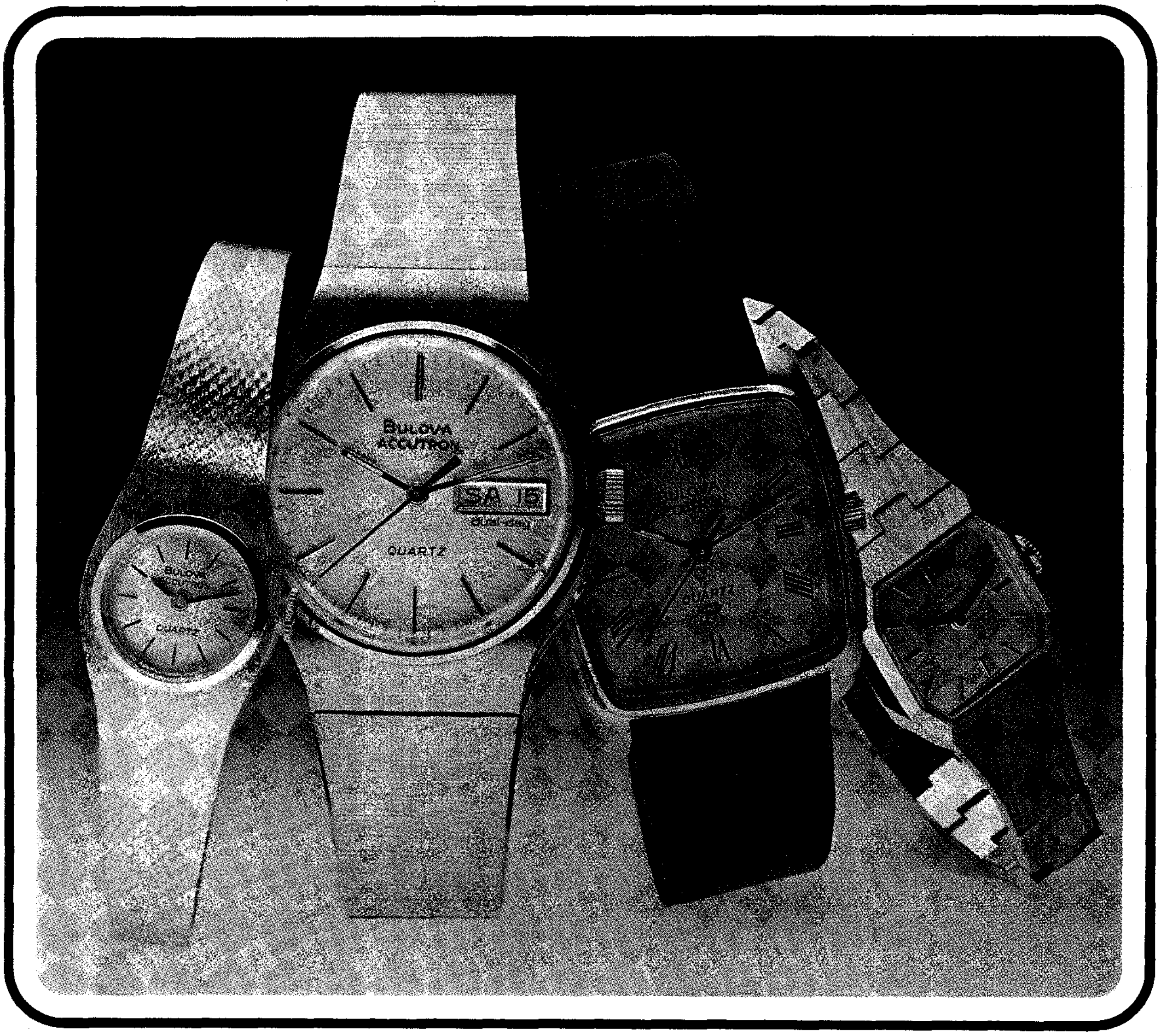

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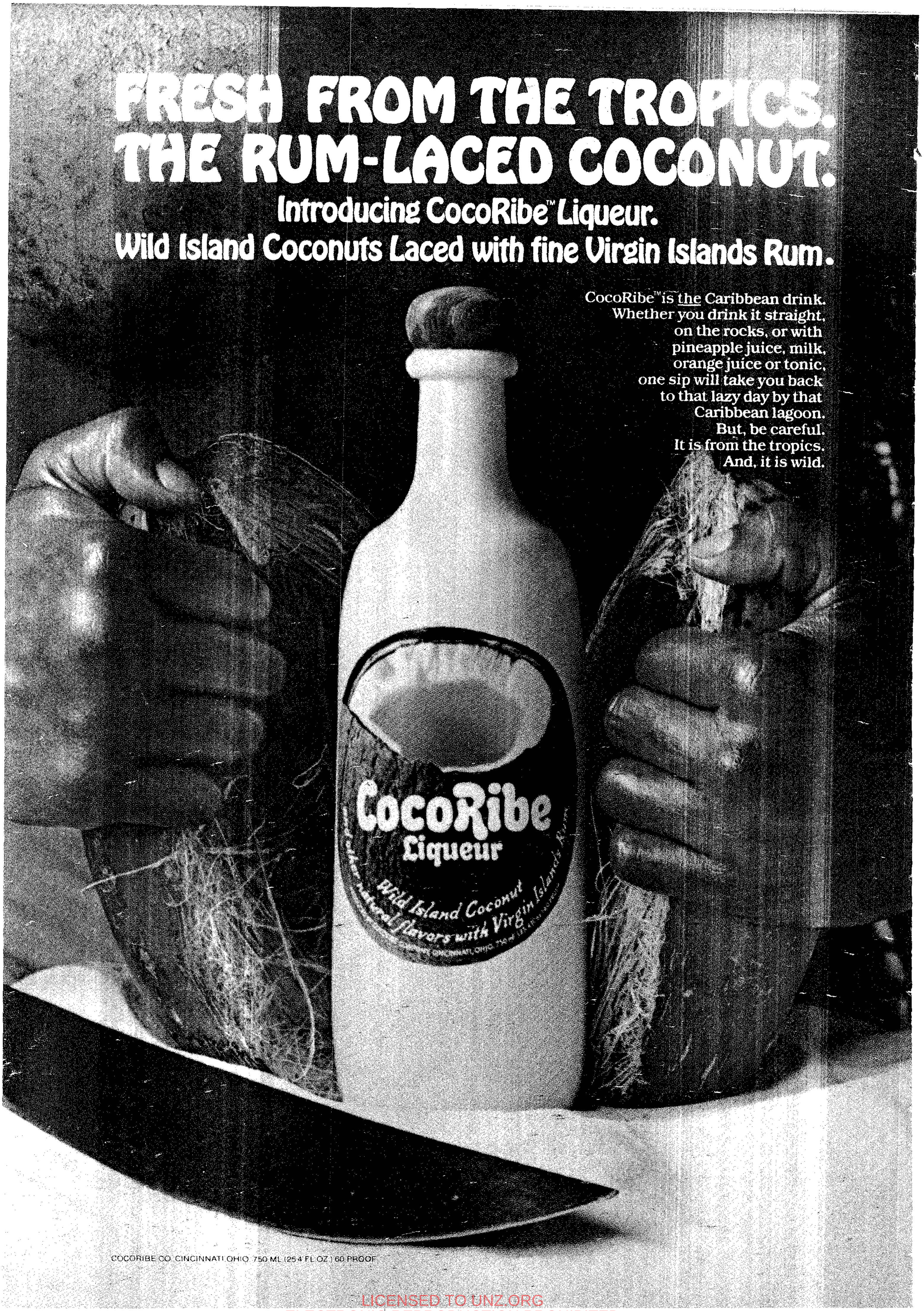
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